CTOBER

THE NEUTRALITY TUG OF WAR

CURRENT OPINION

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EDITED BY EDWARD J. WHEELER

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"A DAINTY BREAKFAST"

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CURRENT OPINION

EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

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A·REVIEW·OF·THE·WORLD

THE STRAIN PUT UPON AMERICAN NEUTRALITY BY EUROPE'S TUG OF WAR

A WAR correspondent from Mars who came to this convulsed Earth might almost think the decisive issues of the war over in Europe were about to be determined by the United States. He would find both sides alternately courting and playing with the official neutrality of our government. He would discover Germany diplomatically maneuvering to keep us from declaring war, despite "mistakes" of German submarine commanders involving lives of American citizens. But if he consulted Prof. Roland G. Usher's current writings he would be told that victorious military Germany is aiming to provoke us into war somehow, so that we shall have to "prepare," keep war munitions and supplies at home, and thus further weaken Germany's foes. The Man from Mars would also see long lines of British diplomacy, now taut, now slackened, stretching toward our neutral stand for trade-rights. And he would see representatives of the allies sent to this country to arrange with us for financing their orders to us for munitions, food and supplies, to the extent of 1,000 million dollars or so. "Without American money, Europe must stop fighting," is one way the N. Y. *American* states the issue. Frank H. Simonds, chief editor of the N. Y. *Tribune*, writes from Washington that President Wilson's German policy is his Mexican policy of reliance upon moral force instead of "action" in defense of international law as successive incidents arise, a policy leading straight to a break with Germany unless German change of policy shall prevent it. President Wilson characteristically expressed himself to a delegation, in refusing to make a promised address by saying:

"My experience here day by day is that questions turn up so suddenly and have to be handled so promptly and sometimes with so much thoughtful discretion that I really dare not let my thoughts go out to other matters. . . . We are all hoping and praying that the skies may clear, but we have no control over that on this side of the water and it is impossible to predict any possible course of affairs."

Action Follows Words With Austria.

NOT AGAINST Germany, nor against England, but against Austria does the United States take first drastic action, requesting the recall of Dr. Dumba, Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Washington. It is always the unexpected which happens to strategy in diplomacy and in war; Austria's demand on Servia, it may be recalled, originally precipitated the great war. Notes to Germany and notes to England, notes from England and notes from Germany marked the main course of United States neutral defense from the beginning of the conflict. Austria did not appear in the diplomatic game until July with one note dealing with the subject of war munitions manufactured and supplied by the United States. Admitting the legality of this business, the note raised the question of danger to real neutrality in the development of an enormous business of this character. The answer of our State Department was clean-cut: The business is legitimate, see German and Austrian precedents; to set aside the right of a neutral to supply a belligerent would mean nothing less than that every peaceful nation would either be defenseless or be forced to become an armed camp if it could not buy from others when attacked. Secretary Lansing's answer was hailed by our press as settling once again and for all our impregnable position under international law. Ambassador Dumba's diplomatic offense was compounded of retaining the Vienna point

of view, seeking to interfere with the munitions business in this country, and being caught at it. "One has merely to imagine, if one can," says the N. Y. *Evening Post*, "what would happen to an American diplomat who should seek to start a strike in the Krupp works for the benefit of his country, to see how scandalous the Dumba plan was."



"A BANNER WITH THIS STRANGE DEVICE"
—Tuthill in St. Louis *Star*

An Intercepted Letter and an Explanation.

AMBASSADOR DUMBA entrusted a letter to J. F. J. Archibald, an American war correspondent, to deliver to Count Burian, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Vienna. But Archibald was searched by the British at Falmouth and the contents of the letter promptly came over by cable to this country. One gets a new sense of the ramifications of secret service in war time. The letter enclosed a memorandum of proposals by a New York Hungarian editor of *Szabadsag* "with respect to the preparation of disturbances in the Bethlehem Schwab's steel and munitions factory as well as in the Middle West." These proposals Ambassador Dumba warmly recommends and adds: "I am under the impression that we could, if not entirely prevent the production of war material in Bethlehem and in the Middle West, at any rate strongly disorganize it and hold it up for months, which, according to the statement of the German military attaché, is of great importance, and which amply outweighs the relatively small sacrifice in money." Even if the disturbances do not succeed, he continues, there is a probability that favorable working conditions may be compelled for poor, oppressed fellow-countrymen. "In Bethlehem these white slaves at present work 12 hours a day seven days in the week." Cooperation with a German private registry organization to secure employment for those who leave the munitions factories is described, and Count Burian is asked to reply as to approval by wireless. In a statement for the press Dr. Dumba declared:

"The proposals regarding the calling out citizens of Austria-Hungary, made by me, were that every open and perfectly proper method be taken to bring before our races employed in the big steel works that they were engaged in an enterprise that was unfriendly to the fatherland, and that the imperial government would hold workers in munition plants where contracts were being filled for the allies with being guilty of a serious crime against the country, something that would be punishable by imprisonment or penal servitude should they return to their own country. There are thousands of workingmen in the big steel industries, natives of Bohemia, Moravia, Carniola, Galicia, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, and other peoples of the races from Austria-Hungary who are uneducated and who do not understand that they are engaged in a work against their own country. In order to bring this before them I have subsidized many newspapers published in the languages and dialects of the divisions mentioned, attempting in this way to bring their felonious occupation to their attention. But this has been difficult. The dispatches or letters carried by Archibald contained nothing more than a proposal that we attempt to call out the workmen of our own country from these steel and munition works and provide for them other employment."

The Recall of Ambassador Dumba.

NEWSPAPERS by the score dismissed Dr. Dumba instanter. He was reminded of Citizen Genet, Sackville West, and the recent departure of the Turkish Minister Rustum Bey, whose reflections on the Mexican policy of the Administration proved objectionable.



A DIPLOMAT
—Cesare in N. Y. *Sun*

In lieu of a technical legal offense, indiscretion, insult, outrage on propriety, were most frequently charged. But editors admit that they could hardly improve upon the State Department note to the Austro-Hungarian office, which regretfully but sincerely desirous of continuing cordial and friendly relations, reads:

"By reason of the admitted purpose and intent of Mr. Dumba to conspire to cripple legitimate industries of the people of the United States and to interrupt their legitimate trade, and by reason of the flagrant violation of diplomatic propriety in employing an American citizen protected by an American passport as a secret bearer of official dispatches through the lines of the enemy of Austria-Hungary, the President directs me to inform your Excellency that Mr. Dumba is no longer acceptable to the Government of the United States as the Ambassador of his Imperial Majesty at Washington."

Dr. Dumba asked his government to recall him on leave of absence for personal report. Among German-American papers the N. Y. *Staats-Zeitung* declares the necessity of recall to be as regrettable as it was made inevitable by the gross disrespect to the country shown by the activities of the Ambassador. But it wants to know "Where is the note to England?" "His dismissal is personal, brought about by his own almost incredible stupidity," comments the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, "and should in no way affect our relations with his government or its allies in the present conflict."

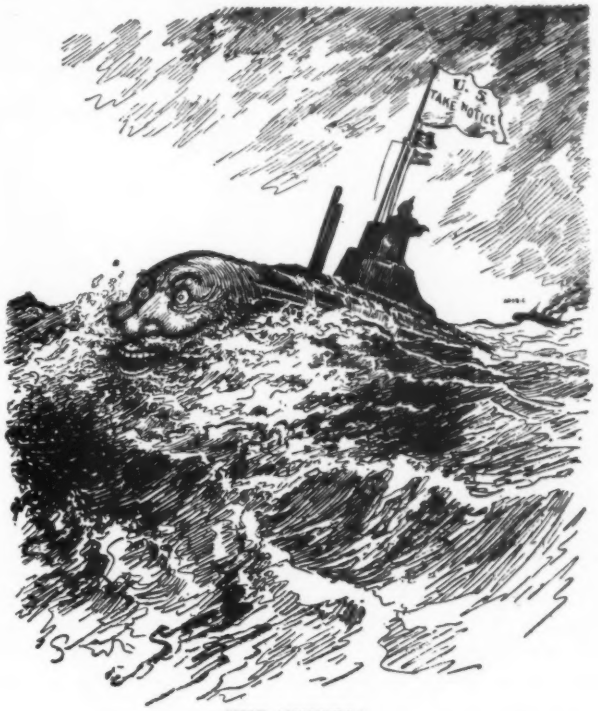
Americans and Dual Nationality.

ONE of the first results of Dr. Dumba's utterances appeared in vigorous protests from Slavonic organizations in this country. Some of them resented his reflections on their education and understanding. They declared themselves to be Americans; "as long as the pay and conditions are in keeping with the work performed, no appeal will be listened to on the ground of loyalty to the Hapsburgs"; they oppose "anti-American and anti-Allies propaganda," remembering that the Austro-Hungarian government drove out a million of their people by political and economic abuses. Of course the fundamental trouble, according to the Chicago *Herald*, is that to the minds of the ruling class at Vienna the United States isn't really a Nation, but merely a collection of groups or "colonies" of immigrants from various European nations. To suppose that the United States will suffer foreign presumption in asserting "ex-territorial jurisdiction" over former subjects, which Turkey and Japan no longer tolerate and under which China is restive, appears to the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* to be an impudence not to be endured. It is intolerable to think that any American citizen should be in any way subject to the law of a foreign sovereignty, says the Indianapolis *News*. "One result of this war ought to be to clear up all doubts on this subject. For an American citizen who owes any duty of any sort to any foreign government is not in truth an American citizen at all."

"Conspirators" and the Industrial Battle-Ground.

WHAT to call the offense of Archibald in the Dumba affair few papers venture to say. At this writing he is on the way back, Ambassador Van Dyke having reported that his passports had been taken up on learning that he had "treasonable papers" in his possession. But newspaper pursuit of other "conspirators" is very keen. Dr. Dumba's recall the N. Y. *Sun* styles "the rebuke to Dumba & Co." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* wants to know whether sundry fires and explosions at ammunition plants have been paid for "by the firm of Hohenzollern & Hapsburg, Limited, of Vienna and Berlin, with branch offices at Washington?"

"It would be interesting to know, and it is the duty of the United States to discover, how many felonies already



THE ANSWER!
—Carter in N. Y. Evening *Sun*

have been committed in the United States as a result of Ambassadorial activities and the Ambassadorial outlay of hard cash which Dr. Dumba assures his boss in Vienna can be accomplished by the use of money in America. Here's a task, and a promising one, for the United States Secret Service."

Many papers consider that Teutonic "propaganda" methods are now wholly discredited. The German military attaché, Capt. von Papen, mentioned in the Dumba letter, is traveling in the West. To be as fair as possible the Chicago *Tribune* points out that the United States has become the industrial battle-ground of this war. The British Ambassador Spring-Rice is in consultation with Mr. Morgan, British purchasing agent, the object being to get American factories to do what Dumba and the Germans were trying to keep them from doing. Morgan-Rice keep within the code of diplomatic manners; Dumba and German associates far overstep the line. American policy rightly considers the needs of the United States. It is being undermined by Morgan and Rice and attacked by the German and Austrian governments, according to the *Tribune*.

Conciliation as Made in Germany.

UNEXPECTED things happened to German diplomacy last month. The upshot appears to be confidence on the part of the German Ambassador that



WIGWAGGING

—Kirby in N. Y. *World*



HUMPTY DUMPTY

BERNSTORFF: "Oh, that's all right. I can put him up again!"

—Starett in N. Y. *Tribune*

if he is allowed to handle matters no break with the United States will occur. He was authorized to say to our State Department on September 1: "Liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning and without safety of the lives of non-combatants, provided that the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance." This was the first evidence of a change at Berlin in the direction of conciliatory policy. Three notes had gone to Germany since the sinking of the *Lusitania* by a German submarine May 7. The third one of July 21 closed by saying that repetition by the commanders of German naval vessels of acts in contravention of neutral rights must be regarded by the government of the United States, when they affect American citizens, as "deliberately unfriendly." No official reply had been received when 29 days later the *Arabic* was sunk by a German submarine, two American lives being lost. This was Germany's deliberate answer, cried out the American press. But the German Foreign Office asked time for report on the circumstances of the case, and it was explained that changed instructions had been given to submarine commanders before the *Arabic* was sunk. If the commander had exceeded his instructions, complete satisfaction was promised. Count von Bernstorff's statement of altered submarine policy was accepted by Secretary Lansing as "apparently a recognition of the fundamental principle for which the United States has contended," and paeans of praise for President Wilson's diplomatic victory of "peace with honor" rang throughout the American newspaper world. The Kaiser, it was said, had favored the Bethmann-Hollweg civilian policy and curbed the von Tirpitz naval policy in order to maintain friendship with the United States.

Necessity For a Clear Understanding.

WHEN the full text of the *Arabic* note came, however, it contained not merely the statement made by Count von Bernstorff, but excused the submarine commander on the ground that he believed the *Arabic* intended to attack his vessel, declined to accept liability or make reparation, and suggested arbitration in terms by no means clear. Moreover, only two days after Count von Bernstorff's declaration of policy the *Hesperian* was sunk by a torpedo, according to press reports, but later reports were less certain and Berlin insists that no German submarine was there. Newspaper comment on the situation is as confused as diplomacy seems to be. The necessity of a "clear and full understanding" between Germany and the United States is considered even greater than when President Wilson demanded it in his first *Lusitania* note. To this end Mr. Lansing has given all his data regarding the *Arabic* to Ambassador Bernstorff, and the outcome of further direct negotiations between them for disavowal and reparation is a matter of speculation. The N. Y. *World* is one of the papers which has lost all patience with Germany and would suspend diplomatic relations.

"The situation between the United States and Germany is critical not because of any particular act of German transgression against American rights, but because the German Government in its dealings with the United States has proved itself so false, so hypocritical, so treacherous and so shameless that we can be sure only of its insincerity and bad faith."

Our People Want Peace, But—

NONE the less we find the general attitude expressed by a multitude of newspapers epitomized in the St. Louis *Star*, which says:

"The people of the United States, with a deeper and more lasting patriotism than that shown by the surface heat of the press of Gotham, approve the patient caution of President Wilson in conducting our foreign relations in these critical times. They deplore war and want this country to be kept free from it, and yet they are not willing that our rights shall be trampled on nor that either military or naval power shall be permitted to assert a dictatorial power over the small and peaceable nations of the

earth. They are trusting the President to assert these rights and protect these inalienable liberties by patient and unyielding firmness, and do not join in these counsels for hasty and intemperate action."

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post* cumulatively sums up the diplomatic experience over the submarine issue as follows:

"*William P. Frye* case—Germany contended that the sinking of the *Frye* was in accord with international law, and sent the case to a German prize court, under the treaty with Prussia of 1828, despite the protest of this Government.

"*Gulflight* case—Germany explained that the submarine commander thought the ship was British and under convoy.

"*Cushing* case—Germany alleged that the ship displayed no flag, and was thought to be a hostile vessel by the aeroplane which attacked it.

"*Nebraskan* case—Referred to as an accident, and justified, in part, by the fact that the vessel flew no flag.

"Then followed the three *Lusitania* notes, and, finally, the promise of Germany, made by Ambassador Bernstorff, that the principle laid down by the United States was accepted. This was followed by:

"The *Orduna* case—Germany alleges the submarine commander could not distinguish the nationality of the vessel owing to weather conditions.

"The *Arabic* case."

England Comes to Us for a Billion Dollar Credit-Loan.

THE ARRIVAL in New York last month of an Anglo-French commission headed by Baron Reading, Lord Chief Justice of England, emphasized the new rôle the United States is assuming as the world's banker. (This rôle is described at length in "The Business World" department of this issue of CURRENT OPINION.) The stabilizing of international exchange and the establishment of sufficient credit to carry purchases from this country were laid down as pure financial and commercial propositions in the interest of our immense foreign war-trade. But the Commission's first proposal came out as an American war-loan to the British and French governments. Final terms on which American bankers will handle the credit-loan cannot be forecasted. Outside New York caution characterized newspaper comments. These are typical: The essence of the transaction is acceptance of foreign promissory notes, secured by as strong collateral as possible, according to the Buffalo *Times*. The nearer it can be made to approach an every-day collateral loan the surer will be the freedom from governmental intrigue and German interference, thinks the Philadelphia *Ledger*. The credit to be established here is a commercial credit, not a government loan, for the benefit of American exporters and those to whom they sell their goods, explains the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*, and is intended to put exchange on as fair and stable a basis as circumstances will permit. There is nothing unneutral, in the legal sense of the term, says the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, because if American citizens are permitted to sell arms and munitions, foodstuffs and other commodities to nations at war, they certainly must be allowed to make such sales on whatever credit terms appear to them to be wise. Credit is the banker's stock in trade against which there is no embargo. However, this paper adds, the people of the United States cannot lend a billion to the Allies without becoming personally interested in the triumph of the Allied cause.

The greatest war order will be the one that ends it.—Washington *Post*.

Von Bernstorff seems to have become a regular John Lind sort of envoy.—Toledo *Blade*.

The Germans are a learned race. They knew that the *Arabic*, despite her name, did not belong to Turkey.—Philadelphia *Ledger*.

It is barely possible that the commander of a German submarine is a good deal of a Dewey with the cables cut.—Wichita *Eagle*.

Had only the idea of a leave of absence occurred to him a little earlier, Dr. Dumba might have carried his own messages.—N. Y. *Evening Post*.



THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING
—Bart in St. Paul Daily *News*

THE RELATION OF THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIANS TO THE MUNITIONS CRISIS IN THE UNITED STATES

AS far back as last July the well-informed Budapest correspondent of the London *Post* mentioned that secret instructions had been sent to the Austro-Hungarian agents in the pay of the Vienna government to organize a systematic agitation among the American Austro-Hungarians in order to hinder the manufacture of munitions and war material. Later most emphatic denials reached the European Press, and the London paper's information, derived from most reliable sources, was branded as an invention. Wireless and cable messages from America bring news now to Europe of the results of the agitation in the shape of Hungarian strikes, threatening letters to President Wilson, riots in which Austrians and Hungarians were shot, and they mention that certain American Hungarian newspapers are distributed free among munition and factory work-

ers, calling on them to stop work. All news of strikes and the kind reaching Hungary from America is greeted by the Press and officials of Austria-Hungary with immense satisfaction, and thousands of letters are being sent to kinsfolk across the Atlantic with urgent requests to do all in their power to stop the manufacture of munitions. In connection with the American munitions question, the people in Vienna and Budapest are made to believe that the war would have been over long since if America had not supplied the allies with shells and other war material, and it is a wonder if every private or official letter going to America does not contain a request of the nature mentioned above. People, especially the plain and unexperienced, says this observer, are perfectly convinced, owing to the continual repeating of the suggestion, that it lies only with America to end the war. And a Hungarian correspondent of the London *Post* writes:

"The attitude of American Hungarians towards the manufacture of munitions seems to be regarded in the States as a question of great importance, and the American Press, in commenting on a recent article of the Budapest correspondent of the *Morning Post,* seems to be under a misapprehension as to the situation. It must be pointed out that as far as the American Hungarians are concerned there is no need for any anxiety, for the two million Hungarians in America are as little concerned in the American munitions output as the Hungarians in England. On the contrary, I understand from correspondence reaching me from American Hungarians from Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit and other places that more than two hundred thousand Hungarian workers are engaged in different factories of the United States in the work of producing war material, and altho a great agitation is going on among them, not more than a couple of hundred deserted their posts."

Attitude of the Hungarian Government to the Munitions Question in America.

AS to the attitude of the government in Budapest, Count Tisza, explains this observer on the spot, is always ready to do a good turn for the German government and the Emperor William, and as no doubt intimations reached Berlin from America that many hundreds of thousands of Hungarians were engaged in producing war material, it was suggested that something ought to be done by the Hungarian Government. All they forget is that the Tisza Government has no stronger opponents than the American Hungarians, and that the Common Government, as well as Count Tisza, has as little influence over the Hungarians in America as the agents of the Austro-German incendiary committees. American Hungarians have always been the most ardent supporters of Hungarian independence, and there are a great many Magyars in the United States who have worked very hard to bring about a split between their country and Austria and Germany.

"There is no power on earth which could mobilize these men for a German purpose, for they detest the idea of German and Austrian domination of Europe. They know very well that a victorious Austria means an ungrateful Austria as far as Hungary is concerned, and that Hungary is playing a losing game whether she be victorious or not. The two million Hungarians have never yet throughout the war given any cause for mistrust in America. They wish to see Hungary emerge free and independent from Austria. They are aware that their country is bleeding away, and that her manhood is fighting heroically for a cause not its own, a cause which means ruin to-day and ingratitude to-morrow. They have sacrificed hundreds of thousands of Magyars, and money beyond count, in order to strengthen the dualist system, and to establish a power which would forever dispel the aspirations we have been fighting for for centuries. The Hungarian nation will find out too late that they have been duped once again, for it is a great mistake to believe that Count Tisza's policy of a predominant Hungary would ever be tolerated by the Hapsburg dynasty, and that Germanism will ever be sacrificed by them in favor of Magyarism, a plea by which the Tisza Government has succeeded in obtaining national unity in Hungary."

Efforts to Influence Hungarian Opinion Against America.

BRILLIANT as may seem the success of the Germans, they should not lead American Hungarians astray, observes the Budapest journalist, whose letters have afforded such great light on the subject as to be worth quoting at length. American Hungarians, he says, ought not to forget that nothing will be achieved until the end, and that the world is only at the first stage of the gigantic struggle. The misleading Hungarian newspapers in America, or the censored and oppressed papers in Hungary, do not give an idea of the real position, and are prohibited by German money in America and oppressive laws in Hungary, from showing the other side of the picture. They have never asked what would be the consequences of a defeat, which cannot be averted in spite of all the bravery and sacrifice of the Magyar soldier. Roumania wants Transylvania, and all Hungary can do, is to fight for it—in vain. Italy wants Fiume, Serbia wants the Banat, and it has been promised to them by half the world. Is an alliance with Austria worth this sacrifice, even the danger, the risk of this sacrifice? Or would it not be more sensible to gain independence and keep



SAFETY FIRST FOR WAR DOG DAYS
—Stanley in South Bend *Tribune*

Fiume, the sea-coast, Transylvania, and the Banat? Victory means a powerful Austria to oppress; defeat means the loss of territory which Magyars have owned for a thousand years.

"I do not suggest that Hungary should detach her forces from those of her Allies and go over to her enemies. But I do suggest that every Hungarian ought to work for that end, to save at least the territorial integrity of Hungary by adopting the only course which would ensure this aim. Hungary is an independent State; she can direct her own fate, can make terms by herself; she can recall her men, and stop fighting. Austria and Germany would be the last who could force another decision upon her.

"American Hungarians are in the same position as Hungarians in Hungary. They ought to get rid of the Tisza Government first of all, and those in America ought to get rid of the half-a-dozen so-called leaders, who are well known to be in the pay of the German propagandists."

What Hungary Thought of Vienna's Note to Washington.

QUICKLY as the American public forgot the note sent from Austria to the United States government last summer, the diplomatic episode remained fresh in the minds of Hungarians. Their newspapers did not allow them to forget it, altho the British dailies declared at the time that it was sent at the dictation of the Wilhelmstrasse. All the correspondence from Vienna that reaches our Department of State is really dictated in Berlin, allege the newspapers of the allies. *Az Ujság*, Count Tisza's organ, points out that, as America looks upon this war from merely the business point of view, the warning the Austrian Note contains touches her on the sore point of business. The newspapers also point out that the note will have an awakening effect upon Hungarians and Austrians in America, who appear to have been taking things too easily up to now, and have not considered it unpatriotic to work in the munition factories of America. The note will give them some indication as to the course they ought to follow, how damaging their work is to the cause of their monarchy. Some of the papers go still further, and caution American Hungarians not to proceed with work of this nature, for "they ought to know that every Hungarian killed in the war rests on the conscience of America, who supplies the deadly weapons to our enemies, for the war would have been long over if this had not been the case." These articles, it is expected, will be published by the American Hungarian papers and distributed in great numbers at those places where Hungarians are working in American factories.

Haiti isn't one bit more civilized than Europe.—Chattanooga *News*.

"See America First," is one motto; "Be American First" is another.—Detroit *Free Press*.

EXTENDING UNITED STATES PROTECTORATES UNDER THE MONROE DOCTRINE

HAITI is the latest addition to the United States family of stepchildren in the Caribbean, thanks to the Monroe Doctrine. All ports of customs duties are controlled by the United States Navy under Admiral Caperton. Intervention occurred after President "Sam" had butchered 150 opponents and had in turn been hanged himself. French marines, first at the capital, Port-au-Prince, graciously withdrew to their warship in favor of our bluejackets. Occupation was followed up by demands from our State Department that a treaty be quickly accepted providing for a protectorate based on American control of the customs revenues. Secretary Lansing publicly proclaimed that the United States has no purpose of aggression, and seeks only to help the Haitian people and prevent them from being exploited by irresponsible revolutionists. Pending later consideration of exact terms of the treaty by the United States Senate, the Navy is on the job and the new president of Haiti and his council acquiesce in the proposed arrangement which is framed to run for ten years. The sharp contrast between this forceful policy toward the little "black republic" and President Wilson's varied policy toward Mexico produces many a gibe from editorial critics. "That which is fish in Mexico is fowl in Haiti," says the Philadelphia *Ledger*. The general verdict is that it was up to us to take the step to end intolerable anarchy. The people of the United States have entered no protest against this occupation as they once did in the case of the Philippines and Porto Rico, observes the Atlanta *Constitution*. "The truth of the matter is that European conditions have so accustomed the country to bloodshed and the employment of force that a little thing like the Haiti embroglio scarcely creates a ripple."

International Diplomacy and Banking Interests.

IT WAS in connection with Haitian affairs that France and Germany raised "Monroe Doctrine" questions before they became so busy with war in Europe. Pressure on Washington did not cease then, altho it attracted slight public attention. In a pretty little diplomatic game centering about the National Bank of Haiti, which holds 99% of the foreign debt of about $27,000,000, France played within the "doctrine" to secure American support for her investors, tho expressing a desire to participate in the regulation of Haitian customs. The bank holdings are about 50 per cent. French, 40 per cent. American, 10 per cent. German, and the chief American shareholders are New York banks with Germanic affiliations and the National City Bank. Germany insisted that public opinion required her to participate in the control of Haitian customs and would not understand any other arrangement! Mr. George Marvin, who recounts this inside story in the *World's Work*, says that the challenge was met unequivocally by our State Department. Its stated policy is that "neither foreign mercantile interests nor any other interests proceeding from outside the American hemisphere could be so extended as even to constitute a joint control in whole or in part of the government or administration of any independent American state." The Haitian customs on exports of coffee, dyewoods, cocoa, etc., amount to about $5,000,000 a year and the pickings have bred degenerate politicians, intrigues, and at least eight bloody "revolutions" in the last four years. The effect of vigorous thoroughgoing action in Haiti, thinks the Chicago *Tribune*, will be beneficial as a sedative throughout Central America.



ATTITUDES

—Gale in Los Angeles *Times*

Following the Santo Domingo Precedent.

SANTO DOMINGO, the larger Spanish part of the island shared with the negro republic of Haiti, has had a United States receiver of customs since 1906. The Roosevelt administration negotiated this style of financial protectorate as an alternative to threatened European intervention. "Our financial control has kept that volcanic country in a condition of order it never knew in the days when one administration was at liberty to negotiate loans which each succeeding administration was equally at liberty to repudiate," asserts the Boston *Transcript;* "the Wilson administration's imitation of it in Haiti is a tribute to its efficiency." The N. Y. *Sun* quotes ex-minister Peynado to the effect that United States control should extend to the Dominican government's share of the public funds still much wasted. But for the most part our papers consider that our two mistakes, Mr. Bryan's letter to the American receiver inquiring about positions with which to "reward deserving democrats," and the unfit appointment of United States Minister Sullivan, have been atoned for by the reappointment of his experienced predecessor, W. W. Russell, as Minister. As it was in Santo Domingo, so, predicts the *Sun,* it will be in the western part of the island "when American supervision is established for a term of ten years: peace, prosperity and solvency." The Springfield *Republican,* however, regrets the step even if it be unavoidable. If the United States stays in Haiti ten years, it will stay there as long as the United States exists as a great power. The proposed treaty goes farther than any treaty of the sort negotiated in the region of the Caribbean except possibly in the case of Panama. Complete American control of finances and the placing of police under command of American officers is equivalent to British power in Egypt.

United States Control of the American Mediterranean.

DESPITE our dislike of "protectorates," "spheres of influence" and other phrases which cover the intention of governments to exercise influence in the affairs of a weak state without formal annexation, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard thinks a frank statement of policy is desirable. As the British were 22 years in Egypt before they acknowledged the truth that it was really a colony, so in Cuba, Venezuela, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, Haiti, and other Central American republics the tendency is toward United States protectorates and dependencies. If such is the policy and it is thought to be a good policy, why not state it so that the American people may express their opinion? Just what the status is in Nicaragua, for example, is hard to describe. There are American banking interests and an American collector of customs is collecting, altho the Knox treaty to cover the situation is still unratified. A subsequent Bryan treaty including payment for Nicaragua canal rights is also unratified. But United States marines are at the capital, Managua, for maintaining orderly government. The Providence *Journal* commends the progress of United States control of the American Mediterranean in varying degrees since the Spanish war thus:

"Our Mediterranean is described as embracing the Caribbean sea, the old Spanish Main or northern coast



LE GRAND PENSEUR

—London *Punch*

of South America, and the Gulf of Mexico. Our historic responsibility has taken active form without our seeking, and with the cordial approval of Great Britain, France, Holland and Denmark, who have possessions in the West Indies. Thus, it has come about that Cuba is a sovereign nation subject to written guarantees to Washington of good behavior; Porto Rico is territory of the United States, and so, in effect, is most of our Isthmus of Panama; the Republic of Panama is under our tutelage; the finances of the Dominican Republic are confided to our hands, carrying the responsibility for orderly government there; and, thanks to services less direct but sufficiently effective, Venezuela has enjoyed freedom from revolution since the downfall of Castro. The uneasy States of Central America, moreover, have sobered down since we became a near neighbor in the Canal Zone, and with the example of Nicaragua before them. The same policy might have been applied to Mexico, by the Taft Administration, except for the size of the contract. It is now Haiti's turn."

The Problem of Helping Backward People.

HAITI and Santo Domingo with Mole St. Nicholas, lying between Cuba and Porto Rico, command the Windward Passage commerce to the Panama Canal. But mingled with press emphasis upon strategic importance, defense of a Monroe doctrine, and insurance of financial interests, considerable concern for the welfare of the native people is expressed in American publications. Criticism is directed against the Haitian system of political corruption rather than racial defects of the negroes compared to their Caribbean neighbors. While the "republic" has produced only one Toussaint l'Ouverture, the opinion is frequently stated that under stable and honest government Haiti would quickly become most productive and prosperous. Booker T. Washington is quoted as approving the protectorate policy. W. B. Dubois recommends an American Commission with negro members to study and report on the situation. The Christian Science *Monitor* suggests that it would be a good thing if educators of the Negro in the southern states, and some of their best pupils trained in respect for law, in domestic economy and in the fundamental ethics of daily living, could be induced to go to Haiti and made at liberty to raise the tone of living on the island and to teach the natives the truth about themselves and their environment. Dr. Albert Shaw thinks that the newer and better kinds of economic and political education such as have been devised for the Philippines point the way to an educational mission. If we should send a commission of experts to formulate a plan that would regenerate the people of Haiti, there would probably result a kind of education system that the state of Georgia, for example, could at once take over and apply to its own great system of local negro schools.



LITTLE SAM
—Fitz in St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

The American dollar is now supreme. Wonder if that is why it will not associate with common folks?—Florida *Times-Union.*

American diplomacy is developing a punch impossible under a grape juice régime.—Baltimore *American.*

SOME SECOND THOUGHTS ON THE WORK OF THE INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS COMMISSION

WHETHER Congress will quickly consign the reports of its Commission on Industrial Relations to the waste basket, which so many newspapers have declared to be the proper place, appears to be somewhat doubtful. In a very large part of the daily press first comments disposed of the Commission's work as a fiasco, a travesty on what investigation should be, a futile waste of time and money, and a farce. The N. Y. *Times* demanded to know who was responsible for the appointment of the "passionate Red" chairman Walsh, and the N. Y. *Sun* denounced him as a Jacobin. The Los Angeles *Times,* with memories of dynamiters, promptly damned reports "filed by the job lot of mangy politicians who composed the Commission," some of which "will live in political literature as rare specimens of envy, malice and intellectual imbecility." On the other hand the less conspicuous labor and radical journals, such as the *United Mine Workers' Journal,* the *Public,* the socialist *Call* and others, gave instant and unstinted praise to Chairman Walsh for his courage and persistence in a difficult task. For the first time, they declared, the cause of labor had been given a fair, full and open hearing by a Government Commission. What impresses the many-newspaper reader, however, is the apparently more deliberate second thought of papers in all sections of the country, even beyond the

suggestion of the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, that the reports will certainly "give members of Congress an opportunity to get millions of words of their speeches into the *Congressional Record*."

A Commission Without a Panacea.

THE Commission was made up of three representatives of labor, three of employers, and three of "the public." The testimony taken at hearings, and the reports of special investigators employed, is so voluminous that preliminary press summaries approximate 50,000 words. Six or seven of these instalments appeared last month, and on no one of the reports did the whole Commission agree. Chairman Walsh joined the labor members in their statement of causes of industrial unrest and proposed remedies. Professor John R. Commons and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman had the employers' representatives with them for another report, but a separate employers' report was also made, exceptions being filed by individual employers even to that. This spectacle of a commission unable to agree on either the methods of their own commission, their conclusions, or recommendations to Congress lent itself to newspaper ridicule. But among the second-thoughters, the failure to present a panacea and this new assertion of old, familiar things, according to the Chicago *Herald*, springs from the simple fact that there is no philosopher's stone for the settling of industrial problems. The report is a history of new forces, says the Toledo *Blade*, and of the blindness and confusion of men caught up by them. "It can be used simply for agitation, which is as useful for curing evils and promoting happiness as the bang of a drum, or it can be used as the basis for real constructive legislation." Some good, however slowly, must come out of such a huge machine for collecting and recording grievances, thinks the N. Y. *Tribune*. The commission's chaotic finale reveals the character of the social and industrial upheaval of our time, observes the Springfield *Republican*.

Conflicting Views of What's the Matter.

THE main report groups causes of industrial unrest as, first, unjust distribution of wealth and income; second, unemployment and denial of opportunity to earn a living; third, denial of justice in the creation, adjudication and administration of the law; fourth, denial of the right and opportunity to form effective organizations. The Commons report says the greatest cause is the breakdown of the labor laws and distrust of municipal, state, and national governments. The employers separately specify misconduct by some employers and abuses by labor organizations as contributing causes. We have counted more than fifty specific remedial suggestions made in the advance reports. Education, further investigation, organization, reenforcement of existing laws, new administrative arrangements, and a mass of new laws are recommended. Among supplemental reports, one describes "the state of feudalism" in Colorado, one deals with the McNamara dynamiting case, another with the lack of organization of labor. Neither the manners of the Chairman nor the natural bias of witnesses or commissioners is the important matter, thinks the *Christian Science Monitor*. We have, as we have never had before, the view-point of the diverse interests in our industrial citizenship—extremes of radicalism and conservatism, softened here and there by liberalized thought. It is necessary to have these in order to reach any impartial judgment. It is of no real importance whether the commissioners agree or disagree, the main thing is that the commission has succeeded in uncovering the grievances of what are called the opposing sides in the industrial dispute.

Editors Discover Significant Agreements.

THE amount of agreement discovered in the various reports by newspaper editors affords an interesting side-light on the commission's remarkable exhibit of conflicting current opinion. The N. Y. Evening *Mail* considers that the commission has been amply justified in bringing out the fact that capital and labor and the middle classes can agree on these three points: That workers as well as employers have the right to organize; that the administration of law is defective; that all labor laws and their enforcement should be taken out of the hands of politicians and the powers of the state extended in the establishment of non-political commissions, supported by an inheritance tax on large fortunes. There is no dissent, as the Philadelphia *North American* points out, from the recommendation of an inheritance tax—the commissioners representing the public and the employers suggest a graduated tax, ranging from 1 per cent. on $25,000 fortunes to 15 per cent. on amounts over $1,000,000, while the radical group would limit to $1,000,000 the amount that might be bequeathed to heirs. "Collective bargaining" is unanimously indorsed. Even the employers' representatives say that, "when fairly and properly conducted, it is conducive to the best good of the employer, the worker and society." The outstanding feature of the reports as a whole is the agreement upon the necessity of permitting and fostering the growth of labor unions, with recognition of the principle of collective bargaining. The *North American* adds:

> "Despite obvious faults, these reports constitute an invaluable and imperishable record which should form the basis of real constructive work in eliminating some of the graver causes of that 'industrial unrest' which endangers this nation.
>
> "Unhappily, the conflicts of opinion give the supporters of special privilege an opportunity to sneer at the work of the commission as self-contradictory and worthless—a criticism which may deceive some careless readers of imperfect abstracts. But as the voluminous records are studied and discussed, they will increase understanding of the essential things in the obvious maladjustment of our industrial and social affairs, and will help the American people gradually to establish that approximation of justice which is their desire and which alone can avert national disaster."

Many Men of Many Minds on the Report.

THE report is junk; it has utterly failed to give the public anything on the labor problem that can be taken as authority, declares the N. Y. *Globe*. The American people can face stern facts of war and peace, declares the Kansas City *Times*. "They are not flabby-fibered. They are not Chinamen. They are being fed right now, by men like Mr. Roosevelt, stern but illuminating facts about their unpreparedness for war. They

are being fed the same sort of facts, by Frank P. Walsh and others of the industrial relations commission, about their unpreparedness for industrial peace. And they are eating it up." The proposal to confiscate inheritances is "plain, downright robbery," according to the N. Y. *Evening Sun*. "Morally and spiritually there can be no question that a sharp limitation of inheritances would be salutary," says the Chicago *Tribune*. The Chicago *Evening Post* observes that the Commission's disagreement is not nearly so great as it would have been twenty or even ten years ago. The labor group in attributing unrest to unjust distribution of wealth and income is nearer right than the Harriman-Commons group who attribute it to break-down of laws and distrust of government. "Labor laws had to exist before they could break down, and they came into existence in response to industrial unrest." The *New Republic*, however, considers that the weakness of the whole report lies in the idea of dependence upon legislation for constructive effort.

Notice of Issues to be Fought Out.

NOTICE is given to the Democratic, Republican and Progressive parties by the Wisconsin *State Journal* that their national conventions will be asked to make party planks of these recommendations of the Industrial Commission:

"An amendment to the federal constitution specifically protecting against encroachment on the rights of habeas corpus, free speech and peaceful assemblage, and the rights to jury trial, to keep and bear arms; to be free from unreasonable searches and seizures; to speedy and public trial; to freedom from excessive bail; and from cruel and unusual punishments.

"Action by Congress to prohibit courts from declaring legislative acts unconstitutional.

"Provision that in federal cases, jurors be selected in some impartial manner from a list containing all qualified voters in the district.

"Congressional regulation or prohibition of private detective agencies and employment agencies doing an interstate business.

"Regulation by Congress of militia organizations so as to insure impartiality during industrial disputes."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* excoriates Chairman Walsh, but it prefaces critical interviews with Morris Hilquit, socialist, and George W. Perkins, capitalist, regarding the Commission's work thus:

"The report stung a large part of the population into thinking and gave an added stimulus to that portion of our citizenry already in that condition. For men with 'a feeling for the morrow,' whether or not they were in sympathy with Chairman Walsh's aims, have had to admit that in this report lies the gist of what will be fought and refought during the next twenty or thirty years of American politics. The question of the distribution of wealth, of labor's share of the profits, of 'invisible influence,' of the judiciary's attitude toward labor, of martial law, of the boycott, of women in industry, of child labor—all these are treated in the report and settled to the satisfaction of the radicals upon the commission. Mrs. J. Borden Harriman and Professor John R. Commons, who were appointed with Chairman Walsh to represent the public, prepared a milder report of their own—yet one which went so far as to advocate a high Federal inheritance tax to go toward a fund for social welfare, and a law granting to labor unions the right to employ the secondary boycott in all its far-reaching phases. This was approved by the representatives of capital, who, however, voiced their disapproval of the secondary boycott."

"There, in a nutshell," continues the *Eagle*, "is the conflict that will inevitably occupy the center of the American political arena, and there are the three sides—possibly soon to grow into parties—ably represented. There are the radical laborites, the social welfare group of the center, and the employing class on the right. If the Industrial Relations Commission had been intended by President Wilson to be a miniature representation of what is to come he could not have selected his material to better purpose."

Some of the people who want us to stop selling our arms seem to think that we have already disposed of our heads.—Charleston *News and Courier*.

A news item says that blondes are disappearing. Another result of the war and the exclusion of foreign dye-stuffs, perhaps.—N. Y. *Morning Telegraph*.

THE ALLEGED GERMAN PLAN TO DIVIDE THE ALLIES

EFFORTS are now being made by the Vatican, if we may accept the impressions of the Rome *Tribuna*, to correct misapprehensions in the minds of the allies regarding the Pope's attitude to peace. The recent effort of his Holiness was not even suggested from Berlin. Neither is there any foundation for an impression, widely circulated in certain European organs, that the Vatican dreads a schism in the Teutonic nations. Benedict XV. is affirmed to be receiving intimations from time to time that unless he refrains from manifestations of sympathy with the Belgians, there will ensue among the Germans especially a movement "away from Rome" comparable only with the catastrophe of the Reformation. These theories of the motives underlying the pontifical diplomacy would seem, in the light of the month's impressions, to be fantastic. No less ill-informed are conjectures that the Vatican connects the destinies of the war with its own attitude to the temporal power of the Pope. The question of the restoration to the Holy See of its former sovereignty over the patrimony of Peter has nothing whatever to do with the eagerness of Benedict XV. for a restoration of peace to the distracted earth. The Pope has made no concealment from the commencement of his pontificate of his belief that the war is a scandal to Christendom and his diplomacy is inspired by that conviction, regardless of the interests of any particular belligerent.

Germany's Peace Move Long Foreseen.

NICHOLAS II. acted personally in rejecting the overtures for peace which reached him some weeks ago from William II., as one story goes in the Paris *Matin*. The King of Denmark was invited to act as an inter-

mediary, a thing he was loath to do owing to the intimacy of the relations between his own court and that of George V. He is, however, on terms of no less intimacy with the Russian Czar. William II. is reported as both astounded and chagrined by the summary rebuffs he is alleged to have experienced. The whole episode is part and parcel of that plot to divide



A SEA CHANGE

KAISER (to Von Tirpitz): "British submarines in the Baltic! What an infamous development of naval strategy! Here's my chance for another note to Wilson."

—London *Punch*

the allies which, according to the press of western Europe, is still in full swing. No man was ever so persistent as the German Emperor, we are reminded by the Paris *Gaulois,* and if he can not succeed in one way he will try some other. That possibility occasions a fresh outburst of warnings in the press of France addressed to President Wilson. Altho to the Paris *Temps* President Wilson is one of the ablest of living statesmen, the *Guerre Sociale* and the *Homme enchaîné* see reason to wonder if his simplicity may not be imposed upon by cunning agents of Germany, playing upon his well-known pacifism.

Working the Neutral Press in the Interests of Peace.

ALL the world is now familiar with the prediction that when Germany had pushed Russia hard enough, peace would be the cry from Berlin. "A grand histrionic display of their pacifist proclivities" is what the Prussians are giving the world, observes the ironical London *Times,* altho it can not even yet feel quite sure that there will be a second performance so soon after the last one. "Circumstances alter cases" and at the last moment it may be thought injudicious to "produce the piece and allow the chief actor to appear in the part he has reserved for himself." But the preliminary advertisements are being widely circulated, says the great London daily, and it thinks the managers rely upon the cumulative effect of hints and prognostications from widely-separated centers. First it is the Vatican. Then it is the Socialists. Next come the English pacifist societies of doubtful origin. At last the American drum is beaten, and when all else fails there is the Dutch press. The first gun as regards Holland was fired in the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant,* a journal of great influence and importance with leanings that seem on the whole pro-German. This paper inclines to put the responsibility for the war upon Sir Edward Grey, who thrust aside the hand which the Imperial Chancellor offered in so friendly a spirit. Neither in the East nor in the West does the war seem likely to yield decisive results. Gloomy predictions of what will happen to the Germans in Russia next month afford infinite consolation to the London *Spectator* which, like the organs of the allies generally, deems the Emperor William on the eve of a catastrophe like Napoleon's.

Significant Dutch Impression of the Great War.

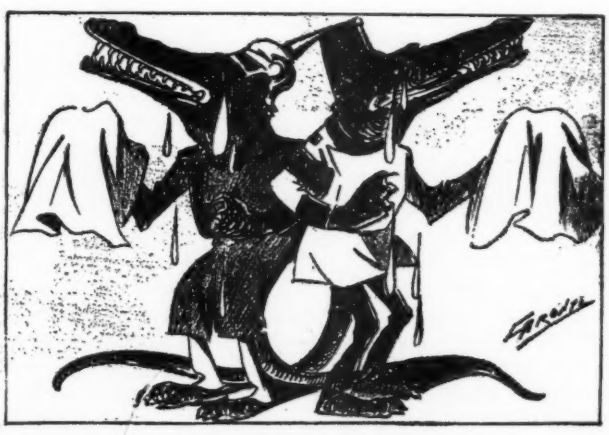
ENGLISHMEN may be brought to listen to the talk of peace when they find they are fighting indecisively in a blind alley, argues the Rotterdam *Courant.* Referring to an alleged boast made last year that peace would not be accepted by the allies before the troops from India were in Berlin, and to the assertions of a leading German daily that the submarines of von Tirpitz would destroy British sea power in a day, the Dutch organ expresses regret that serious people on either side could believe such nonsense. The telling of the truth exposes those who tell it to suspicion of being lacking in patriotism. Consequently the belligerent Governments are obliged to bluff. It is only in neutral countries that Governments and the Press have remained cool, and it should now be the task of those countries to explain matters and to conciliate:

"Among the many surprizes of the war the power of resistance revealed by Austria-Hungary is not the least. It is impossible to reach a conclusion on the battlefield. The prospects of the Central Powers are, it is true, better than ever before; yet they cannot hope for a settlement by battle. Therefore wiser counsels may prevail among belligerent peoples, if not among their Governments. As to the British, it is not impossible that they, whose army and fleet are unbeaten, will ultimately listen to the voice of reason. There is no single reason why opponents should offer conditions that would exclude a *rapprochement* and prolong the war unduly. The chance of attaining peace by exhausting the enemy is small for all belligerents. General staffs everywhere desire to impose upon the enemy a peace which would make it impossible for him to resume hostilities for generations. There is little chance of realizing this wish. There is far more probability of realizing the desire of Socialists in all countries to negotiate for peace on the basis that the victors will not annex peoples of a race and language different from their own, though such a basis would, of course, need to take account of the results achieved on the battlefield. These two claims may appear irreconcilable; but it should be remembered that, apart from conquests in Europe, there are many other means of restoring the balance and providing compensation. There are increasing signs that international hatred is decreasing. Childish expressions of such hatred are undoubtedly being disavowed by statesmen in all countries. Is the expectation, then, unfounded that in a not too distant future the peoples of Europe will cry, *Quousque tandem*—how long is this still to last?"

Working Up Peace Sentiment in Holland.

LONDON newspapers have followed with much professed amusement the development of a press campaign in Holland which is alleged to be inspired from the Wilhelmstrasse and to have for its object the bewilderment of the neutral mind. Then, adds the London *Times,* "we have a great American press agency addressing itself" to the Emperor William, altho our London contemporary does not impute to this American press agency any particular desire to fulfill the "fine task" allotted to neutral journals. The invitation of the American press agency was to "telegraph us." It was equally anxious to hear him upon the historic significance of Germany's victory in Poland, or upon the basis which she considers necessary "to secure European peace and civilization the surest advancement." That shows a fine business spirit, admits the sarcastic London *Times.* So do the reasons delicately pressed upon His Majesty for granting the favor of a reply. He is reminded of the wide circulation of that agency's news, and of the "immense possibilities of the pressure of neutral opinion" when "definite and just terms can be formulated." The English daily sympathizes with the agency—and also with the Kaiser—over the inevitable failure of this dashing effort at a splendid journalistic "scoop." It has not the least doubt that His Majesty's regret at being unable to make "a personal proclamation" in 700 American newspapers was severe. But "principle" forbade him from the direct use of such a channel for the promulgation of his intentions. It might have been misunderstood in Germany. All he could do was to order his Chancellor to send a message for him—to the disappointment, the *Times* is afraid, of the agency and the utter destruction of the contemplated "scoop."

"The message is of the usual Bethmann-Hollweg kind. Germany, he declares, hopes 'before all' that her Polish victory will hasten the end of the war. No doubt, tho we do not see much ground for her hopes. Then the Chancellor, whose profound respect for the sanctity of the spoken, the written, and the sworn word has been recorded for all time out of his own lips, reminds his correspondents how often his master has stated that Germany is fighting for peace, and particularly how he said so again, at the very moment of his latest brag to his sister about the irresistible might of his 'destructive sword.' But, despite the views of the inspired 'diplomatist' in the Dutch journal, the peace which, according to Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, the War Lord is panting for is not such a peace as would-be mediators and conciliators can look upon with much confidence. It is to guarantee Germany and her Allies such firm safeguards as she needs, not only for a lasting peace, but for 'her national future.' No mention is made of the needs or the national future of her Allies, but the phrase is as elastic as it is vague. This peace, we need hardly add, is to confer boons and blessings not on Germany and her consorts alone. 'Far across' her frontiers, it is to bring 'freedom of the oceans'—that ideal of Napoleon's—to all, and to offer all opportunities for serving the cause of 'progress and civilization'—as they are understood in Germany and as Germany has practised them in this war. We doubt whether even an Imperial cablegram with the Imperial signature would create enthusiasm for peace on these terms amongst Americans. They knew too well what is at stake to mistake the attitude of the Allies in this matter."



NOT THEIR FAULT

That is what the Hohenzollern crocodile and the Hapsburg crocodile tell us as they devour their victims.

—Turin *Fischietto*

The Dutch Government to Remain Strictly Neutral.

IN spite of the existence and activity of the Dutch Anti-War League, an organization which fills London dailies with suspicion, the government of Queen Wilhelmina will retain its correct attitude of neutrality. The responsible statesmen of The Hague have received official assurance that the governments at London, Petrograd, Paris and Rome will reject any premature attempt to make peace which might be considered as an action on behalf of Germany. Meanwhile some German dailies are indulging in sharp criticism of the attitude of the Dutch, the *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung* being severe on the subject of the Netherlands Oversea Trust Company, an institution existing, the paper says, for the purpose of turning Dutch neutrality against Germany. The German organ even insists that Holland has handed over her entire shipping trade to England by means of this Netherlands Oversea Trust. In suggesting that the establishment of the Trust is to be considered as a hostile act against Germany, which was meant to influence the official relations between Germany and Holland, the paper raises the question whether Germany, in view of the confusion of opinion concerning neutrality, which is apparently beginning to obtain favor as strongly with Dutchmen as Americans, can any longer remain a spectator, and whether she ought not to send notes to the neutral States, thus following Dr. Wilson's way.

German Efforts to Influence France Against England.

BRITISH attention has been concentrated so closely upon the efforts of official Berlin to influence the Czar that the temptation offered by the Wilhelmstrasse to the Quai d'Orsay may be overlooked, suggests the London *Post.* For weeks past the French mind has been subjected to a stream of misrepresentations, as the organ of the British aristocracy calls them, and these misrepresentations emanate from Berlin. The gist of them is ever the same. France is doing all the work, making all the sacrifices. England remains safe in her island. In the words of the London *Post:*

"If it is hardly uncertain that Germany has made offers to Russia, it is undoubted that she has also approached France with her insults and seductions. In the one case, as in the other, the offers are certain to have been tempting. But they resemble the offers of the wilderness; the kingdoms of the world are to be gained only by a sacrifice

of the soul. And that sacrifice France refuses to make, for she knows well that without honor a nation ceases to exist, and that if honor is lost everything is lost. Even if Germany's promises could be relied upon, and a German promise were not a synonym in France for treachery, and even if honor counted for nothing, what would decisively operate in the mind of France is that nothing is gained unless Germany is defeated, and everything is lost if the Entente fails. But France throws back with scorn and contempt the enemy's suggestions, and relies on her soldiers for an answer. And so it is with all of us. We stand together: the longer the way and the more arduous the road, the more we shall find the value of mutual support, and that firm faith which despite all sufferings and disappointments grows stronger with the progress of events. It is quite in vain for neutrals to suggest peace on any basis save the terms of the Entente, and these terms are not in the least likely to be accepted by a power arrogant in victories and in territorial gains. But these victories and gains do not trouble us overmuch. For we can already detect a slight, an almost imperceptible, stagger in the conquering march, and a certain weariness under the heavy load of iron crosses. Germany also suffers: she bleeds profusely at many wounds, and as she weakens her enemies increase and her task grows vaster."

For always and everywhere, this commentator reminds the Germans, is that specter of sea-power which is making Time the implacable enemy of Berlin.

Has Germany Lost Some Illusions?

CONTINUING his series of articles on the internal situation in Germany, an Italian who has succeeded in getting home from that country says in the *Secolo XIX* (Genoa) that the Germans are making great efforts to spare Berlin the consequences of the war, and that the only outward signs of war in the capital are the large number of people in mourning and invalid and convalescent soldiers. Everywhere there is great fear of cholera, as it is known how the epidemic is ravaging Austria-Hungary, but owing to anti-cholera vaccination and good sanitary organization Germany is still immune. The writer adds that the doctors pay great attention to such of the wounded as can return to the front, while those who are permanently disabled are neglected in the most inhuman manner. The article deals at length with the changed feeling of the people, who have lost their original blind faith, and now think that even victories can look tragically like defeats. Of the German Imperial family, the writer says, only the Empress is really popular owing to her devotion to the wounded. The Emperor is spoken of with a kind of terror, and the Crown Prince is more unpopular than he was before the war. In Berlin people believe that Prince Joachim is to be made King of Poland and Prince Eitel Friedrich King of Hungary.

At any rate, the Mexican leaders aren't each one claiming the Lord is on his side. What they seem to be most anxious about down there is to feel that the United States is with them.—Boston *Traveler.*

Those Balkan states are still having difficulty in keeping their neutrality on straight.—Buffalo *Courier.*

Why should it be insisted that a vessel is unarmed when it has a load of American mules aboard?—Los Angeles *Times.*

NICHOLAS II'S ATTITUDE TO THE LIBERAL ELEMENTS IN RUSSIA

THE grand ducal clique in Petrograd has sustained the greatest defeat in its history and Nicholas II. has definitely placed himself in the ranks of the constitutional sovereigns. Such is the gist of most comment in the press of the allies upon the "promotion" of the Grand Duke Nicholas, followed by the assumption of the supreme military command by the Czar himself. There is little doubt, says the well-informed Manchester *Guardian,* that there will soon be a new cabinet and a new Prime Minister. The Petrograd correspondent of the London *Times* says that many members of the Duma as well as members of the council of the empire—or senate—have been meeting recently to arrive at a joint decision how best to reorganize the whole Russian government. They have, we read in this account, studied three main points—the necessity of a strong and energetic Prime Minister; an agreement of the constitutional parties to support him; and the scope of the program immediately required from the Government. It is said that M. Krivoshein, the present Minister of Agriculture, a Conservative and a man of great capacity but not a reactionary, is their candidate for the Premiership. What is quite clear to the Manchester *Guardian* is that any Cabinet which came into being in this fashion would be one responsible to Parliament in something like the Western sense. Meanwhile, however, the Czar has dispersed the Duma for the present, to the chagrin of its extremely radical elements. The moderate liberals seem satisfied.

Nicholas II. Sees a Great Light.

DURING the first ten months of the war Nicholas II. made no concessions whatever to the liberal elements in Russian life, reports the Manchester *Guardian,* one of the best-informed newspapers in Europe on the subject. The Duma, it says, was ignored; so far from there being a general amnesty, the Socialist members of the Duma were transported to Siberia; the worst traditions of administration in Finland were accentuated, the Ruthenians were still harried, and the Jews were subjected to persecution and merciless expulsions of a magnitude which dwarfs even the expulsions from Spain under Ferdinand and Isabella. These acts came into conflict with the overwhelming sentiment of the nation. The one condition on which a policy so ill-conceived could be maintained was notable success in the field, which would maintain the prestige of those responsible for it. When that success began to be denied the opinion of the Russian people began to assert its influence. The early defeats in Galicia were accompanied by the unofficial gathering of the Duma, and by conferences which brought harmony between the leaders of most of the political parties. Certain demands were submitted to the Government at a Crown Council in Galicia, and as a result two Ministers were dismissed and the Duma was summoned.

"We are at liberty to discuss these things quite candidly because they were discussed with complete candor at the

public sittings of the Duma. All parties except the Extreme Right denounced the reactionary courses which had been followed, and the resolution passed by the Duma demanded the punishment of those responsible for the shortcomings in connection with the army, and insisted in hardly veiled language upon far-reaching constitutional changes.

"Some concessions were made promptly. The Duma and the Imperial Council were called in to reorganize the whole field of supplies, and arrangements were begun for an inquiry into maladministration. But the three most vital demands of the Duma remained unsatisfied—the constitution of a Government enjoying the entire confidence of the country, an amnesty to secure internal peace and blot out old political quarrels, and justice to the nationalities, 'in the interests of all loyal citizens of Russia without distinction of race, language, or religion.' These demands were put forward by the Duma not only because of their intrinsic rightness, but because they were indispensable if the full strength of the nation was to be rallied in the grave crisis of the State. They were resisted because the reactionary element was still strongly entrenched, and there is reason to believe that these personages would have preferred even submission to Germany to peace with a democratic Russian nation."

Russian Intrigues for a Separate Peace With Germany.

TWO ministers in the councils of Nicholas II. until recently were in favor of a separate peace with Germany. Since their dismissal there have been intimations in the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* that these statesmen represented influential sections of Russian opinion, but that assertion is contradicted by the Manchester *Guardian*. Russia, as represented by the Duma, is, the British organ says, in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war against the invader just as it is in favor of a sincere reconciliation within. There could be no heavier blow struck at German hopes than the establishment of a Liberal system of government in Russia. "The vast potentialities of Russia need only the emancipation of the Russian people for their full realization, while the reactionary Central Powers encircled by a ring of democratic States would be stricken by a moral palsy." It is noticed by this British commentator that the lead in the movement both for the full utilization of Russia's resources in the war and for the democratization of Russian institutions has been taken by Parliament. "Neither the Duma nor the Council of the Empire is at first sight the natural seat of democratic instincts, for both were constituted to be bulwarks of reaction. But there is no teacher like stern necessity, and the bitter facts have taught that a Government to rally the forces of the nation must represent it, not dread it or defy it." The common need called into being a common emotion, and the common emotion united Parliament and people. The Parliament devised to represent a class came to represent the nation. Only the Extreme Right, to which reactionary Germany is more sympathetic than the Liberal West, stands apart.

Russia's Allies Keep Up Their Expectations of Her.

DURING the long and weary retreats of the armies of the Czar, Nicholas II. did his best to stimulate the waning cheerfulness of his allies. His Majesty went to the extreme length of granting an interview to some correspondents of western newspapers. The Paris *Matin*, for example, reports the Czar as imploring the allies in the West not to lose confidence, not to be misled by reports about a separate peace with Germany. The sovereign, after a reign of 21 years, looks quite



"THE CZAR HAS TAKEN COMPLETE COMMAND OF HIS FORCES"
—Westerman in Ohio State *Journal*

young, carries himself very modestly, with an extreme simplicity, and his welcome was quiet and pleasant, but his voice rose firm and clear when he affirmed his will, which is the will of Russia, to continue the war until the victories have been achieved which are necessary to assure the freedom of Europe and the triumph of right, reports the French organ. "The peasants say 'Thee' and 'Thou' to me," said the Czar. "Every day I receive addresses from them. 'Go forward and be firm,' they invariably say; 'we are always behind thee.'" The sovereign's tone betrays his real emotion (the *Matin* continues) when at frequent intervals he speaks in a kindly tone of France, of her heroic army, and of the mutual feeling of confidence which animates the two allied nations. The Czar recalled in the friendliest manner President Poincaré's visit to Russia last year, at the tragic hour when German ambition was preparing to involve the world in war. "I have always present in my mind," said the Emperor, "the firm language which the President of the Republic addressed to me on July 22, at the moment he was leaving Russia. France," his Majesty added, "may rely upon my unshakable will to fight on until victory crowns our efforts." His Majesty has reiterated this assurance to a member of the diplomatic corps in Petrograd, nor would he be moved, it seems, were the Germans to enter his capital.

False Impressions of Russia Corrected.

IF unwise newspapers and inaccurate politicians had not encouraged in the minds of the allies the belief that the Czar could overwhelm Germany with numbers, the retreats of the past few months would have caused less chagrin at Paris and at London, says that noted financial organ, *The Statist* (London). Now even the ignorant have discovered what the well-informed were always aware of—that Russia, even under the most favorable circumstances, cannot bring overwhelming numbers to bear in a short time, and that at present the circumstances are the very reverse of favorable. By-and-by Russia will bring her numbers to bear, and the effect upon the war will be decisive. But we must be prepared to wait for a considerable time before that happens. Meanwhile, it may be useful in the interest of the great public, which has not time to study the resources of foreign countries, and which has been encouraged by superficial thinkers to hope too much and too quickly from Russia, to inquire what is the real power of that Empire, and what we are in reason justified in expecting from it. Whereupon the mouthpiece of British finance supplies these impressions, which are based upon long study at first hand:

"Russia is greatly wanting in railway accommodation. She is greatly wanting even in good roads. Her Government has bestirred itself very actively, and with wonderful success, to create a great manufacturing industry. But that industry is in its infancy. The means of communication are very indifferent. The education of the people is exceedingly backward, and the accumulated wealth of every kind is small. Russia, then, can only do what new countries are capable of doing, which means that it takes a very long time for Russia to pull herself together and to bring to bear upon opponents the vast weight of her immense numbers.

"As a belligerent Russia has two immense advantages over most other countries. The first of them is that the purely Russian population is growing with wonderful rapidity. The Slavs everywhere are prolific; but the Great Russians are peculiarly so. . . .

"There is one other circumstance, however, which renders Russia perhaps one of the most dangerous adversaries that can be imagined to a coalition like that of the Central European Powers. The Russian Empire covers, roughly, one-seventh of the whole land surface of the globe. It is perfectly evident, even to those who have given little attention to military matters, that it would be impossible for the two Central European Empires to conquer and occupy so vast a territory. . . .

"The farther the Central European Empires pursue the retreating Russians the more disastrous will be their overthrow. The railway system of Russia is very defective. Indeed, that is so well recognized by the Russian Government and the Russian people that efforts have been continuously made for years past to improve and extend that system as the conditions allowed. It is one of the disadvantages under which Russia labors at present. But it will be much more than a disadvantage—it will be the cause of ruin to the Germans if they really believe that they can push their advantages because railways have been introduced and sparsely built in the great Empire. It is understood that Russia has already mobilized an army of six or seven millions of men, and that she is preparing and training almost as many more. Therefore, Russia is as yet only at the beginning of her real demonstration against Germany; whereas Germany must have exhausted her reserves and, consequently, every day that passes she will become weaker and weaker."

What Germany Thinks of the Russian Situation.

BERLIN receives the determination of Nicholas II. to go on with the war and to hurl defiance at Emperor William as if such a development were unanticipated. It is a surprise to the officials of the foreign office, apparently, who, according to the Paris *Temps*, had been misled by a few reactionaries in Petrograd. Some German newspapers regard the Russian mood as temporary and artificial, altho there is a tendency to admit that Russia is not so very much weakened. To quote the *Tageblatt:*

"We have always warned our readers against the view that Russia was aiming at a separate peace, and have always said how little trust can be placed in the reports sent to Germany from Scandinavian coffeehouses as tho they were reports about Russian feeling. Even now, after the events in Poland, we are of the opinion that the Russian Government will attempt to keep the hopes of the people awake and to let the war drag on."

In somewhat similar vein the conservative and agrarian *Kreuz-Zeitung,* in touch with the German court, says:

"Russia's moral power of resistance is still unbroken—that is the result which we must accept from the proceedings which have taken place thus far in the Duma. It is true that thus far only the President and representatives of the Government have spoken; but if one can trust the reports their speeches aroused in many quarters lively applause, and in no quarter met with opposition. There is every sign that the great majority at any rate of the members of the Duma will adopt the same tone as the members of the Government. Nobody will take at its face value what is said in the Duma before the whole world. But the very fact that this exhibition could be given is a sign of a certain moral strength."

After all, perhaps the Czar didn't really go to the front. May be it just met him on its way toward home.—Chicago *Evening Post.*

One feels justified once more in repeating that they are having a harem-scarem time in Constantinople.—Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*



TIMES CERTAINLY HAVE CHANGED
—Ireland in Columbus *Evening Dispatch*

THE SUGGESTED ALLIANCE BETWEEN JAPAN AND RUSSIA

ALTHO Foreign Minister Sazonoff contradicted, in the course of some recent observations to the Duma, assertions that a treaty of alliance between Petrograd and Tokyo is under discussion, the report is not dismissed as idle by a few important European dailies. The death of one of the most venerable of the Elder Statesmen the other day appears to have delayed some official intimation on the subject from the Japanese ministry, suspects the Paris *Matin*. According to the trend of opinion in Japan for the past few months, says the accurate Tokyo correspondent of the London *Post*, her next move will be to open negotiations with Russia. This intimation from so well-informed a source has caused general comment upon the whole subject in some French dailies, which still feel that the Japanese may conceivably exert a profound influence upon the course of events in Europe. The vernacular press of Japan has agitated the subject of this alliance with Russia for some time, and the idea is received with favor in a few Petrograd dailies. Those meetings of the Elder Statesmen which have formed the theme of recent Tokyo despatches are said by the London *Post* to have had this mooted alliance with the Czar as their occasion. Events of great importance to the whole world, adds the Paris *Débats*, are taking shape in both Peking and Tokyo, with Russia behind them.

Tokyo Divided Regarding a Russian Policy.

COUNT Okuma is indebted to the Russian question for much of the revision to which his ministry was recently subjected, in the opinion of a writer in the *Temps*, while, to return to what the London *Post* says, there is an idea in Japan that the present Cabinet does not see eye to eye with the Genro as regards the alliance with Russia, any more than it did in the negotiations with China. The Elder Statesmen are bent on the undoing of the Cabinet, and at present are simply inducing it to play for a fall. The native press does not hesitate to suggest that the Genro entertains sore feelings towards the Cabinet on account of the rancor aroused during the naval scandal. In that episode the Satsuma men, represented by the fallen Premier, Yamamoto, suffered; and Satsuma represents the Navy, which has the sympathy of the immense Mitsui interests, which also suffered in the scandal. The present Cabinet stands for other great interests; for the vast wealth of the Iwasaki family, represented by Baron Kato, thus kindling a keen competition between powerful rivals. How far such rivalry in wealth and interest is allowed to affect the Government the London *Post* does not undertake to say, but Tokyo newspapers insist on taking it into consideration. As the Genro are believed to be more sympathetic with the other side, they are expected to find fault with the present Cabinet and to attempt its destruction. At any rate, the Genro find it hard to forgive the Cabinet for what is regarded as a mistaken method in the conduct of the negotiations with China and resultant misgiving aroused in Western countries.

What Is Japan to Get Out of the War?

TOKYO has delivered itself up for the time being to a discussion of what Japan is to get out of the war, reports the correspondent of the London *Post*. "Unless the allies win, her hopes are dark and she will lose all that she has gained thus far." This is a point of which much is made in the Paris *Temps* to say nothing of the Petrograd *Novoye Vremya*. The London daily just named notes that Japan is doing all she can to see that the allies do win. There is a tendency to revive too in Tokyo a subject that formerly held a great place in the Paris *Débats*—the appearance of the Japanese as fighters in Europe itself. The Japanese are convinced that if they were represented in Poland and in Belgium by army corps the misfortunes of the allies might have been avoided. As for the alliance with Russia, the London *Post* says there are two opinions among the Japanese—one party wanting the subject to rest until the war ends, the other thinks the time to act is now:

> "It is said that the Elder Statesmen favor the latter view, because an alliance would be useless unless concluded on terms specially advantageous to Japan, and there is more probability of obtaining such terms now than after the war. It is frequently pointed out by the vernacular Press that an alliance with Russia will in no way militate against the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It is understood that Britain will be consulted all the way, tho some suggest that the alliance with Russia must come whether or no. They say an alliance with Russia is imperative to prevent the necessity of one with Germany, and that the interests of Japan and Russia in China are more mutual than those of any other country."

Tokyo Sends Some Pointed Questions to Allied Capitals.

JOURNALISTS at the capitals of the allies have noticed the energy of the Japanese envoys there in making visits to foreign offices. No definite explanations are forthcoming from such dailies as the Paris *Temps*, but in German dailies the mystery is cleared up. Thus the *Kreuz-Zeitung* allows us to infer that Count Okuma and the statesmen now supporting him want the allies to be explicit in defining their attitude to far eastern questions. The allies have a tendency to put the Japanese off with general statements of benevolent intentions. It is difficult for Tokyo to extract a pledge or a promise on the subject of China. Now Count Okuma has made manifest to the allies his government's desire for a final understanding. The results of the war (as the correspondent of the London *Post* elucidates the diplomatic situation between Japan and the allies) are expected to bring about a situation not anticipated by existing compacts and understandings. Japan feels that the advantages she expects from the war can be better guaranteed now than after the conclusion of peace:

> "Japan began by opening negotiations with China, supposedly the easiest of the problems to deal with; but it unexpectedly proved the most difficult. Japan had nevertheless the satisfaction of having thereby sounded the real attitude of Western Powers towards her policy in the Far East. She gained but a few of the advantages she sought by the opening of negotiations, and these were conceded only at the point of the sword. That she did not obtain all she wanted is believed to have been due to interference by certain Occidental Powers; and this has proved an eye-opener to the whole nation, and leaves Japan all the more determined to have an understanding with the West, and to have it soon.

"After the ease with which Japan managed her dealings with Korea, unmolested by any interference by Western nations, she was not quite prepared for the Occidental agitation caused by her peremptory demands on China. The only way, therefore, by which she can consolidate her policy in China is to have an exact understanding as to just how far Western Powers will suffer her to go in that country. It is not necessary to assume or suspect that Japan means any treachery toward her big neighbor. She has conceived and established her policy toward that country as in her opinion a necessary safeguard to the Empire of Japan, and in doing all within her power to carry out the policy she believes herself but promoting the cause of national self-defence and preservation to which all nations are committed."

Japanese Press on the Diplomacy of Tokyo.

JAPAN has no intention of retaining Kiau-chou. She means to occupy it only for eventual restoration to China. This can not be too often repeated, avers the *Jiji Shimpo*. Maintenance of the territorial integrity of China is vitally necessary to peace in the Far East, it says. Next to China herself there is no country more anxious than Japan to preserve the integrity of the great continental neighbor. Should Japan persist in holding Kiau-chou, she would be merely tempting other powers to like acts. Japan is neither seeking compensation nor favors from China. She has no ambition ulterior to maintaining peace in these regions, upholding the principle of the open door and equal opportunity in China. Such a policy is in the long run to the best interests of Japan. The Tokyo *Nichi-Nichi* thinks the present deadly struggle in Europe, bloody and prolonged as it may be, will not be the final issue. With the cessation of strife will come the battle of diplomats and the negotiations for ultimate adjustment of gains and losses. This will be the moment of supreme importance, as Japan herself has dearly learned. In these negotiations, if skilfully managed, the fruits of victorious war are determined and reverses may sometimes be retrieved. Japan herself, says the *Nichi-Nichi*, has had some bitter experiences in this respect. There are cases where nations by astute diplomacy have won more than they have done by arms. To the Japanese mind diplomacy is a terrible word, full of endless possibilities, good or ill, as may be. Japan finds herself now facing Germany, in conjunction with her ally. The war can have but one outcome; but the negotiations at the end, what of them? The *Nichi-Nichi* hopes that the Tokyo Foreign Office will know what it has to do after the war, as perfectly as it knows how and when to fight now.

Japanese Complaint of the British.

SOME of the British newspapers indulge in misguided comment upon the relations between Japan and China, laments the moderate *Kokumin*, a daily much read by the solidly respectable element in Tokyo:

"*The Outlook* of America, however, to our great joy and satisfaction gives an unbiased view of the situation. *The Outlook* says that it is proper that Japan should maintain an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine; Japan for her own self-protection can not leave China altogether in the hands of the Europeans; Japan in order to save China from her weakness wants to establish her power in that country, which is a proper thing; but in order to do so, Japan must exercise her influence in a proper manner. We had been saying that the Americans should place themselves in the position of the Japanese. *The Outlook* has now done so. The editor of that magazine has understood the innermost mind of the Japanese. If American public opinion be like that, why should we worry about relations between Japan and America. We now wish that British public opinion were like it. England is dissatisfied with the position of Japan in China. As she herself can not take action in China, she uses big words, threatening 'You just wait. Even if you indulge in plundering while fire is raging in Europe, when the peace conference comes the questions of the world will be decided in that conference of powers. We do not allow you to take advantage of us.' The British journals further say that Japan is a poor country. Unless we establish good connections with London and New York, Japan would only hold empty letters, and be boasting in vain. The Englishmen try to hold down Japan by the power of money, and use such threatening words. Who can say that the Englishmen are broad-minded? Japan is now serving as a watch-dog for England in the Far East, and England is bent on using Japan like a slave."



RECONSTRUCTOR OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS FROM INDIANA

William A. Wirt, originator of the vocational and industrial "Gary System." He gets $10,000 for coming to New York one week a month to apply his genius to reorganizing public schools of the metropolis.

PERSONS·IN·THE·FOREGROUND

WILLIAM A. WIRT, EDUCATIONAL ENGINEER, CONSTRUCTIVE GENIUS OF THE GARY SYSTEM

THE "steel city" of Gary, Indiana—built to order on barren sand-dunes near Chicago by the United States Steel Company for its colossal modern industrial plant—stands a chance of becoming even more famous for its Engineer of Education, William A. Wirt. This is the sort of thing Wirt does: Makes one school-plant do the work of two heretofore, upsets the public-school teaching "system" in the process, causes children to *want* to go to school every day in the year, reduces the cost of school-keeping, and produces better educational results than the standardized system elsewhere.

Mr. Wirt does not claim to be a genius. But he has marvelously refashioned one city school-system from the ground up, on the theory that school-plants should be made for children, not children for the school-system. Kansas City and other cities have adopted many features of the plan. New York this school year calls Superintendent Wirt to give time enough to make a thoro experimental test of his "Gary system" with metropolitan school-plants. An exhibit of his system is a chief feature announced for the industrial and vocational education conference and exposition in New York this month. The emergence of the educational engineer is nationally significant, because while Americans think the public-school system is our biggest achievement, nearly everybody seems to be looking for some kind of a readjustment of the system to recognized needs of modern American life. So many visitors came to Gary to see how the Wirt schools worked, that it became necessary to announce that they would be welcome only during certain weeks of the school year!

Superintendent Wirt looks and acts more like an efficient bank president than a school man. There is no lost motion of body or mind. Doubters quickly learn that he knows just what he is doing and can tell why he is doing it. He is a farmer's son, born in Markle, Indiana; attended public schools, was graduated from De Pauw University, took post-graduate work there and at the University of Chicago, and later went to Europe to study the school-systems of Germany, France and England. He introduced the whole-year idea of four terms into the public schools of Bluffton, Indiana, before his call to Gary. At Bluffton, too, he found his wife, Bertha Ann Koch, and they have three children, two boys of school age and an infant daughter. Both knowledge and imagination equip the man for accomplishment.

The Wirt plan has been developing in Gary for nine years. Here you can see what Mr. Wirt calls a "school-plant"—that is, a school building with an auditorium, classrooms, laboratories, kitchen, shops, library, gymnasium and swimming-pool, menagerie, playground, park and garden plots—in use all through the year in daytime and many evenings as well. It serves children from kindergarten to high-school age under one roof all day, and serves adults chiefly at night. Each school-plant in the city accommodates twice the ordinary number of pupils, because two sets are alternating every hour between use of a classroom and use of a playground, shops or garden. This schedule not only doubles the capacity of the plant to handle pupils, but the alternations make school-life interesting as real life.

Conceive of a school-day of eight hours: two for the standard common branches; two for manual training, science, drawing or music in laboratories, shops and studios; one for auditorium exercises and instruction; one for lunch; and two for play, physical training and free activities in gymnasium, swimming-pools, playrooms, playgrounds, etc. Gary children do not mind if the lengthened school program is called "education"—the combination of learning, working and playing proves to be the kind of life they like. Superintendent Wirt succeeds in directing their self-activities along the lines of the pupils' chief interests rather than trying to fit them to the successive stages of the rigid standard grade system generally fixed.

Flexibility and stimulating variety are obtained by employing grade teachers for common branches who teach nothing more and other teachers of special subjects who are specialists. The children pass from one teacher to another all day long. Union workmen conduct such student work as carpentry, plumbing, painting. The engineer of the heating, lighting and ventilation plant gives practical lessons in those subjects. Accounting for school supplies of all kinds is the basis for the commercial courses. Real workmen help the children to make real things in real shops, from cages for birds up to adjustable desks, bookcases and other fittings of the school-building. Students have painted a whole school-building; indeed, by repairs and making and selling things made the vocational work of the schools became self-supporting. Roughly the school-day is devoted half to the regular studies and half to the special activities. But no pupil is forced into choosing the vocational courses; he may choose the regular academic preparation for college, but in either case there is a proportion of play-activities for health's sake. Superintendent Wirt calls his diplomas for graduates of his schools "work certificates."

Dean Burriss of the Teachers' College, University of Cincinnati, reported to the government Bureau of Education, that the Gary opportunities for vocational and industrial training are, in his opinion, the best yet devised. But Superintendent Wirt emphasizes that his purpose is pre-vocational rather than that of a trade-school. He seeks to transform the play impulse into the work impulse, to educate the child by what interests him. The children see connections between learning and living as they go along. They are not separated from life to become "prepared for" life. Values are revealed to them as a motive for work by pointing out or creating situations in which these values are appreciated by them. Studies are correlated with activities, and school is correlated with daily life.

The Gary school idea absorbs Superintendent Wirt's life, but he is a director of the First National Bank and president of a building company. At the age of 41, altho only five feet nine inches in height, his 185 pounds do not show any fat. He is well filled out and must possess muscle. His face is thoughtfully serious, tho kindly, and a smile often disturbs his thin lips. His eyes are gray and searching, hair brown, cheeks full and the picture of health. Unlike many men who do much thinking he is always neat. His

wife sees to that. She buys all his clothes, otherwise he wouldn't have any. That's the reason he wears so many lavender shirts. It's Mrs. Wirt's favorite color. He doesn't know what color they are, so why shouldn't she have lavender? Mr. Wirt is a Methodist, a 32nd degree Mason and a college fraternity man, but he is too busy for many social relations outside his school domain. He has few opportunities for amusements, but he enjoys tramping, swimming and fishing. Lately it is rumored he has been practicing fly casting at odd moments on an out-of-the-way lake, and it is not difficult to imagine that it is a serious amusement while it lasts. It is not that he doesn't enjoy life nor that he isn't a delightful companion, but he is buried in the success of his school work.

The outstanding fact in the Gary system is that while half the children are being trained in regular school exercises, half are being trained in physical, manual, social, domestic and agricultural matters as much as possible out of doors. And once an hour they exchange places. In the special subjects a girl, for example, may take a music lesson or actually help her mother at home on training schedule. The experiment has been made of assigning an hour of the "free activities" to the study of the Bible under the direction of ministers of various denominations and their assistants. The Gary idea of a school-plant, in short, is to make it a playground, garden, workshop, social center, library and traditional school combined under the same management. In a city like Gary, with 40,000 inhabitants, largely foreigners, this type of school assumes the necessity of providing much of what "homes" may not provide for children, and accents the importance of free child activity in contact with the earth in order to counteract the influences of artificial city conditions.

Mr. Wirt did not set out to astonish anybody. The story is that he went to Gary as a visitor curious to see the steel-city in process of construction. He got into conversation with a contractor who was so interested in Wirt's notions of the different kind of schools Gary had the chance to build that he was passed along to the man who eventually became mayor and secured him as School Superintendent. He has astonished a great many public-school people.

The veteran editor of the Boston *Journal of Education*, A. E. Winship, who had seen many another innovation come and go, was moved to write after a visit rather reluctantly made:

"In Gary every schoolhouse is used by two distinct schools every day without robbing either school of any place it wants at any time it wants it. Neither school would use any part of the school-plant any more or any more advantageously if the other school was not using it whenever it wanted it and as it wanted it.

"It makes no difference what you think about it, you cannot change the fact. You may say and think that it is unwise to have a schoolhouse do double duty, that it is not well to have a schoolhouse overworked, that it violates divinely ordained educational traditions as to the amount of use that a schoolhouse should serve, but the fact remains. . . .

"Laugh if you will, say 'absurd' if you please, but the fact is that children do almost as many things out of school in their school-day as they do in school, and they do everything in school and out of school as tho they did nothing in school or out of school."

Editor Winship added that Superintendent Wirt had also shown genius in rescuing the grades, fifth to the twelfth, from the pettiness in which much routine work elsewhere is involved; it is one of the noblest attempts to rid the schools of the accumulations of disordered commonplace stuff of fictitious value.

The most conspicuous innovations in this respect consist of grouping pupils by what they show most interest in rather than by grades according to age; if one should be obliged to drop out at any quarter he could come back at another quarter and begin again where he left off; desks, laboratories and other equipment are used interchangeably at all stages of progress—the pupils have lockers for personal property, but youngest or oldest they use other furniture at need anywhere in the plant; advancement from stage to stage may be slower or faster depending upon the aptitude of the individual child.

Some of the features which seem novel are:

Children raising squabs for market.

Ailing children sent to "school" to regain health.

Promotion by subjects instead of by grades.

Not the rule of silence, but free question and answer in laboratory or shop, older pupils helping the younger.

A spirit of self-control and cooperation in place of "discipline."

Desks convertible into work benches, with separate stools and loose tops that can be carried along for sketching or copying.

Science and shop instructors teaching mathematics and English involved in their subjects.

Corridor exhibits.

Auditorium exercises including dramatics, music, moving pictures, etc.

More than one-third of the schools open for evening shop instruction of adults.

Schools kept open Saturday by popular demand from pupils.

Playgrounds, swimming-pools, and gymnasiums open to children and adults on Sunday.

Part time vacation school term.

Superintendent Wirt says to other cities where he has been invited to speak:

"The average child is a bundle of twist, wriggle and squirm, and that tendency to twist, wriggle and squirm is the starting point in his education. If you are going to make a worker of him when he is a man you must give him a chance to play when he is a boy. . . .

"There is no reason why the public-school system should not do for the children what is best for those children. The average public school takes the child too early in the day and keeps it too late for the child to have sufficient time at his disposal to enable him to profitably devote it to other interests. If these other things are taken up when the child is tired he loses much of the benefit from the work. Of course, the ideal school-plant would have to be arranged as a combination between the Park Department and the Educational Department of any city."

"The Natural School," carrying out the best ideals of democracy, is the Wirt construction as seen by Randolph S. Bourne, of Columbia University, writing in the *New Republic*. For the teacher he thinks the Gary school is almost as liberating as it is to the pupil. Beside Mr. Wirt, Mme. Montessori seems almost a beginner, so daringly has he carried the principles of self-instruction up through the higher grades. Four points are especially praised: business economy, avoidance of mistaken aims of vocational and industrial training, large provision for individual instruction, and demonstration throughout the school life of the educational truth that learning can only come by doing.

While the Gary system is too young for final judgment, the United States Commissioner of Education, P. P. Claxton, believes that the Gary schools have succeeded in working out plans for a more economic use of school funds, a fuller and more effective use of the time of the children, a better adjustment of the work of the schools to the condition and needs of individual children, greater economy in supervision, a better correlation of the so-called "regular work" and "special activities" of the school, a more practical form of industrial education and at a cost less nearly prohibitive than is usually found in public schools in the cities of the United States.

Such a notable official commendation of achievement warrants popular awarding of the "degree" of Educational Engineer upon Superintendent Wirt. There is no doubt that his Gary system is immensely suggestive, for using all of the educational opportunities of the city, all of the time, for all the people, and in a way which reveals to young and old that what they are doing is woth while. That this costs less than the old style is something!

DOCTOR DUMBA: THE REJECTED AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN AMBASSADOR IN WASHINGTON

THAT sweetness of disposition which is so essential a characteristic of Austrians everywhere seems incarnate in its perfection in Constantin Theodor Dumba, the renowned diplomatist who has for some few years now represented the Dual Monarchy in Washington. The name of Dumba has in Vienna the historical significance attaching to that of Adams in Massachusetts and the financial prestige of that of Astor or Vanderbilt in New York. The father of Doctor Dumba was one of the most distinguished men of his time in Vienna, and the family genealogy meets every test of antiquity imposed by the traditions of the house of Hapsburg. All this is an old story to readers of Vienna dailies like the *Neue Freie Presse,* but even in the press of the allies—Doctor Dumba has served in a diplomatic capacity in the capital of each—one finds tributes to that combination of traits in the man which so sweetens his manner and lends such charm to his personality. Not that Doctor Dumba is exactly democratic in our American sense, although he is undeniably gracious, unaffectedly courteous. In Paris, where he served his country so ably, we find the *Temps,* which remembers him well, rating him the most efficient member of his country's diplomatic corps—largely because he exemplifies in all his deportment the famous sweetness of the Austrian disposition, the temperament and the manner underlying the famous proverb regarding "happy Austria."

He has changed very little during the period of his American service, according to the Parisian journalists who write home on the subject of his activities in Washington. He was a familiar figure in the Quai d'Orsay, we are reminded by our French contemporary, and among those who succumbed to his spell was Théophile Delcassé, the famed foe of Germany. Doctor Dumba was then in aspect much what he is at present—tall, slender, rather pale in countenance, the features vivified by expressive dark eyes and distinguished by white hair cut close to the head. The face is one of unusual animation, the smile is ready. The clear, pleasing voice reveals an articulate being. Indeed, the Parisians noticed the perfection with which Doctor Dumba spoke their language, giving the impression, through his readiness of address, that he even thought in it. This linguistic facility is no less marked in his use of English, which he speaks with no accent at all, unless he be dealing with some unfamiliar proper name. It would not be easy to decide from a glance to what nation he belonged. He affects the American simplicity in attire, going about in simple gray or brown sack suits when in New York, a town he often visited.



THE AMBASSADOR WITH WHOM MR. LANSING QUARRELED

Doctor Constantin Dumba was accused by our Secretary of State of a purpose to interrupt the legitimate trade of the people of the United States and the diplomatist's recall was accordingly asked of the Vienna foreign office.

The London of Gladstone and Disraeli was the first scene of the young Dumba's appearance in the diplomatic world, according to the accounts of his career in the Vienna dailies. He brought such excellent letters of introduction that, quite apart from his official position, he was admitted to an unusual degree of intimacy with the English statesmen of that day. Dumba has never made any concealment of his opinion that Britain attained her zenith in the Gladstonian period. Since the retirement of the grand old man she has surrendered herself to what the French call "arrivism"—love of worldly success, eagerness for social position, materialism, in short. The acuteness of his observation and the insight he displayed into every field of English activity at this period proved the making of Dumba's career in the diplomatic service. He was in due time promoted to a post of much greater responsibility at the capital of Russia. Dumba always remained an authority to the Ballplatz on the affairs of England, and his influence was never exerted in her favor, owing to his firm belief in her decline during the past generation. This attitude required courage at a time when many Hungarians of great importance wanted the closest possible diplomatic relations with London. Dumba, however, de-

spite his exquisite geniality, has the courage for which his illustrious father was famed, a tactful and inoffensive firmness of which opposition merely accentuates the politeness.

At the court of Russia, the services of Dumba proved unexpectedly important to Vienna, owing to the liking he inspired in Alexander III. He did not, however, succeed with the whole royal circle, having incurred the displeasure of the Grand Duke Nicholas, it is said, by saying that the long legs of that personage would be of great advantage to him in running away from an enemy. Whether young Dumba actually said such a thing or whether the words were put into his mouth by an idle gossiper, the fact remains that he entertained a poor opinion of the Grand Duke's military capacity, even then. The Grand Duke regarded himself as a species of Napoleon, but the despatches of Dumba to his government reflected a quite different opinion. The Czar Alexander liked the young Austrian because of this very candor and remained Dumba's friend to the last.

The fact that Dumba was sleeping in a hotel not many hundred yards away from the scene of the assassination of the young King of Servia and Queen Draga brought his name prominently before the European public during a certain famous crisis in Belgrade. Whether it was that his digestion was unusually good or that he is naturally a sound sleeper, the fact remains that Dumba, as the newspapers reported, slumbered on all through the perpetration of the most dramatic crime in Servian history. He was the central figure in the important events that ensued, for upon Dumba devolved the task of seeing to the safety of the new king. His Majesty owed everybody—his butcher, his laundress and his tailor. Dumba had even to lend the King money for pressing personal expenses. The Austrian envoy was forced to exploit his rare sweetness of manner and his perfect courtesy to the utmost before it was possible for him to extricate the King from the pressing embarrassments of his dire impecuniosity.

Human ingratitude could not go further than the treatment meted out to Austria by way of requital for the services so freely rendered by her great diplomatist, to follow on this point the indignant comment of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. Dumba found clothes, money and even food for King Peter, set him upon his throne and reconciled him with some of his enemies. The Austrian cherished no illusions on the subject of the King's character, however, and reported to Vienna that His Majesty was a weakling upon whom no dependence whatever could be placed.

In Paris, Dumba was a spokesman of the policy favorable to an accommodation between Paris and Berlin. That explains, at least to the Vienna press, why Dumba and Delcassé were never very good friends. Their personal relations were on the whole unexpectedly pleasant, but there was a hopeless antagonism of standpoint in their attitude to world politics. At this period of his career, Dumba was immensely aided by his rare intimacy with the language and the character of the French. He enjoyed greater personal prestige, if not greater influence, with the Quai d'Orsay than any other member of the diplomatic corps in Paris, not even excepting the British ambassador. He was accused of enmity to the "entente" because he warned the French politicians against British wealth and the affectation of British "style." Some of his remarks on the subject of English decadence seem to have found their way to English official ears. The consequences might not have been altogether pleasant for Dumba but for the existence of an important element in the French political life of that time to which the whole policy of the "entente" with England was distasteful. Dumba was prodigiously popular with those Parisians, who feared that intoxication with the "swell" features of London aristocracy must demoralize republican idealists. A man of less charm of manner than the Austrian might have found it impossible to retain all his friends in both camps. The French greatly admired the tact of Dumba who, coming from a proud and punctilious court, was, nevertheless, "republican" in his manner. British diplomatists, as even London *Truth* has hinted, rarely appreciate the dislike of the French for a royal etiquette. A British ambassador in London will often conduct himself at the Elysée as if there were no distinction between monarchial manners and republican manners. The Russians, too, always raise unpleasant problems of precedence when a member of the Romanoff dynasty is to be received, the result being now and then to affront the President of the Republic himself. Dumba was famed at the Quai d'Orsay for the ingenuity with which he could meet difficulties of this kind. He represented the most traditionally pious dynasty in the Catholic world at a republican capital aching with anti-clericalism, but he never once involved himself in an awkward incident or compromized his relations with a master of ceremonies.

Doctor Dumba, who married late in life, has no children. His wife, who, it seems, was born and reared in the Baltic provinces of Russia, belongs to an ancient titled family of German origin. She shares his well-known taste for music, altho the Ambassador is perhaps a more devoted student of the Wagnerian operas. He is said by those who know him best to have no feeling at all for Verdi or the other glories of Italian music. He is said to have noticed, in his comments upon his American experiences to his friends, the comparative remoteness of Washington from the creative artistic and business life of the American people. This is an anomaly in his diplomatic experience and accounted, it may be, for his frequent visits to New York and to other centers of our national activity. He is "civilized to the fingertips," as the French say—a man who has spent the whole of a long and brilliant career at great capitals, in the society of men who make the history of their time. Wealth, distinction, power and the life that results from these are all his, yet he remains, as one Vienna daily remarks, essentially Austrian in his attitude. It is an attitude based upon a temperamental necessity of sustaining human relations with his fellow creatures, despite the grandeurs of any official position. His is the frank, good-hearted carelessness of bearing, appearance and talk which suggests the mind at ease, the good conscience. Doctor Dumba incarnates that famous Viennese temper, into which has entered something of the famous waltz.

THE BAKER'S BOY WHO HAS BECOME FRENCH MINISTER OF MUNITIONS

THROUGHOUT the crisis created in London by the failure of the British War Office to provide Sir John French with ammunition, it was noted in the English dailies that General Joffre always had plenty of shells. The French army has returned the fire of the Germans with enough and to spare. That is why the name of Albert Thomas has risen to such swift renown. He is the organizer of victory for the artillery of the French, in whose government he now holds the post equivalent to that of David Lloyd George in the Asquith ministry. A Ministry of Munitions was formed by Premier Viviani in almost the same circumstances, says the London *Standard*, as those in which David Lloyd George is working in England. Be-

fore the war, we read further in the columns of our contemporary, Albert Thomas was known as an energetic Socialist member of the chamber and as a journalist with specially expert knowledge of the details of mechanical production. No sooner was war declared than Albert Thomas hurried to the front with his regiment in the capacity of sergeant. He was quickly promoted to the rank of lieutenant and chosen as flag bearer by his colonel, a fervent Catholic, who was fond of chaffing his subordinate on the subject of his socialistic ideas, while fully recognizing his courage and devotion to duty and discipline. His regiment was later stationed in the camp of Paris, and the inhabitants of the Champigny quarter were frequently gratified and amused at seeing their "mayor" march past under the folds of the flag he guarded.



THE SOCIALIST WHO HAS BECOME THE WORLD'S GREATEST PROVIDER OF THE MUNIMENTS OF WAR

Albert Thomas, Minister of Munitions in the French Cabinet under the Minister of War in fact (although his official title is but that of an under secretary), was a poor boy in a country town who had to work hard for a college education by delivering bread.

No sooner was the work of the day disposed of than Albert Thomas became once more the politician. His friend and Socialistic colleague in the chamber, M. Marcel Sembat, regularly consulted him on the questions in which he was so specially qualified to give an opinion. It was but a short step from this, adds the London *Standard*, to the ministry of war—M. Millerand using the expert knowledge of Lieutenant Thomas in inspecting the factories working under military supervision, and then attaching him to the headquarter's staff, with a view to expediting the manufacture of munitions. Now he has a seat in the council of ministers itself. And not so many years ago he was delivering bread for a baker.

Nearly sixty years ago, to follow the story as it is told in the *Petit Parisien*, a baker in a small way left his village in Poitou to take a shop in Champigny, which was then a detached hamlet outside Paris. The inhabitants were true peasants, and seldom ventured into the great city in those days, and the baker grew and prospered in his trade, to which he devoted all his energies, until a son was born to him, on whom he concentrated all the ambitions he had not been able to fufil in his own person. Laboriously the father saved penny by penny to give the son the education he himself had lacked. It was a very hard struggle to send the boy to the Lycée, and the baker continued to stew in front of his ovens whilst the student pored over his books. But by dint of stubborn work young Albert took his successive degrees, and was preparing to take a mastership in the provinces when a place as private tutor was offered to him, and the heir to the grandest literary name of the last century perhaps became his pupil.

It was in this house that the young tutor acquired his taste for metallurgy, and at the same time for literature, and he was shortly engaged on the staffs of two such different papers as an economic review and a Socialist organ —which led to his being quizzed as a capitalist in the morning and a revolutionary in the evening.

The old baker is dead, but Albert Thomas still lives in the suburb of Champigny, whose inhabitants first appointed him Municipal Councillor, then Mayor, and lastly their Deputy, of whom they are equally fond and proud. His home, little more than a cottage villa, stands at the cross roads, and the electors are for ever dropping in in ordinary times to see their representative, or chat with madame, wife of the "citoyen Thomas," and play with the two little girl children. It is characteristic of the man that the same patriarchal simplicity reigns as in any Poitevin household in Poitou.

The walls are hung with photographs of friends and relatives, and amongst them is a picture of the little Albert in the Communal School in charge of a white-coiffed sister. And in the place of honor is the photograph of a priest, which it might astonish many to find in the room of a Socialist. But if anybody expresses surprise, M. Thomas relates the life-story of his old uncle, whose tranquil life of well-doing was spent in a Poitevin presbytery. The uncle and his nephew remained always united in spite of the divergences in their ideas, and the grief of the priest at seeing the youth give up the traditional faith and beliefs of his forefathers.

To the correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* M. Thomas said that he had consulted his uncle on his doubts and fears and announced to him his final resolution, but this came late in comparison with the general evolution of his generation. "I only definitely freed my mind towards the age of seventeen, and it was then under the influence of one of my masters, who himself professed a neo-Christian philosophy." Such is the man who has taken up the same heavy burden as Mr. Lloyd George in England. And in the short time he has been at the Ministry, in the Place St.-Thomas d'Aquinas, he has gained the respect and admiration of all his colleagues and subordinates. He is self-made not in the sense that he has achieved wealth, but because he has covered his name with glory.

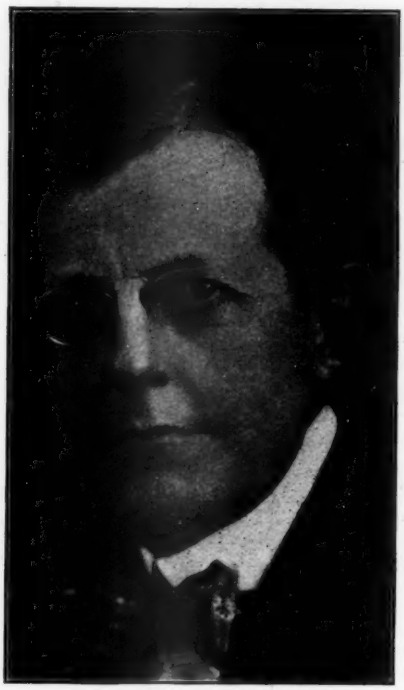
MUSIC·AND·DRAMA

"THE BOOMERANG"—THE MOST APPEALING COMEDY OF THE NEW SEASON

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS and the theories of Professor Freud have done yeoman's duty these last few years in the laboratory and in the pot-boiler's workshop, observes the dramatic critic of the New York *Press;* but it is doubtful if they were ever called upon for more fruitful service than when Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes tapped them for the inspiration of "The Boomerang." This delicious bit of nonsense is the first and most appealing comedy of the New York season. Staged by David Belasco, and perhaps the lightest comedy ever mounted by that master of the theater, every element of its fragile satire becomes strikingly effective. Messrs. Smith and Mapes have not so much sought novelty of theme as to reveal the persistent and universal aspect of human foibles, so that credibility is never strained.

Gerald Sumner is an over-educated young physician who returns from much special study in Europe to his family home in Hartford. His father fits up an elaborate office for him. Days and weeks pass, but no patients call upon him. In the first act we find him waiting in his office for a patient, but eager to get out to the golf links and to forget his boresome professional "duties," which consists solely in keeping office hours! As he is waiting, Virginia Xelva comes in, applying for a position as attendant in his office. She is the daughter of an American woman who had, against the wishes of her family, married a Swiss gentleman. Virginia had now returned to America, upon the death of her parents, in the hope of finding her grandmother. But the latter has also died, and the girl has found herself alone and practically penniless. Dr. Sumner employs her, confident that her assistance will aid the growth of his practice. He leaves the office in her charge, but has no sooner left (to buy a hunting-dog!) than the first real patient calls. This is young Budd Woodbridge, accompanied by an over-anxious mother, who confides in Virginia that her son is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He is restless, sleepless, nervous, depressed. Altho he has lost ten pounds in a month, he insists that there is nothing ailing him. Miss Xelva manages to keep Budd in the office until Dr. Sumner returns. The latter, in an ostentatiously professional manner, begins a detailed diagnosis of the case. While the patient's pulse is being tested, the name of Grace Tyler is mentioned. It is obvious that Budd's pulse leaps up with a tremendous bound:

GERALD. How long have you been in love with Grace Tyler? (*Budd looks at him, stupefied. Rises.*) You said you'd answer—you know— (*Budd sits again—then speaks with effort.*)



AN AMERICAN MOLIÈRE?

Winchell Smith, after ten years' experience as an actor, wrote "The Fortune Hunter," and other modern comedies. He collaborated with Victor Mapes on "The Boomerang," and is perhaps the greatest American writer of comedy.

BUDD. Ever since I met her—

GERALD. When was that?

BUDD. Last year—the 24th of August.

GERALD. Love at first sight, eh? Does she—love you?

BUDD. Is that question necessary?

GERALD. I shouldn't dream of asking it, otherwise.

BUDD. I—I think she did.

GERALD. But her love's grown cold. Does your mother know about this?

BUDD. Certainly not. I've never mentioned it—to any one.

GERALD. M'm. Now, Preston De Witt— (*Budd shudders.*) Is he attentive to Miss Tyler?

BUDD. (*With great effort at self-control, goes to speak, checks himself and rises suddenly.*) I'd rather not speak about that! (*He paces up and down in agitation.*)

GERALD. (*Looking at him, with sympathetic smile—chuckling.*) It's *hell*—isn't it? (*Budd stops and gives him a look. Gerald rises and speaks as he goes to him.*) I know how you feel, old man, and exactly what you're going through—but—you mustn't let it get the best of you.

BUDD. (*Breaking out violently.*) Doctor, it has got the best of me!

GERALD. (*Putting hand on his shoulder.*) Nonsense! That's not the way to go on!

BUDD. Do you think I don't know that? I've said it to myself a thousand times! She knows how I feel toward her, and if she doesn't care for me any more, I ought to be man enough to let her alone! But I can't!

GERALD. When did you find out she's stopped caring for you?

BUDD. (*Pacing about.*) I've felt it—ever since—he began coming around. I didn't think much of it at first—and then—then—they were together more and more, and after a while she seemed to prefer him to me. I made up my mind—over and over again—that the only decent thing for me to do was to get out of her way! But I can't help hanging around, just the same. Why, I keep telling myself I won't go near her, while I'm on my way to her house. And all the time I know perfectly well what an idiot I'm making of myself. And—when I'm with her—my attempts to conceal this—this damned jealousy—to appear light-hearted and be jolly— (*With gesture of derision.*) And now—little by little—in spite of myself, I've begun to hate him! No matter how I fight against it, I can't keep him out of my mind! At times I imagine I see him alone—somewhere standing and waiting—and I try to hold back and keep from springing on him—and then—she's there—coming down a path—and before I know it, I have him by the throat, strangling the life out of him—strangling!—strangling! (*All at once he becomes conscious of Gerald, gathers himself with an attempt at a sickly smile.*) That's the kind of a fool I am! (*He sinks into chair and buries his face in his hands. A pause. Gerald looks at him sympathetically, then goes to him and puts hand on his shoulder.*)

GERALD. It's tough—awfully tough. But if you will fall in love, you've got to be prepared for such things. But there's no need to call yourself names. Under the circumstances, you've behaved remarkably well—

BUDD. (*With a gesture of disgust.*) I know how I've behaved! Sniveling like a schoolboy! Why, if I were any good, do you think I'd have told you all this?

GERALD. You didn't tell me—you only answered my questions. I'd already found out what the trouble was.

BUDD. How could you find out? (*Rises and goes to him.*) Who told you? Preston De Witt?

GERALD. No—you did.

BUDD. (*Incredulous.*) I did?

GERALD. Yep. By your manner. (*Budd gives him startled look.*) Why, anybody with half an eye could see what's the trouble with you.

BUDD. (*Flabbergasted.*) Good Lord! Do you mean to say I've been going around, making an exhibition of myself? Letting every one know? What I need is a nurse! (*Sits. A pause. Gerald, with a sudden thought, looks front—then looks toward door down R.*)

GERALD. It's quite likely we shall require the services of a nurse.

BUDD. What! Why don't you give me a rattle and a baby-carriage and a bottle?

GERALD. (*After a little laugh.*) No—I'm serious—

BUDD. Now that you know what my trouble is—you don't mean to say you still think you can cure me?

GERALD. I've already told you that.

BUDD. I don't believe it—but I wish something could cure me!

GERALD. Are you willing to place yourself in my hands for one month?

BUDD. Yes.

GERALD. And for one month you'll do exactly as I say, whether you agree with me or not?

BUDD. I'll do anything!

GERALD. All right. (*Goes to medicine cabinet, gets graduated glass and bottle of colorless liquid—places them on stand which holds electric heater.*) Then we'll begin now. I'll give you your first treatment. (*Goes to instrument cabinet—gets hypodermic syringe—pretends to unscrew needle and to drop it in electric heater—turns on electricity.*)

BUDD. Treatment! Do you think medicine is going to cure love and jealousy?

GERALD. I think it is going to cure you. (*He pours a little liquid from bottle into graduated glass.*). Love and jealousy isn't the root of your trouble.

BUDD. Then what is?

GERALD. Bugs.

BUDD. Bugs?

GERALD. Bugs! Germs! Microbes! Your nervous system is being shattered by them. You imagine jealousy is causing your nervousness. No—nervousness is causing your jealousy. (*Puts bottle and glass back on stand. Budd sits staring at him blankly a moment, then bursts out laughing. This laughter continues until it becomes uncontrollable and ends in a hysterical sob. Gerald goes to him with great sympathy.*) You see what your nerves have brought you to.

BUDD. It was the idea of my being full of germs!

GERALD. (*Returning to stand.*) Everybody's full of 'em—most of them are harmless—you've got some bad ones—(*Picks up medicine dropper and fills it from phial*) but we're going to knock 'em out! Why, we'll have you in such shape that you won't know what trouble looks like!

BUDD. I wish I could believe it. (*Gerald drops three drops from medicine dropper into graduated glass.*)

GERALD. You'll see—it's going to be a little hard for you—especially at first!

BUDD. The harder the better! (*With instrument tongs, Gerald pretends to take needle from heater and to screw needle on to syringe.*)

GERALD. Do you drink?

BUDD. Not much.

GERALD. Smoke?

BUDD. Yes—quite a little.

GERALD. You must cut them out. (*With hypodermic syringe he draws up liquid from graduated glass.*) You mustn't even look at a high-ball. Why, one teaspoonful might spoil the whole value of these microbes— (*Holding up syringe.*)

BUDD. You're going to put microbes in me?

GERALD. Billions of 'em—to fight your nerve bugs!

BUDD. (*After a pause, meekly.*) All right.

GERALD. The next thing is exercise. (*Goes to Budd, syringe in hand.*) You must be up every morning at six, rain or shine, and take half an hour's run, at a brisk dog trot. Then a cold shower and breakfast. In the forenoon, two hours in a gymnasium—and no loafing about it. After lunch, a nice long stroll—six or seven miles. In other words, all the outdoor exercise you can stand. And for one month, no social engagements whatever! Do you know what I mean by that?

BUDD. Keep away from—her?

GERALD. Yes—and all your friends. Last, and most important of all, this serum—once every day.

For a young and inexperienced doctor, perhaps Gerald Sumner is a bit too sophisticated in his application of pseudo-science to this case of love-sickness, but the comic effect is none the less striking. The hypodermic contains nothing but sterilized water. When Budd Woodbridge sarcastically exclaims that he needs a nurse, Dr. Sumner does not miss this opportunity. An attractive nurse is precisely the remedy, he decides; Miss Xelva is the person for the place. So Dr. Sumner suggests that she attend to the case.

GERALD. I mean it. And here's a great opportunity for you.

VIRGINIA. Me?

GERALD. Yes. (*Impressively.*) He needs a nurse! (*Virginia gives him a look.*) You want to be a nurse—don't you? You said you were dying to be—

VIRGINIA. I am—but not that kind of a nurse! (*Laughing.*) Trying to cure a man of jealousy.

GERALD. (*After a pause.*) Have you ever been in love? (*She looks at him, smiles and shakes her head.*) Then you don't know anything about jealousy?

VIRGINIA. I didn't know it could be treated by a doctor.

GERALD. Not by the family physician! But a modern doctor can treat *anything*—

VIRGINIA. But if it's only jealousy—why did you put that medicine in his arm?

GERALD. That was pure, distilled water—with three drops of pure, distilled water added to it. Now, don't think I'm not taking this case seriously. I am. This boy's in a dangerous condition. He's right on the brink of a nervous collapse—and all because he's got girl on the brain. So you and I have got to get her off. And the first thing to do is to give him something else to worry about. Now, I'm trying to transfer his attention from love to microbes. And there's where nurse comes in. He must be made to believe she's keeping a strict record of his condition. And, all the while, she must be doing her best to amuse him and keep his mind constantly occupied. And, believe me, that's just as worthy and difficult a task as nursing a patient through typhoid.

VIRGINIA. Then I'd love to try it!

One month later we find Virginia in the Woodbridge home, playing cards with the patient, who has improved tremendously. The treatment of "absence and indifference" has worked wonders. Mrs. Woodbridge is so impressed that she has sent Dr. Sumner all sorts of patients, not a few of them, we infer, with maladies as imaginary as that of Budd. And Virginia has become a wonderful nurse. She has worked in the doctor's office as well as in the Woodbridge home, and she and Gerald Sumner have been drawn closer together. Mrs. Woodbridge has made attempts to find her relatives, and learns through her own lawyers that Virginia's uncle is a financial power, Bruce Gordon of New York. Budd's supposed rival, the dashing young attorney, Preston De Witt, comes to tell Miss Xelva of her good fortune.

VIRGINIA. (*To Mrs. Woodbridge.*) I know you said he was my mother's brother—

PRESTON. Why, my dear Miss Xelva, he's one of the greatest financial powers in the country—worth millions and millions!

VIRGINIA. Oh—

MRS. WOODBRIDGE. And you're his nearest relative! Virgie, just think of it!

VIRGINIA. I'm trying to—

MRS. WOODBRIDGE. You'll be a great heiress! Won't she, Mr. De Witt?

PRESTON. It certainly looks that way!

VIRGINIA. I—I—should say it was glorious news—

PRESTON. Of course, Miss Xelva, it will be necessary to establish your claim—

VIRGINIA. My claim?

PRESTON. Mr. Gordon has never seen you, you know, and—

VIRGINIA. So you want to find out if I'm a humbug!

PRESTON. I've no fear of that, now I've seen you—but—er—

VIRGINIA. But you must have proof!

MRS. WOODBRIDGE. And then Mr. De Witt will take you right on to New York!

VIRGINIA. (*With sudden change of expression.*) New York?

MRS. WOODBRIDGE. Yes—to Mr. Gordon! Oh, Virgie, his house is—well—it's really more like a palace, and he lives there all alone! But now—now it will be your home, too!

VIRGINIA. Oh, no—

MRS. WOODBRIDGE. Of course, it will!



THE MALADY (Ruth Shepley) THE DOCTOR (Arthur Byron) THE NURSE (Martha Hedman) THE PATIENT (Wallace Eddinger)

Budd Woodbridge's love for Grace Tyler has driven him to desperation. Dr. Sumner uses Grace Xelva as the nurse to cure this case of love-sickness. Virginia does so by arousing Grace's jealousy—and Gerald Sumner's. The clever doctor effects a cure, but is grievously stricken himself.

He'll want you to live with him—I'm sure!

VIRGINIA. But—I couldn't leave here. You see, it wouldn't be fair to Dr. Sumner—

MRS. WOODBRIDGE. Dr. Sumner wouldn't stand in your way for a moment! Why, he won't think of allowing you to stay, when he knows! (*Virginia looks at her.*)

PRESTON. Of course, he won't. My dear Miss Xelva, don't concern yourself about that in the least! And now, if you'll be good enough to answer a few little questions. (*She sits in armchair.*) Can you tell me any of the circumstances connected with your parents' marriage?

VIRGINIA. That was before my time—

PRESTON. Quite so. You see, I must have something to establish the identity of your mother—

VIRGINIA. Oh, must you?

PRESTON. Now, you probably have a picture of her? (*She shakes her head.*) No old photograph? (*She shakes her head.*) Well, have you any of her letters or papers—or documents—that would show her handwriting?

VIRGINIA. No.

PRESTON. Nothing at all to substantiate your claim?

VIRGINIA. I haven't made any claim—

PRESTON. But, my dear Miss Xelva, I'm trying to help you—and I must make a report to Mr. Gordon. What can I say?

VIRGINIA. You can say I haven't given you any proof at all and that I'm not going to make any claim—

PRESTON. But—surely—you don't realize—

VIRGINIA. Oh, yes—yes, I realize—

PRESTON. And you really wish me to send that message to Mr. Gordon?

VIRGINIA. If you will, please.

Dr. Sumner has arranged a surprize party in order to bring Grace Tyler and Budd together again, and to complete the "cure" by making Grace jealous instead of Budd. Presently the young doctor enters, unduly flushed with the success of his treatment of Budd Woodbridge. He proceeds to give Virginia Xelva a lesson in the game of love, completely unaware that his cynical truths might ever apply to himself. The scene between Sumner and Virginia is one of the masterly scenes of the comedy, especially in its crisp and cynical dialog:

GERALD. Well, the truth is it's a game.

VIRGINIA. A game?

GERALD. Yes—that's what love is—a game! Not the beautiful, heaven-sent blessing we're told it is—but a mean, selfish, rotten game! You don't believe it?

VIRGINIA. Believe it! Humph! It's too ridiculous!

GERALD. It may be ridiculous, but it's a fact. And as soon as you fall in love, the game begins and you've got to play it—whether you want to or not. Only most people play without knowing it—like Budd—and get the worst of it. Now, why not play it with your eyes open?

VIRGINIA. I don't think I'd care to play it at all.

GERALD. If you were in love, wouldn't you like to know how to bring your victim to your feet? How to make him adore you—believe you're the most charming and wonderful woman in the world? Make him hope for nothing, think of nothing, dream of nothing, but you?

VIRGINIA. Could you tell me how I could do that?

GERALD. I'll guarantee it. You've only to avoid all the blunders Budd made.

VIRGINIA. What were they?

GERALD. Well—in the first place—he showed her that he loved her honorably, devotedly and exclusively. That's enough to queer any one!

VIRGINIA. You mean he shouldn't have told her?

GERALD. On the contrary! He should *have* told her, whenever he got the chance! Instead, he probably didn't tell her at all, but let her see it, by everything he did. That's the first rule of the game. If you fall in love, say so over and over again as often as you like, but never let the loved one be quite sure you mean it. Budd's next blunder was being too good to her. Yes—he paid her too much attention, hung about her incessantly, until his visits became about as exciting as the milkman's. Another rule: swear you're the original, devoted slave, but don't al-

ways be on hand. Under those conditions, it was only natural for her to take notice of somebody else. Then along came jealousy. It's next to impossible to keep jealousy out of a love affair. But there's hardly a case where both people get it. One is jealous and the other isn't. Rule number three: Be sure to get your opponent a little jealous—or you'll get it yourself. And in Budd's case, after jealousy, came desperation, then despair, then Doctor—

VIRGINIA. Well, I can't say I think it's a very nice game!

GERALD. I told you that. But it's justified. Because if you fall in love with a man—and you let him see your devotion is so great you can't think of anything else—curiously enough, he'll begin to care less and less about you.

VIRGINIA. Will he?

GERALD. Why, there are thousands of poor creatures all over the world whose lives have been ruined, just because they loved too much, and didn't know it was all a game! And that's what may happen to Budd, unless we prevent it.

VIRGINIA. And you think you *can* prevent it?

GERALD. If my theory is any good, I can. You see, when Miss Tyler found about a month ago that Budd was keeping away, it puzzled her. Those letters she wrote prove that. And the answers I made him send puzzled her all the more. Her deciding to come here to-night proves that. I only got up this party because I felt sure she'd come. And now, as usual, I'm depending on you to help me. Will you?

VIRGINIA. Of course! What do you want me to do?

GERALD. I want you to be in love—I mean, pretend to be in love.

VIRGINIA. Oh—you want Miss Tyler to think I am in love with Mr. Woodbridge?

GERALD. You've hit it, the first time! I want her to think you and Budd are crazy about each other!

VIRGINIA. You'll never get Mr. Woodbridge to consent to that!

GERALD. I'm not going to try. All I want is to have Miss Tyler see Budd laughing and jolly—and have you make her believe Budd belongs to you. Do you think you can?

Virginia is willing to try. A new idea has entered her mind. The guests arrive. Dr. Sumner coaches Budd for his reception of Grace Tyler. Then Virginia appears in evening dress, charming and aristocratic. Budd leads her to the ballroom. Their manner of intimacy and *camaraderie* is too much for Grace Tyler. So she turns her ankle, and, in a scene with Dr. Sumner, learns that Miss Virginia Xelva is actually stopping at the Woodbridge home, that the girl from Europe is continually in Budd's company. "I've been expecting every day to see their engagement announced," Dr. Sumner maliciously confides to Grace. Grace decides to go home. At that moment Budd rushes in. His love for Grace breaks through the bonds of conventionality. He takes her in his arms. But mad with jealousy and weeping bitterly, Grace breaks away and rushes from the house.

The last act takes place the next morning in Gerald Sumner's office. Disconsolate and disappointed, Budd Woodbridge announces his intention of going away "forever." Incidentally Dr. Sumner learns from him that Virginia Xelva is leaving that morning for New York with De Witt Preston. The "boomerang" begins to come back in the direction of its clever master. For presently Virginia enters, dressed for traveling. During the ensuing scene, jealousy and anger rapidly become ascendant emotions in Gerald's mind.

GERALD. I haven't asked you—have I? I've no desire to pry into your affairs. You're at perfect liberty to go as soon as you like, and stay as long as you like—

VIRGINIA. Thank you—

GERALD. You—you'd better take this—

VIRGINIA. Oh—I sha'n't need any money, thanks—

GERALD. (*He gets money and hands it to her.*) It's coming to you—

VIRGINIA. Oh, this is too much!

GERALD. No, it isn't!—It's what's coming to you! You—you've earned it.

VIRGINIA. Thank you.

GERALD. Do you—expect to come back?

VIRGINIA. Why, yes! If you want me—?

GERALD. This place will be open for you—always. And whatever it is that's taking you away, I hope it will bring you—happiness.

When Grace Tyler learns that Miss Xelva is in love with Preston De Witt, as she supposes, and Budd Woodbridge learns that Preston De Witt is in love with Miss Xelva, as circumstances seem to indicate, the two are quickly brought together. Then Preston De Witt tells Virginia that her wealthy uncle is on the train coming from New York to meet her, and that it won't be necessary to make the trip. In the meantime, however, Dr. Gerald Sumner is suffering violently from jealousy and "love-sickness," storming madly about his office, kicking traveling-bags about and throwing books to the floor. Virginia has changed into her nurse's uniform, and in the midst of Gerald's storm enters.

VIRGINIA. There are several patients waiting—

GERALD. Let them wait. (*Virginia sees book on floor, picks it up, Gerald watching her. She smiles and puts book in bookcase.*)

VIRGINIA. It's after ten—

GERALD. (*Suddenly looking up.*) It isn't necessary for you to stay—if you have anything to do before train time—

VIRGINIA. (*Demurely.*) I haven't.

GERALD. What is it?

VIRGINIA. Oh, nothing—I was just thinking how happy you ought to be! (*Gerald gives her a look.*)

GERALD. What do you mean?

VIRGINIA. Why—this case of Mr. Woodbridge's—it's turned out just exactly as you said it would! It's wonderful what a perfect understanding you have of love! I've been thinking over all you told me last night.

GERALD. (*Stopping suddenly.*) All I told you was damned rot—I beg your pardon.

VIRGINIA. How can you say that!——just after you've proved it—with Mr. Woodbridge!

GERALD. Why didn't you tell me that you were in love?

VIRGINIA. (*With a change of manner, sincerely.*) Because—I never meant to tell anyone—never, as long as I lived! Then, something happened—something that made me think perhaps he might care for me—and then—what you said about—about the love-game all came back to me—and I—well, I've been playing it!

GERALD. You certainly worked fast—landed him already.

VIRGINIA. Oh, I haven't—landed him—yet.

GERALD. You ought to be—reasonably sure—if— (*he looks at watch*)—you intend to go away with him at 11.40.

VIRGINIA. I'm not.

GERALD. What!

VIRGINIA. I was going—to New York—but that was to see my uncle. I've just heard he's on his way here.

GERALD. (*Suddenly hoping he has been mistaken.*) I didn't know you had an uncle in New York.

VIRGINIA. Neither did I—until the other day. He's Mr. Bruce Gordon.

GERALD. Bruce Gordon—Bruce Gordon your uncle? (*He comes over to her.*)

VIRGINIA. I'm afraid so—

GERALD. How in the world—

VIRGINIA. I don't know—only it seems—my mother—was his sister—and he arrives here at noon and Mr. De Witt and I are going to meet him at the station—

GERALD. Oh?— De Witt knew this?—That Bruce Gordon was your uncle?

VIRGINIA. Yes.

GERALD. Oh—huh—I see— (*Pulls himself together with effort; offers hand.*) Well—good luck—and God bless you—

VIRGINIA. (*Taking his hand and looking into his face.*) You mean I can't stay here—any more?

GERALD. (*Trying to laugh.*) Stay here? Bruce Gordon's niece work in an office! Oh, come—now—

VIRGINIA. Then—it's good-by?

GERALD. That's the way it looks.

VIRGINIA. Couldn't you—say you'll miss me.

GERALD. Not so you could understand it. (*Virginia gets hypodermic syringe, comes and holds it out to him.*) What's this for?

VIRGINIA. If I'm not going to see you any more—I'll need the treatment—

GERALD. (*Looks at her—gradually the truth dawns on him.*) You mean me? Virgie!

VIRGINIA. (*She goes to the door and calls.*) Come in, Mr. Stone. (*Enter Stone, an old man, with arm in sling.*)

STONE. Good morning, doctor—beautiful day, isn't it?

(*Virginia takes arm out of sling, and starts to get the scissors. Gerald intercepts her, puts his hands on her shoulders. He looks to her eyes. A long pause. She suddenly buries her face in his bosom. He puts arms about her and holds her tight. Curtain.*)

THE IMMORAL MORALITY OF THE "MOVIES"

ENTHUSIASTIC champions of the film drama have not spared words in pointing out the immense educational and artistic value of the "movies." Eulogies, glowing predictions of future possibilities, and fulsome flattery of present achievements have emanated from all sides, even from so drastic a critic of modern society as George Bernard Shaw. It has remained for Mr. Floyd Dell to point out, in a subtly satirical article published in the *New Review*, that the "movies" are rather to be looked upon as a recidivous force, distinctly tending toward a moral ankylosis of the community. Morality is essentially custom, the usages and traditions of the majority. "The whole art of fiction and drama," to quote Mr. Dell, "consists in showing good people doing things which are contrary to the moral standard of the community. This only means, of course, that fiction and drama are immoral." In fact, it has always been a reproach against the arts that they were immoral. Sculpture, poetry, music, fiction and drama have all "stirred up wickedness" by breaking down moral conventions and creating new ethical values. The art of motion pictures has not yet dared to renounce its appeal to popular prejudice.

"The harmfulness of books and plays has lain in the fact that they were permitted to ascribe good motives to bad actions, and bad motives to good actions, and generally to mix up right and wrong until people were led to doubt whether right and wrong were two perfectly distinct things. This has all been put a stop to in the movies. Good people are good and bad people are bad, and anybody can tell the difference.

"Moreover, to ensure all this propriety, the movies have instituted a self-censorship. In this respect they are unlike all the other arts, which have wantonly desired freedom, and chafed under restraint. The movies, on the contrary, pay the expenses of a National Board of Censorship, to which they invite moral experts to belong, and to which they submit their productions. Anything improper is cut out of the reel. If a kiss is too realistic, several feet are cut right out of the middle of it."

Mr. Dell illustrates the moral passivity and callous stupidity of the producers of "movies" by the film version of "Ghosts." As in the film versions of many plays and books, it has been found possible to preserve the outlines of a story or play, the characters, the scenes, and most of the incidents, and yet rob it entirely of those qualities which made it dangerous.

"Ibsen was an immoral man. He didn't believe in morals, and he wrote this play to discredit conventional morality. He made it clear in his play that the reason why Oswald went insane was that his mother was such a puritan that she drove his father out to seek pleasure in the company of syphilitic prostitutes; and he points out, and makes the woman realize, that if she had eloped with Pastor Manders, as she wanted to, this would not have happened. Ibsen makes the pastor's injunction, 'Go back to your husband,' and the whole theory of conventional marriage which it implies, seem hateful and stupid.

"Well, all that is changed in the movies. Oswald is there, his mother is there, Regina is there (elevated considerably in the social scale, but still recognizable), all is there, but it is not the same. Instead of being a normal pleasure-loving young man who is wrecked by an unsatisfactory marriage, Oswald's father is shown as a scoundrel who marries knowing that he has a transmissable venereal disease; and he teaches his innocent little boy to drink beer, which leaves no doubt that he is really a bad man. The wife is a saint and martyr, and no one would ever guess that Ibsen thought she was to blame. The great scene in the play is that which shows the doctor hurrying over hill and dale breathlessly to the church in which Oswald and Regina are being wedded, and arriving just in time to hold up his hand and say impressively, 'I forbid this marriage!' In the final scene, as Ibsen wrote it, Oswald's mother gives him the poison with her own hand. That would never do. So in the movies Oswald wriggles across the floor making faces, and gets it himself, while his mother and the pastor are hurrying—up hill and down dale, of course—to prevent it. Seeing the dead body, she swoons in the good man's comforting arms, virtuous to the last."

Thus "sterilized, emasculated, completely innocuous," in the words of Floyd Dell, such masterpieces are presented to the film-loving public. "*All the harm, the fever of thought, of doubt, of inquiry . . . is thus eliminated. The husk is preserved, and those who have seen it will think they have seen Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' as advertized outside. Thus is art robbed of its sting, truth of its victory.*"

The National Board of Censorship, which has practical control of the moral values of the "movies," reveals an amazing ethical outlook. He quotes from an article on "The Theory and Practice of the Censorship," by Thomas H. Dickinson, published in *The Drama:*

"There are, it is explained, 'certain acts which are sometimes a question of custom, sometimes of taste, and sometimes of morals. One example of this is the question of women's smoking and drinking. To the women of certain nationalities and places, it is a matter of custom altogether, and the pictures would be untrue without it; to women of other places it is a matter of taste, that is, it is no longer a question of morals with them, and yet it is not crystallized into custom; and to women of yet other places it is esteemed a matter of morals. In judging pictures, the National Board takes these facts into consideration. The National Board disapproves of showing a good woman doing what would be considered a bad thing by the society of which she forms a part, for this kind of disregard of conventional morality tends of itself to break down the moral fiber of the people.'"

William Marion Reedy also aligns himself with Mr. Dell in protesting the ethically soporific effect of the art of the films. "Great motives have been brought down to clap-trap and balderdash," he writes in his *Mirror*. "Movie dramas are too often an insult to any intelligence above the dime-novel stage."

"No newspaper critic says a word about the glaring sins of the movies against truth—not mere photographic truth to the scene, but truth to human nature and to the simplest canons of art—or about the crimes against taste, and without such correction the public taste must be hopelessly debauched, the public's sense of true values incalculably depraved. The film companies have a censorship, but is is essentially *bourgeois* in its standards of judgment. Its morality is entirely formal and superficial. But the censorship cares not for art at all. It passes the most execrable rubbish and sends it out under the name of some play that won favor because of its intellectual or spiritual content. The film trust needs an esthetic censorship. Until it establishes one the newspapers should apply to movies which are proffered the public as presentations of works of established dramatic value the same kind of criticism that is given to a new work in the spoken drama. It is a bad thing that the press should say of bad presentation of life in the films, 'It doesn't matter; it's only in the movies.' The movies are of immane importance. They are making the taste of the millions. They are making it bad, execrable taste—bad and execrable, because it is based solely on sensation and is to that extent wholly animalistic."

James Huneker, who contributes to *Puck* a weekly page of observations concerning "The Seven Arts," refuses to place the "movies" among the legitimate arts. They are to the younger generation, he claims, just what the Eden Musée and Madame Tussaud's waxworks were to a generation now past. We may expect an adequate and brilliant defense of the morality of the "movies," however, by Vachel Lindsay, whose book, "The Art of the Moving Picture," is announced by the Macmillian Company.

THE CULT OF WRONG NOTES: A SIGN OF DECAY OR OF PROGRESS IN MUSIC?

SINCE the middle of the past century there has been an unhealthy boom in freak-music, a widespread admiration for whatever is extravagant and startling in musical composition. At least such is the opinion of Frederick Corder, a composer himself, and, as Curator of the Royal Academy of Music in London for a good many years, an authority on the subject. Freak-music, Mr. Corder claims in an article entitled "On the Cult of Wrong Notes" in the *Musical Quarterly*, has always been the product of the unmusical musician. "It may be news . . . that fully half the persons who attempt to cultivate the art of music do so in the first instance without any reference to the sense of hearing, yet such is the fact."

"Strangely enough, as I began by stating, these non-hearing musicians are the men to whom all art-progress is due: Schumann, Auber, Henry Bishop—all these simply emptied out their sack; it is to Wagner, St. Saëns, Purcell that you must look for new paths. Such men always evoked bitter hostility in the minds of the early critics; this was only natural. But as time went on the number of those who wrote collections of sounds into which they read poetry, pictures, psychology—anything rather than music—increased. This was really because they gave the critics something to talk about and this acted as an advertizement."

Just after Richard Wagner had revenged himself upon the press of the world by becoming thoroughly popular, along came Richard Strauss. "The critics were in such a mortal dread of repeating their predecessors' blunder over Wagner that they boomed him and insisted that all his lapses and crudities were just what the world was waiting for."

"The first London performance of Richard Strauss's 'Thus spake Zarathustra' was given by the famous Amsterdam orchestra under Mengelberg. In the opening a grandiose chord of C is built up gradually, ceasing suddenly at the twenty-first bar and leaving only the organ sounding. Behold! the organ was discovered thundering out a chord of D major at full blast. I was informed afterwards that there was a transposing keyboard to this instrument, and one of the band, out of sheer mischief, had turned the key just before the concert. The conductor nearly fainted, but not a soul in the audience, except a very few who knew the piece, turned a hair! After this, the eccentric ending seemed nothing, but a blind pupil of mine asked me innocently why the basses played it a *semitone sharp;* when I explained that it was written so, he said, 'Oh, that accounts for that funny chord in the opening!' When I further explained that this was a mistake, he said, 'But how is one to know, then?'

"Yet another example: when 'Elektra' was in rehearsal with Beecham, one of the viola players brought me his part and asked what he had better do with a passage that ran down to bass C flat, there being no such note on the instrument. With some trouble I found a way in which the passage might be altered, but on inquiring afterwards, the player said, 'Oh, it was too much trouble to alter it in all the parts, so we played C natural instead, and it sounded all right.' The point of this story lies in the fact that all the strings were in unison and fortissimo. When I myself heard the opera I was fain to agree with the viola player. What kind of music can that be, I ask, where such an alteration can make no difference?"

Strauss pursued to its extremity Beethoven's discovery ("in his deaf days") that absolutely wrong notes can often be written with impunity for the orchestra.

"In the general flood of sound the effect is analogous to the misuse of the sustaining pedal by an excited pianist. It is indeed difficult to make an orchestra sound bad, whatever you write. This explains why the orchestration of a new piece is the one point a critic can safely praise. The cult of wrong notes now rapidly became a fashion: Mahler, Schillings and all the small Germans pursued the new path with enthusiasm. Strauss, too, had, of course, to see himself and go one better every time, till there was only one thing more left to do and that was to write a piece that should consist entirely of wrong notes, an idea that might have occurred to any one. To Arnold Schönberg belongs the proud distinction of having accomplished this feat."

Mr. Corder discovers other offenders on all sides—"the crazy crowd of whom Claude Debussy is the chief?" Rimsky-Korsakov and Stravinsky, "not to mention the unhappy Scriabin, in England Holbrooke, Cyril Scott and a raw band of amateurs" and Schönberg's followers, Bela Bartók and Leo Ornstein. Frederick Corder dismisses Bartók's compositions as "unmeaning bunches of notes, apparently representing the composer promenading the keyboard in his boots. Some can be played better with the elbows, others with the flat of the hand, none require fingers to perform nor ears to listen to. Yet you have to face the fact that audiences have sat, for the most part unmoved, while some one has gravely played the piano to them like a two-year-old child. That men professing to be musical critics, while unable to compass the hypocrisy of pretending to comprehend this rubbish, have yet had the effrontery to encourage it, seems to me a shameful thing." This authority notes further:

"One can forgive people for believing that when an artist like Scriabin suffers from mental derangement his music becomes more admirable, tho it is not really true and cannot be, but to pretend that the clotted nonsense of Schönberg and Bartók *must* mean something merely because it is printed in Germany is an insult to humanity. Still I want to know what kind of minds those people have for whom it is sufficient that a decently informed person shall remonstrate against an absurdity to set them earnestly and wholeheartedly admiring it. . . . The pretence that art has said its last word and that chaos must supersede it is as untrue with regard to music as with regard to painting. To pretend, as do the scribes, that any of the 'Futurists' in any branch of art are men who have gone through all that is possible to be known and come out on the other side, simply proves that neither these men nor their admirers have any conception of what art means. But while the craze lasted I was appalled to discover how unmusical the unmusical could be."

In opposition to Frederick Corder, a writer in *The Forum* (Carl Van Vechten by name) is certain "that it is the men who have given the new impetus to tonal art in the past five years who will be making the opening for whatever art-music we are to hear after the war." Disharmonies, as exemplified in the compositions of Schönberg and Stravinsky, he claims, are a steady progression from Wagner, and not the freakish whim of an abnormal devil. "There are many who are generous enough to believe that Richard Strauss and Claude Debussy have carried on the divine torch. But there are only a few discerning enough to perceive that Stravinsky and Schönberg have gone only a step further than the so-called impressionists in music."

"Since the beginnings of music, as an art-form, there has always been a complaint that contemporary composers could not compose melody. Beethoven suffered from this complaint; Wagner suffered from it; we have only recently gone through the period when Strauss and Debussy suffered from it. The reason is an obvious one. Each new composer has made his own rules of composition. Each has progressed a step further in his use of harmony. Now it is evident that in this way novelty lies, for an entirely new unaccompanied melody would be difficult to devize. It is in the combination of melody and harmony that a composer may show his talent at invention. It is but natural that any advance in this direction should at first startle unaccustomed ears, and it is by no means uncertain that this first thrill is not the most delicious sensation to be derived from hearing music. In time harmony is exhausted—combinations of notes in ordered forms—but there is still the pursuit of disharmony to be made."

LÉON BAKST ON THE REVOLUTIONARY AIMS OF THE SERGE DE DIAGHILEV BALLET

LÉON BAKST admitted to Rose Strunsky, when she interviewed him in Paris a few weeks ago, that the renaissance of the ballet was due in great measure to the efforts of Isadora Duncan. It was Isadora Duncan, Bakst explains in this interview, which was published in the New York *Tribune*, who first broke with classicism and freed the dance from stiffness and rigidity. But it has been the Russians—especially the artists of the great Serge de Diaghilev Imperial Russian Ballet, which is to be seen in America for the first time this season—who took the stage ideas of the great Duncan and applied them to the ballet. It was Michael Fokine who made a composite art which even in his own time turned out to be a most revolutionary step. "The Greek and pagan tendency suggested by Miss Duncan, united with the classic Russian dance, plus a touch of that something indescribably Slavic at bottom, made of Fokine's dancing a thing purely sensuous."

"I think we can say there were three stages in the art of modern choregraphy. First, the one made by Duncan, which was a return to the Greek and pagan; the second, by Fokine, which was a composite of the pagan and the Russian, and the third, made by Nijinsky and his great rival and colleag Miassine, which has the mystic for its motif, for the Russian soul, ever seeking and ever restless, never limited and never lying still, kept searching for the one tendency which is always dear to it—mysticism.

"This modern strain of mysticism in the ballet first suggested itself, tho timidly, in the mind of Nijinsky, whom I consider the great genius of the ballet of the future. Inspired by me at first in the sensuous and pagan, he began with those tendencies which he showed in the ballet of the 'Afternoon of a Fawn' and which was in plain and open rupture with the tendencies of Isadora Duncan."

We know that it has been due in no small measure to the genius of Léon Bakst himself that has rendered the Diaghilev ballet the most significant theatrical and artistic influence of the last decade. Bakst confessed to Miss Strunsky that he looks for a return of art to its cradle—"that is to say, to the archaic art of the people. The archaic art is young in form and a seeker of all art, and when one is not too much weakened by over-civilization one can always find inspiration from the fountain-spring of archaic art." These ideas inspired Waslav Nijinsky, the greatest ballet dancer in the world, and one of the stars of the Diaghilev troupe. Nijinsky has united in his principle of choregraphy the archaic combined with a strong modernism.

"This idea was first clearly brought out in Nijinsky's ballet called *'Un Jaune Septembre.'* It was produced in Paris four years ago and was received with peals of laughter. But all sincere art which is great enough can conquer the taste of the people, and the Afternoon of a Fawn, which followed *'Un Jaune Septembre,'* tho at first also hooted and hissed, soon became a success everywhere. The second and third ballets which he produced, *'Le Sacre du Printemps,'* and *'Les Jeux,'* were by this time frankly modernist and revolutionary. They no longer had anything in common with what was formerly called the ballet.

"But the restless Russian soul did not stop here. The entire form of the ballet may be looked at as on the design of a picture, but to stop there would be to let the ballet remain a superficial art, a younger brother of the other arts. For a long time the idea came to me to render the ballet equal in importance to the other arts. That is, I felt that it could hold within it the thoughts and feelings which trouble our soul and which we express in the other arts. Last year I attempted to put the idea into practice, in arranging the ballet of 'Joseph,' where the subjects were mostly mystical. This attempt and especially as it was interpreted—for Miassine came out frankly with the idea that the ballet should be something entirely mystic—made me feel sure that a step still further can be made in the art of choregraphy, and that it could at last be placed on a par with painting, music and literature."



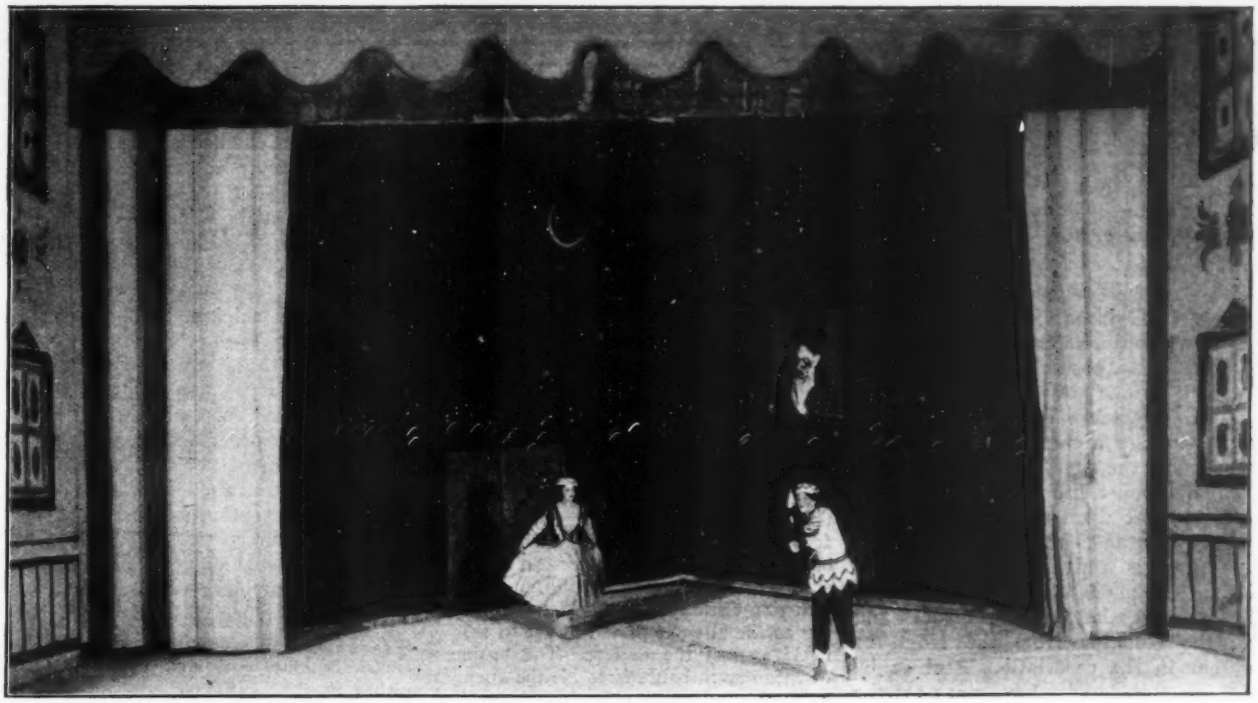
THE FAKIR

This is another sketch from the ballet of the "Blue God." Bakst has analysed the emotional value of line and has here successfully struck the keynote of fanatical insanity.



A "BLUE GOD" COSTUME

Léon Bakst's sketches of costumes are sought by lovers of modern art. They are masterpieces in themselves.



PETROUCHKA

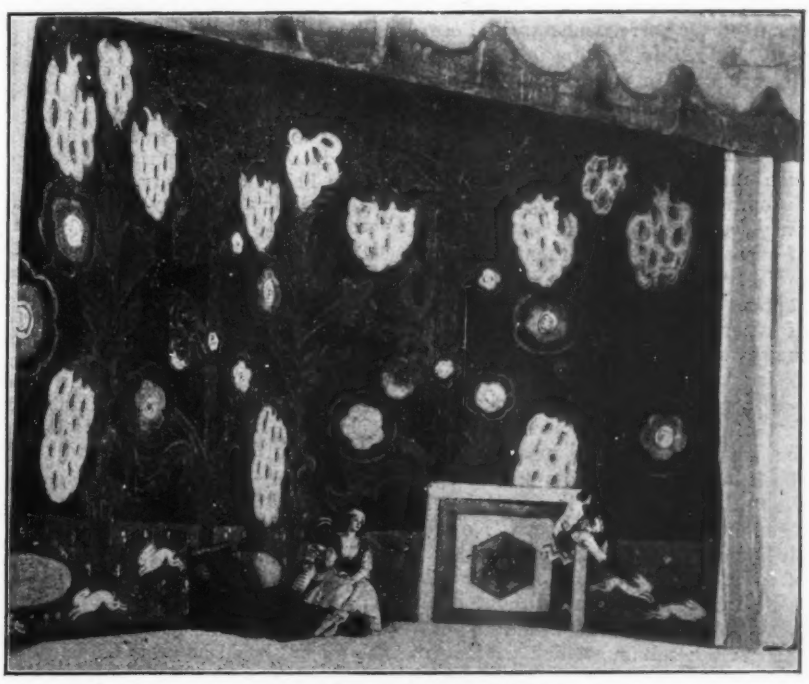
The stage setting for this popular ballet has been simplified in mass and line to an extreme degree. Yet the effect of light and mass of color is marvellously striking. The dancers are Karsavina and Nijinsky.

But the modern ballet, as exemplified in the art of the Russians, is no less a matter of color than of movement.

"I have often noticed that in each color of the prism there exists a gradation which sometimes expresses frankness and chastity, sometimes sensuality and even bestiality, sometimes pride, sometimes despair. This can be felt and given over to the public by the effect one makes of the various shadings. That is what I tried to do in *'Scheherazade.'* Against a lugubrious green I put a blue full of despair, paradoxical as it may seem.

"There are reds which are triumphal and there are reds which assassinate. There is a blue which can be the color of a St. Madeleine, and there is a blue of a Messalina. The painter who knows how to make use of this, the director of the orchestra who can with one movement of his baton put all this in motion, without crossing them, who can let flow the thousand tones from the end of his stick without making a mistake, can draw from the spectator the exact emotion which he wants him to feel."

In his introduction to the volume of drawings by Bakst, Arsène Alexandre explains the significance of his stage setting in this manner: "The wonderful series of stage settings that Léon Bakst has given to the world owe a great deal of their fascination to the stage blending of rich and sensuous beauty with a note of something sinister and almost menacing, "But it is through line no less than the bold massing and contrast of color that this sensuousness — to many an overripe sensuousness, is due. M. Bakst further explained:



"SINISTER AND SENSUOUS"

These adjectives have been used to describe the masterly blending of line and color in the stage settings of the Serge de Diaghilev Imperial Russian ballet.

"It is in line as well as in color that I make my emotions. In 'Thamar,' in 'Narcissus,' in 'Antar,' I sought to bring out in the costumes the plastic ideas which correspond to ideas in literature. It is in the lines of the costume itself as well as in the decoration and ornaments I put on it that I carry out that unity of line which the critic Alexandre speaks about.

"Sometimes I bring out the purely mystic in the stage setting, as in d'Annunzio's *'St. Sébastien,'* which I produced last year. Because the subject matter was essentially Christian, I used the cross in a thousand variations, for the basis of my linear ornamentation, not only disguised and hidden in the costumes and accessories and ornaments in the beautiful play of d'Annunzio, but even in the lines of the landscape and buildings of the scenery. My method is generally to take a simple motif and vary it indefinitely, so as to create a harmony of color and line."

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

THE THREE DELUSIONS THAT REAPPEAR IN THE COURSE OF EVERY WAR

THE three delusions that reappear in the course of every war, observes that most illustrious of military experts, Spenser Wilkinson, concern the nature of a charge, the use of artillery and the significance of numbers.

The bayonet has always had a peculiar effect upon the imagination of men. It is an ugly weapon and gives a dangerous wound. No one who has handled it undervalues it. Accordingly, it figures largely in romances and in the bulletins from the front, or rather in the descriptions sent in by correspondents who have not seen the battle they are describing. We constantly read of positions carried at the point of the bayonet. This is usually the nature of an attack in Poland as described by correspondents in Petrograd. In reality nothing is so rare as an encounter in which two bodies of troops fight each other with bayonets. The two most accomplished of military historians could discover only two such encounters in all the continental European wars between 1792 and 1865. They were both cases in which troops of opposite sides found themselves face to face at close quarters. When that happens the troops that are conscious of superiority rush at the others with the bayonet and there is a struggle and a slaughter.

The popular notion of a charge is that of a phalanx of men rushing at the enemy with leveled bayonets; of a shock in which this mass strikes upon the enemy's mass or line and breaks through it by force of impact. No such phenomenon is recorded in the history of wars. A number of men can not be made into a solid mass without interstices. The closest formation ever used is the column, which consists of successive rows of men, those in each row just touching one another. In such a body only the men in the front rank can use their weapons. There was a time in the days of spears when perhaps two or three rows or ranks could have their points in front of the front row, but even then the fighting was done by the front row, unless the enemy's horsemen tried to rush against the line of points. Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, whose study appears in the London *Westminster Gazette,* adds:

"The popular notion seems to be that a mass of men can be thrown at the enemy like a projectile. It is a caricature of the reality. A column or succession of rows or ranks can move towards the enemy walking or running, tho if order is to be kept the quickest pace would be a slow trot, and in practice has never been more than the ordinary quick march. A mass of troops used in that way is usually shot down. Napoleon or D'Erlon tried this plan at Waterloo with fatal results for his troops. The Austrians tried it once or twice in 1866 against the Prussians armed with the needle gun, and a Prussian critic has described the proceeding as the attempt of the target to throw itself against the bullets. The business of infantry in battle is to hit the enemy's men with bullets, a difficult task because the enemy does not show himself if he can help it. Accordingly, the infantryman's first and chief accomplishment is to be a good shot. Every soldier's duty, no doubt, is to obey and support his officers, but each arm has its own weapons, the artillery its guns and the infantry its rifles; the specialty of each being to be skilful in the use of these weapons.

"Officers who have been through British wars in Asia and Africa have often spoken lightly of artillery; soldiers, they say, are little affected by shells; they are encouraged by seeing their own artillery at work, but they get accustomed to the enemy's shells and take no notice of them. It is the enemy's bullets they dislike. This is true in a general way. Here is a passage from a young officer's letter home: 'Since I wrote I have been in the line. Yesterday I was sent down to the battlefield of Neuve Chapelle to gather up arms and equipment. It was a very gruesome job, but I got it done all right. Part of the time we were shelled, but I didn't mind that. I did, however, object to the snipers. They are a nuisance, and one can't spot them at all, so there is no retaliating.' This I believe is the normal impression. Men don't mind a sporadic shelling, but they hate to hear bullets whistling by. The first conclusion to be drawn is that the enemy should be given this most disagreeable impression, and that our snipers should be better and more numerous than his. The sniper, the rifleman who shoots at you from behind cover, is, on the battlefield, the most disagreeable person. That has been the case for more than a century. At Jena it was the French 'tirailleurs' who demoralized the Prussian lines, and in the Peninsula it was Wellington's skirmishers who annoyed the French. The glory of the Light Division was skirmishing, which to-day when the enemy does it our men call 'sniping.' It is a game at which two can play."

The business of artillery is not of the same kind. Guns produce serious effect, not by sniping, but by concentrating their fire on specific areas. "We ought to direct all the efforts of our artillery against the enemy's troops, and the obstacles which protect them, in order to try to destroy them. We ought not to try to make an impression on the enemy's guns except in so far as that may be necessary to protect our own troops. The troops are the principal object. . . . The object of the artillery ought not to be to kill men along the whole of the enemy's front; it ought to be to overthrow and destroy parts of this front, either at the points where the enemy can most advantageously come to attack us or at those where he can be attacked with the greatest advantage." These are the words of a French tactician in 1772, expressing the ideas of the French gunners of those days. Their ideal was to "multiply the artillery on the points to be attacked," in which case, says one of them, our guns *font trouée,* "make a gap." That is an exact description of what was done at Neuve Chapelle. The artillery was multiplied at the points to be attacked, and it made a gap. In presence of this concentrated artillery fire the troops subjected to it are not indifferent. They do not say they "didn't mind the shells." On the contrary, they are crushed. Those who are not killed are terrified. At the battle of Neuve Chapelle, at one part of the front, after the artillery bombardment and just before the infantry advance, a small crowd of terrified Germans came rushing towards the British troops. They were in a state of such abject terror, produced by the bombardment to which they had been exposed, that they rushed to the British line in wild panic, almost straight on to the British bayonets.

The purpose of firing either with bullets or with shells is to demoralize the enemy, so that they have no heart for further resistance. When that moment comes the advance of the victorious infantry with the bayonet brings about either the retreat or the surrender of those who have been so punished by the fire. This is the real nature of a charge, in which there is no question of mass, of impact, or even of formation, but only of the run forward of a group of men who feel that they have the upper hand and are de-

termined to prove it. To make this kind of charge possible the enemy must have been overwhelmed either with bullets or with shells, and if shells are to produce that effect there must be a great number of guns concentrating their fire on a chosen area of limited extent. To such artillery fire troops have not for many years before the present war been exposed, so that the idea that artillery caused more noise than damage was justified by British experience, tho artillery officers have always known the power of their arm when applied with concentration of purpose and of aim.

"In modern times, when a partial attack has pierced the enemy's position, it has usually been the artillery which has prepared the way. At Waterloo Napoleon intended to break through Wellington's center, and his opening move was to collect a great number of guns to bombard that center. His failure was due partly to Wellington's skilful management of his troops, so as to make the most of their fire, and partly to the massive formations in which D'Erlon's corps attacked."

The use of numbers is not to form masses, which are always targets for shot and shell, but to enable their possessor to outflank and to turn his enemy. With modern weapons infantry in the proportion of two men to a yard can hold any position against attack. They may be outworn by a successsion of attacks day after day, and therefore to hold a long line of front against determined and repeated assaults it may be prudent for the commander to have at his disposal as many as five men to a yard. But beyond that number the troops would be in excess; the balance over would be better employed in attacks at some specific point. If on a given point attack is not contemplated, the superfluous troops would be more useful elsewhere. It must be remembered that only the men in the firing line, the front row of skirmishers, are really fighting. All the rest are merely wasting their time, and in the actual fight there is not room for more than one man for every yard.

THE MOST TREMENDOUS AND THE LEAST NOTICED OF ALL EARTHQUAKES

ON THE morning of the eleventh of September in the year 1899 it was known in all the seismological laboratories of the world that a very violent earthquake had occurred in some distant region on the previous evening. From the duration of the tremors which preceded the large undulations on the different records it was ascertained that the origin of the earthquake must have been in or near Alaska, and this determination was soon verified by the arrival of meagre despatches from the central part of the disturbed area.

There for a time the matter rested, writes Dr. Charles Davison, in London *Knowledge*. The earthquake was evidently one of the first magnitude, or it would not have been recorded in such distant regions. The damage to property, however, was insignificant, simply because there was little property to destroy. Nor was there any loss of life, for the country is almost uninhabited. Indeed, nearly six years elapsed before it became known to scientific men that the earthquake presented phenomena of the most unusual interest. Fortunately, most of these phenomena left traces that were still distinct in 1905, though others presented features that were not recognized until a year or two later.

In the summer of 1905 a party of geologists sent by the United States Geological Survey visited Yakutat Bay. The party was under the direction of the late Professor Ralph S. Tarr, with Mr. Lawrence Martin as physiographic assistant. Very early in their work they noticed dead mussels and barnacles adhering to the cliff, far above the reach of the present tides. Had the barnacles died many years ago they would have lost their hold on the rock, and indeed many of them had fallen on to ledges below. It was therefore evident that, quite recently, there must have been a considerable rise of the land, and the observers at once, and as it proved rightly, attributed the work of elevation to the crustal movements which had caused the earthquakes. In 1906 Professor Tarr again visited the district, intending to study the glaciers farther to the west, but was unable to cross them owing to their great advance and the unusually crevassed condition of their surfaces. Further observations on the effects of the earthquake on the glaciers were made by Messrs. Tarr and Martin in 1909, and again in the following year by Mr. Martin. The very valuable report on the earthquake and its effects by these two capable observers has recently been published by the Geological Survey of the United States. As the report, however, is lengthy and somewhat inaccessible, Doctor Charles Davison, the distinguished English scientist, summarizes the investigation for London *Knowledge*, as already stated, devoting most attention to those features which distinguish this earthquake from most others:

"These are the remarkable changes of level manifested in Yakutat Bay, the maximum uplift amounting to more than forty-seven feet, and the advance and crevassing of the glaciers, which took place principally between the years 1905 and 1910, and which may not yet have come to an end.

"The earthquake disturbed the southern part of Alaska, and especially that district in which the average trend of the coast is nearly east and west. The region surrounding Yakutat Bay was that in which the severest shaking and the changes of level were manifested. The disturbed area on land contains two hundred and sixteen thousand three hundred square miles; but this can only be about half the total disturbed area, which must therefore be estimated at about four hundred and thirty-two thousand square miles. But even this amount, great as it is, must be too small; for the earthquake was felt at two isolated places to the west, which are respectively six hundred and seventy and seven hundred and thirty miles from Yakutat Bay. Thus, if the boundary of the disturbed area be regarded as a circle with a radius of seven hundred miles, the total area shaken by the earthquake must amount to about one and a half million square miles.

"This figure alone gives us some conception of the violence of the earthquake. It has seldom been exceeded by any known disturbance. The great Lisbon earthquake of 1755 disturbed an area of not more than about two million square miles; the Assam earthquake of 1897, one of about one and three-quarter million square miles; the Kangra (India) earthquake of 1905, one of about one and a half million square miles. The largest known disturbed area is that of the Charleston earthquake of 1886, which must have shaken more than two and three-quarter million square miles. This earthquake, however, was not one of exceptional strength. It merely owes its extensive area of perception to the presence of a sensitive and intelligent population. On the other hand, the great Japanese earthquake of 1891 disturbed only three hundred and thirty thousand square miles, the Californian earthquake of 1906 about three hundred and seventy thousand square miles, and the Messina earthquake of 1908 about two hundred thousand square miles."

Thus the Alaskan earthquake of 1899 must be ranked among the greatest of all recorded earthquakes. At the time of the earthquake eight persons were camped along the shores of Yakutat Bay, near the foot of Variegated Glacier. They were all within a few miles of the region in which the chief uplift had occurred. The great shock is said to have lasted two and a half to three minutes.

SUCCESS OF THE EFFORTS TO MEASURE THE RADIATION OF THE SUN

LIGHT is now regarded as of the nature of a mixture of vibrations in the ether, which is supposed to be a substance existing in all space, including the interstices of the structure of the chemical elements themselves. Light, to follow the words of Doctor C. G. Abbot, the famous astrophysicist of the Smithsonian Institution, in *The Journal of the Franklin Institute*,* is but one of the manifestations of radiation. It is merely that kind of radiation which is visible to the eye. Just as there are some sounds which are of too high pitch for the ear to hear, and some other sounds which are of too low pitch to distinguish as sound, so there are kinds of radiation which are of too short wave length for the eye to recognize as violet light, and others are of too long wave length for the eye to recognize as red light. Indeed for the longer wave lengths of radiation the substances of the eye are not transparent, so that even if the retina should be sensitive to these rays, they could not reach the retina to affect it. In this state of affairs it is necessary to proceed to the investigation of the energy of radiation by means of another instrument in which the radiation is caused to be absorbed by a blackened surface, and thus to produce heat, and consequently a change of temperature of the absorbing substance.

Radiation is not heat. Heat is a motion of the molecules of the material substance, but radiation is a motion of vibration in the ether, which is not regarded in the same category with ordinary chemical elements. Indeed, we may go a little further and make a classification of energy. Imagine a chest of drawers in which, as sometimes happens, the letters or other papers fall over the back of the drawers, as they are pulled out, into the ones below. It is easy in that manner for the papers in the upper drawers to fall into the lower drawers, but work has to be done in order to get the papers from the lower drawers into the upper ones again. So with energy—all forms of energy may easily be transformed into heat, which is the lowest type of energy, but heat energy can only partially be transformed back again into the higher types. Of these types radiation is one of the very highest.

Now it is on the sun's radiation that a temperature suitable for life upon the earth depends. Not only that, but the peculiar properties of certain wave lengths of the solar radiations are required for supporting plant growth, with its complex chemical reactions. All sources of energy upon the earth have been directly or indirectly produced by solar radiation.

"A good many investigators, among them Mr. Shuman, of Philadelphia, have endeavored to use the solar radiation commercially for the production of power, and, in fact, very satisfactory results are being obtained in this way, under Mr. Shuman's direction, from a plant in Egypt.

"Evidently it is of the greatest interest to measure the quantity of the solar radiation, the distribution of it in the spectrum, the hindrances which it suffers in passing through the earth's atmosphere, and the quantity of it available to warm the earth after it reaches the surface. This has been the principal work of the Astrophysical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institution for the last 12 years.

"In the first place, we have to deal with the measurement of the solar radiation as a whole. For this purpose we employ what is called the pyrheliometer, a name first devised by Pouillet, about the year 1835. He employed a blackened box, filled with water, and containing a thermometer for observing the rise of temperature in the water due to the absorption of the solar rays upon the blackened box. In our practice we have considerably developed the instrument of Pouillet, until now it comprises a silver disk inclosed in a chamber provided with a vestibule for the admission of the solar rays. The disk has inserted in it a thermometer, which is bent at right angles for convenience, and on which the rise of temperature of the silver disk due to the absorption of solar radiation is observed.

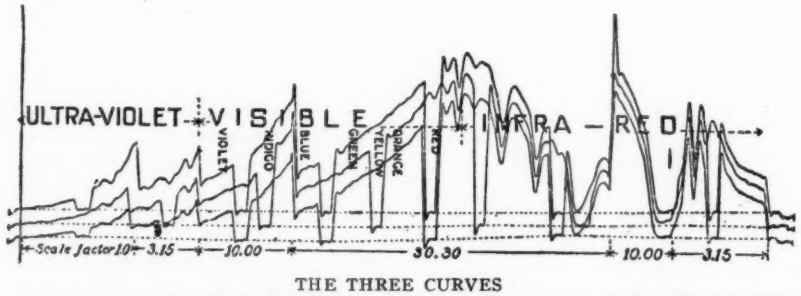
"It is not possible to obtain the correct heat capacity of the pyrheliometer in this form, so that we have reduced its measurements by comparison with what is termed the standard pyrheliometer, in which the heat produced by the sun's radiation is carried off by flowing water. The rise of temperature in the water, due to the absorption of the solar radiation, is determined by means of an electrical thermometer. In this apparatus it is possible to introduce electrically known quantities of heat, and to measure them as if it were solar radiation which was being measured. In such test experiments it is found that as much as 99 per cent. of the heat introduced is recovered, and it is believed that the standard pyrheliometer gives the true scale of radiation for the sun within a probable error of a half of 1 per cent. The silver disk pyrheliometers have been compared with this standard, and in this way the standard scale of radiation has been diffused by the Smithsonian Institution, which has sent out about 25 copies of the standardized silver disk pyrheliometer to various countries of the world, in Europe and North and South America."

Measurements with the pyrheliometer indicate that the maximum intensity of the sun's radiation at sea level is about 1.5 calories per square centimeter per minute. At high-level stations, such as Mount Whitney, in southern California, at an altitude of 14,500 feet, the readings run as high as 1.7 calories per square centimeter per minute. You may ask why it is that if the intensity of the sun's radiation increases as we go up a mountain, it should be also the case that the temperature of the air at high elevations is lower than it is at sea level. This is due to the property of the air of almost freely transmitting solar radiation. Like a pane of glass in a window, it is not much warmed by absorbing the rays, whereas a blackened substance held in the beam of light, either upon a mountain or inside the window pane, will be very appreciably warmed.

If we could go outside the atmosphere altogether, all the radiation which we receive from the whole sky, and which is derived by scattering, would be still in the direct sun-beam. Looking away from the sun we should see the stars shining, as if at night, and the sun's rays themselves as observed by the pyrheliometer would exceed in intensity even those observed on high mountain summits. Now the question is, what would be the intensity of the solar radiation if we could observe it outside the atmosphere, at the earth's mean solar distance? This quantity is called the solar constant of radiation, and it has been an object of investigation for the last hundred years.

As shown by Forbes, Radau, and

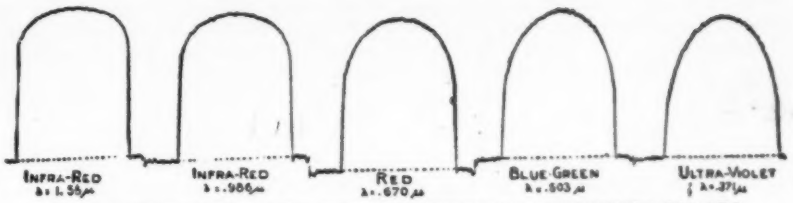
* Reproduced in the last annual report of The Smithsonian Institution. Washington, D. C. Government Printing Office.



THE THREE CURVES

They represent the distribution of solar radiation in its spectrum, including the ultra-violet, visible and infra-red rays. The great water-vapor bands are shown in the infra-red as great depressions of the curve.

notably by Langley, it is not possible by means of the pyrheliometer alone to estimate what the intensity of the solar radiation outside the atmosphere would be, unless the pyrheliometer itself could be raised by a balloon or otherwise to the extreme limit of the atmosphere. This latter procedure having heretofore been impracticable, it was necessary to have recourse to measurements of the solar spectrum.



BRIGHTNESS ALONG THE SUN'S DIAMETER OF DIFFERENT COLORS

The surface of the sun is not equally bright from one edge to the other. This is shown plainly on solar photographs, but a more careful study of the matter is being made by the astrophysical laboratory of the Smithsonian Institution.

"The defect in pyrheliometer observations consist in this: That the several rays of the solar spectrum are unequally affected in passing through the earth's atmosphere. Certain rays are almost completely removed in the higher levels of the atmosphere, so that we can by no means estimate the losses, even upon the highest mountains, unless recourse is had to determinations in the spectrum.

"About the year 1880 the late Dr. Langley invented the bolometer. This is an electrical thermometer of great sensitiveness. It comprises two fine strips of platinum, each about one-half inch long, one two-hundred-and-fiftieth of an inch wide, and one two-thousandth of an inch thick. The strips are blackened on the front surface with smoke, or with platinum-black electrically deposited. These two strips, with two coils of resistance wire, form a Wheatstone's bridge, so called. If one strip is warmed with respect to the other, and thereby its electrical resistance is increased, the effect is to cause a slight current of electricity to flow through a very sensitive galvanometer. In ordinary practice one can detect with the bolometer differences of temperature of a millionth of a degree; and in the most refined construction, with every precaution taken to avoid disturbing influences, it has been possible to observe the hundred-millionth part of a degree change of temperature.

"With the bolometer, which in those days was an instrument of very uncertain behavior, and one requiring the most expert attention and great patience for its use, Langley observed the sun's spectrum in the famous expedition of 1881 to Mount Whitney, in southern California. Like early investigators who had used the pyrheliometer alone, he observed the increase of the intensity of the sun's rays from early morning to noon, and their decrease of intensity from noon until late afternoon. This depends upon the fact that when the sun is low and near the horizon its rays shine obliquely through the atmosphere, so that their path in the air is very long, whereas at noon, when the sun is nearly overhead, the path in the air is comparatively much shorter. If one observes, therefore, the intensity of each of the spectrum rays at different altitudes of the sun, for which he knows the length of path in air, he may compute from the observed increase of intensity, attending the decrease of air path, how much the intensity would be if the path in air could be reduced to nothing at all, or, in other words, if he could go outside the air altogether. It is not possible to do this by observation with the pyrheliometer alone, as explained above, because the rays of certain spectrum wave lengths are almost entirely removed in the upper atmosphere, and do not reach the observer at all, even if he be on a high mountain. Especially is this the case in the infra-red region of the spectrum, which is invisible to the eye, but which is of great importance as containing a large part of the sun's energy. In this region there are great water-vapor bands, where the water vapor of the atmosphere almost completely absorbs the solar rays, leaving great gaps in the representation of the sun's energy spectrum."

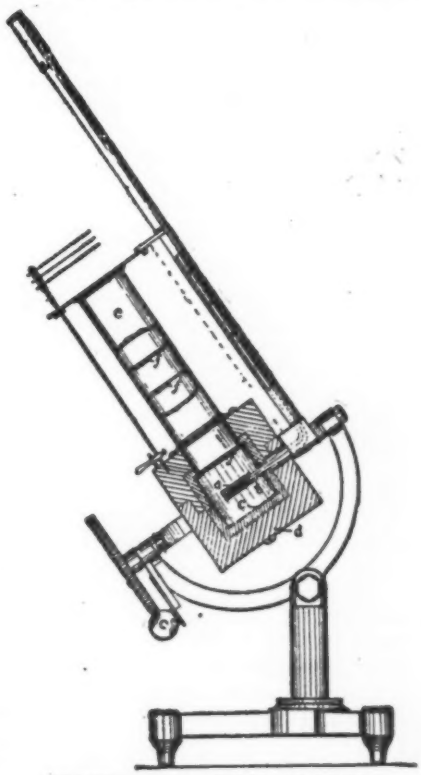
Langley introduced the procedure of estimating for all other parts of the spectrum the intensity which would be found outside the atmosphere, but in the great water-vapor and other terrestrial bands of absorption he merely made the assumption that these would be altogether absent if he could in fact be beyond the atmsophere altogether.

After Langley became Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution he established the Astrophysical Observatory there, in order that he might carry out to greater perfection the measurements of radiation begun by him while still director of the Allegheny Observatory in Pennsylvania. Among the first improvements introduced in Washington was the automatic recording of the results of the bolometer by photographic means. This was a great step, so that now we are able, in the lapse of less than 10 minutes, to observe the intensity of the rays of the sun of all wave lengths, from those far beyond the violet end of the visible spectrum to those far beyond its extreme red. One diagram shows the result of three such observations made on Mount Wilson, in California, at the station of the Smithsonian Institution there. These three curves represent the distribution of solar radiation in its spectrum, including the ultra-violet, visible, and infra-red rays. The great water-vapor bands are shown in the infra-red as great depressions of the curve. Solar absorption lines are shown in the visible spectrum as smaller depressions of the curves. The three curves were taken at different hours of the morning, when the path of the solar rays in air was five, four, and three times, respectively, that which would occur if the sun were vertically overhead. The reader will notice that the curves are respectively higher and higher, especially in the violet end of the spectrum, owing to the decrease of the length of path of the sun rays in the air. At several points a change of scale of the curves is shown. This is due to the introduction in the beam of rotating sectors of different angular apertures in order to keep the record always within the limits of the registering photographic plate. If these changes of scale had not been made, the curve would run up in the edge of the red to the height of several feet.

"An extremely interesting feature of the measurements has been that they show a variation of the sun. This conclusion has been tested in every way. . . .

"The measurements made at Mount Wilson, which extend over the years 1905 to 1913, indicate a fluctuation of the intensity of solar radiation, attending the changes of the number of sun spots. . . .

"In connection with these researches on the solar radiation the transparency of the air for light of all colors and for invisible rays has been determined. This is a matter of great interest to those who are studying the growth of plants, as well as



SILVER DISK PYRHELIOMETER

It comprises a silver disk inclosed in a chamber provided with a vestibule for the admission of the solar rays. It plays an important part in the astrophysical laboratory of the Smithsonian Institution.

to those who are interested in the propagation of signals by means of lights at sea and elsewhere.

"Also, the form of the energy spectrum of the sun having been determined, it is possible to estimate the probable temperature which exists in the sun. For it is shown that as the temperature of a source of light increases, the position of the wave length of maximum intensity in its spectrum shifts toward the violet end of the spectrum, and from the exact position in the spectrum of the wave length of maximum intensity the temperature of a source of light may be ascertained. In this way it appears that the sun's temperature is of the order of 6,000° C., or nearly twice the temperature of the arc light. It is also possible, by means of the measurement of the solar constant of radiation, to determine the sun's temperature. In this way also values of the order of 6,000° C. are found.

"The surface of the sun is not equally bright from one edge to the other. This is shown plainly on solar photographs, but a more careful study of the matter is being made by the Astrophysical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institution, at its station on Mount Wilson, by the aid of the bolometer. . . .

"It is seen that there is a marked contrast of brightness, especially for violet rays. Here the edge of the sun's disk is hardly half as bright as the center. The contrast of brightness diminishes with the increasing wave length of the light examined, and for the infra-red rays is comparatively small.

"Experiments are being made on every day on which the solar constant of radiation is determined, in order to see if there is a change of contrast in brightness along the diameter of the sun, accompanying the change of the intensity of the sun's radiation.

"Changes of contrast along the sun's diameter have already been found, but it is not yet decided whether they agree in point of time with the changes in the intensity of the solar radiation."

FAILURE OF THE GUN IN ITS ENCOUNTER WITH THE AEROPLANE

THE want of success of the gun in its encounter with the aeroplane since the beginning of the European war has been summed up, observes Mr. Blamire Young, who knows much about this subject, in the remark that any attempt to cripple an aeroplane with a rifle may be compared to killing a mosquito with a pea-shooter at a distance of a hundred yards—a manifestly impossible feat. The difficulty is undoubtedly very great, tho perhaps not quite so great as this remark implies, and the purpose of this article, which we take from the engineering supplement of the London *Times*, is to point out some practical ways in which it may be overcome, or at least much reduced, the suggestions advanced being based upon shooting eagles and condors at considerable heights. It is true that rifle fire at aeroplanes is forbidden to private citizens, but the principles on which it should be based are nevertheless of interest.

"A good rifle, as we know it to-day, is, roughly speaking, point-blank up to 500 yards. It has a long range and a low trajectory. If it were fired point-blank at a target 1,000 yards away the bullet would strike the ground at the foot of the target. That is to say it would be deflected from its course some 5 feet. What deflects it? The weight of the bullet. Its weight acts at right angles to the course of its flight, and thus exerts its maximum influence upon the bullet to deflect it from its initial course. At 1,500 yards the deflection would be nearly double that at 1,000 yards, and at 2,000 yards it would be a good deal more, let us say 28 feet. Hence when firing under usual rifle-range conditions at a mark 2,000 yards away it is necessary to aim 28 feet above it. These adjustments are made by raising and lowering the back sight, which is movable and graduated more or less exactly to suit certain fixed distances.

"Now let us suppose the target is moved to a point 2,000 yards vertically over the rifleman's head, and that obedient to his usual custom when shooting at such distance he fixes his back sight on the 2,000-yards mark. If his aim be true he will miss the mark by exactly 28 feet. Why? Because his bullet has not been deflected from its initial course, for the reason that its weight does not now act at right angles to, but in the direct line of, its course. There is therefore no force acting on the bullet that would tend to turn it from its course in any particular direction. It would go straight up and straight down if there were no wind to affect it."

In passing from the horizontal to the vertical the target has passed through an indefinite number of intermediate positions, and in shooting at every one of these positions the weight of the bullet acts with a different power. When the angle of fire is at 60 deg. with the horizontal, that is, two-thirds of the way up, the power of the bullet's weight to alter its course is just half what it is when the direction is horizontal.

"Thus, in Fig. 1, if the rifle is at A, Z is the zenith, A H is the horizon, O the position of the aeroplane, and O A H an angle of 60 deg., then A O H is an equilateral triangle, A P is the horizontal distance of O, and A O the actual distance of 2,000 yards. A P is half A O; therefore the aeroplane's horizontal distance is 1,000 yards, and the marksman would be right, when shooting at this angle, to sight his rifle at exactly half the actual distance. This is a particular case. The general position is given by the formula—horizontal distance = actual distance × the cosine of the angle of inclination.

"Now move O a little farther on, keeping O P vertical all the time. Soon A P will be 500 yards in length. That is to say, the horizontal distance of the aeroplane is 500 yards, or in other words point-blank. That is the place to begin to fire at it. While it is passing from O through Z to O_1, a distance horizontally of 1,000 yards, it is all the time within point-blank range of the rifle, because the distances A P and A P_1 are both 500 yards."

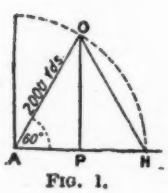


FIG. 1.

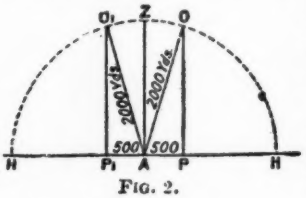


FIG. 2.

So far the aeroplane has been considered as a stationary object in the sky, but its rapid movement must now be taken into account. Suppose that it is traveling at 50 miles an hour, or 72 ft. a second, and flying at a height of 6,000 ft., how many seconds will it take the bullet to go 6,000 ft.? If the marksman does not know he may measure 6,000 ft. on the nearest rifle range and time the bullet's flight over this distance. Finding it to be, say, two seconds, he calulates that the aeroplane will go 144 ft. while the bullet goes 6,000 ft., and aims 144 ft. in front of it, with the result that he misses. The reason is that the time of a bullet going 6,000 ft. horizontally is not the same as of a bullet going 6,000 ft. vertically. Traveling horizontally the weight acts at right angles to its course, and so has no retarding influence on the bullet's flight; but traveling vertically the weight acts as a retarding force, and acts steadily all the time, so that the bullet goes more slowly and takes longer to get to the aeroplane than two seconds. How much longer? That depends on the rifle and the bullet, but suppose it to be one second longer, or three seconds altogether. In that time the aeroplane has gone 3×72 ft. $= 216$ ft.; hence a shot aimed at a point 216 ft. in front of the aeroplane should reach its mark.

"To judge a distance of 216 feet, or any other distance, in front of the machine is very difficult, but help may be obtained from experience with shooting eagles. The spread of the eagle's wings being, say, 5 feet, if the rifleman wants to fire 15 feet in front of the flying bird he must judge three times the wing spread or three

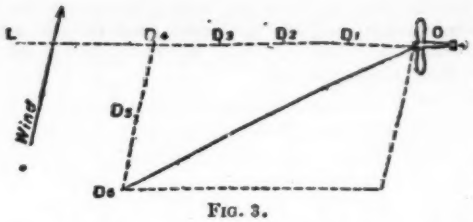


FIG. 3.

'diameters,' as is quite easy to do with a little practice. If the diameter of the aeroplane be taken at 50 feet, then to judge 216 feet he must mark off four diameters in front of the machine (neglecting the extra 16 feet); and to mark off four diameters or even 10 diameters on the face of heaven is much easier than to try to guess where 216 feet comes to. Thus for a machine traveling at 50 miles an hour at a distance overhead of 6,000 feet, the shot must be aimed at a point four diameters in front of it. Other rates of speed and other distances will give other results in terms of diameters, all quite simply obtainable, and these results may be conveniently summarized and tabulated as a sort of ready reckoner.

"So far no account has been taken of wind, which is the most difficult factor to deal with. There are no rules applicable to its waywardness, and only careful study and experience can enable a rifleman to form correct estimates of its power. When, however, a rifleman has made up his mind how strong the wind is he must express its strength in terms of diameters, just as in the case of the distance and the speed. The effect of wind on a bullet is far more marked in vertical shooting than it is in horizontal, for usually the greater the height the stronger is the wind. It may be suggested, subject to correction in the light of experience, that a wind for which 25 feet would be allowed at 6,000 feet on a rifle range should be given three times that amount in vertical firing at the same distance, that is 75 feet."

Suppose that the aeroplane is still flying at 6,000 ft., and at 50 miles an hour, its vulnerable point without wind being four diameters in front of it, and that it is traveling directly with a two-diameter wind. Obviously the windage must be subtracted, and the vulnerable point becomes 4 — 2 = 2 diameters. If it is flying in the teeth of the same wind the windage must be added, the result being six diameters. These two cases present no difficulties, which begin with a slant wind. In Fig. 3, let O be the aeroplane flying towards L. The arrow is the direction of the wind of two diameters. First mark off D1, D2, D3, D4, the four diameters in front of it, and then two diameters from D4, parallel and opposite to the wind's direction. The point D6 is the place to aim at, the extremity of the diagonal of the parallelogram formed by the speed of the machine on the one side and the force of the wind on the other, both expressed in diameters.

It certainly seems difficult to ascertain the position of this diagonal and of its end, but the aeroplane itself supplies a helpful hint. In Fig. 3 the aeroplane is drawn as though its axis were in the same straight line as the direction of its flight to L, as would unquestionably be the case if the wind were directly behind it or directly in front of it. In a cross wind the situation is different, more as represented in Fig. 4. In a strong cross wind it is not possible for a machine to keep its axis in a direct line with its line of flight. The line of axis is brought round so that it lies at an angle with the line of flight, with the head of the machine turned slightly towards the direction of the wind.

"With reference to the actual position and attitude of the marksman when he makes his shot, the experience supplied by the eagle is again useful. When a rifleman sees a bird (or an aeroplane) coming directly towards him overhead, he naturally gets a shot at it as it approaches the zenith. In doing so he closes his left eye and draws a bead on the mark, and then moves his rifle slowly along the line of flight in advance of the moving object to find the vulnerable point. But directly his rifle leaves the eagle to gain the desired point in front of it, the object is shut out of sight by the barrel. He cannot, therefore, measure correctly his number of diameters in front of it, for the unit of measurement is obscured, and he has to make a hasty and approximate guess. That is why the first shot is usually a failure. The more favorable way is for him to turn his back to the oncoming object, lean back as far as he can until it comes into his field of vision; this is easier if he is sitting or able to lean his back against a fence or rock. In this way he can get a line on the required point without obscuring the object and can measure his diameters with all the exactness in his power.

"Thus his first shot is on its way before the object has reached the zenith and he can empty his magazine before it is out of point-blank range without having to turn round and destroy his foothold and balance."

REVELATIONS OF ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY BY A CALCULATING DOG

EXTENSIVE references in the Florence *Psiche*, a psychological review edited by an expert, to the talking horses of Elberfeld led Doctor William Mackenzie to contribute an article on recent manifestations of animal psychology which make it appear that there is or was a "reasoning" dog at Mannheim. The importance of the experiments thus described is such that Doctor Arundel Del Re, of University College, London, feels that they should not be limited to reviews of psychology. He accordingly has given in the London *Times* a few of the most significant facts in the dog's case, adding that the names of the scientists upon whose authority they are given are a sufficient guarantee in themselves of the seriousness of the researches made.

Professor Mackenzie, in order to study the alleged phenomena, went personally to Mannheim, where he made the acquaintance of the dog and its mistress and teacher, Mme. Moekel. The dog, called Rolf, is an Airedale terrier about three years of age, and to all appearances is an intelligent and bright specimen of his breed. The event which led to the discovery of his peculiar gift was as follows: One day, while Mme. Moekel was trying to coax her little daughter to do a simple addition sum, she turned as an encouragement to the dog and half-jokingly said, "I am sure even Rolf could tell me how much two and two make, wouldn't you, Rolf?" Rolf wagged his tail, then without more ado tapped four times on his mistress's sleeve. However strange and incredible this might seem to others, Mme. Moekel determined to teach her dog, and by a simple code of numbers resembling somewhat that used with the horses of Elberfeld the dog gradually became proficient in resolving all kinds of complicated arithmetical problems. Following upon this, Mme. Moekel tried to go a step farther and by a further modification of the typtological code mentioned above, due to a seemingly spontaneous sense of shorthand, or, to be more exact, "of phonetic writing, with frequent attribution of syllabic value to the consonants by the use of their name," the dog was got to answer all manner of questions as well as to express himself typtologically without any encouragement. A curious example of this is afforded by the message Rolf tapped out after the departure of Professor Mackenzie, referred to in a letter to him from Mme. Moekel a few days after his *séances* with the dog. The following is the dog's letter, written in the dialect spoken in that district: — "Lieb Doktor, bald kommen,

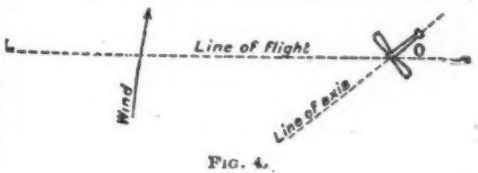


FIG. 4.

nimmer gehen, mir Bilder geben, auch eins von Dir, viel Gruss, Dein Lol" (his pet name). The circumstances were thus detailed in the letter in question, which Doctor Del Re translates:

"Rolf's letter constitutes an absolutely spontaneous manifestation. Louise [Mme. Moekel's child] could not get rid of him; he followed every step, and then communicated all to her quite by himself. He even tapped some more, before Louise could begin to count, but naturally we don't know what that meant. Rolf was *not* asked, nor had anyone spoken of you to him. Louise was passing through Rolf's room; he jumped out of his kennel and began to beat every sort of tap on her arm. Then Louise made him come with her into the other room to get the cardboard and the alphabet, and Rolf began to tap immediately, in the presence of the governess and of the other child. As you see, not even Mme. Moekel was present."

In considering the above data it is well to add that neither of the owners of the dog nor any member of the household is in any way unusual, and that they do not wish in any way to exploit the dog's peculiar gifts.

A THEORY THAT GRAVITATION MAY BE OF THE SAME NATURE AS LIGHT

PHYSICISTS will have to put the best possible face upon the practical suspension of the elaborate series of investigations into the nature of gravitation which were to have been such a feature of the work at the Sorbonne laboratories. The government at Paris is unable, according to reports in the scientific press of Europe, to appropriate funds for theoretical investigations, however promising they may be in practical results as applied science. Not that the physical sciences need come to a halt. The Paris *Nature* is convinced that the genius of private investigators will achieve results that may eclipse those of the corps of official investigators in government laboratories. It may be that physics will even benefit from the stimulus to private initiative. For example, we know no more to-day about gravitation than the bare law which Newton expounded. This ignorance has, owing to the present state of the physical sciences, caused a deadlock in research. The official laboratories can afford no help because governments have more pressing interests just now. There is no reason, however, why a man of capacity working by himself should not solve a problem like that of gravitation. There is more than a suspicion that gravitation is of the same nature as light. Why should not the difficulties in the way of the establishment of the hypothesis be overcome by individual genius?

It is a commonplace, notes Doctor J. E. Cairns, in London *Knowledge*, that every particle of matter attracts every other particle with a force directly proportional to the masses involved and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them. It all sounds very exact and very learned; but that is all we know about it and that is as much as Newton himself knew two hundred years ago. All the investigations in every endowed laboratory of research leave us as wise as he—not a bit wiser.

It is remarkable, observes Professor Cairns, that we should have extended and improved the lesser discoveries so wonderfully while the greatest achievement of all runs, so to speak, to waste. It is remarkable and hard to understand, for if from the study of Newton's prism we have learned the composition of the stars and have formulated theories of universal inorganic evolution, and if from the extension of his laws of motion we have learned to discover unseen planets, then from a comparable extension of his noblest work, his law of gravitation, what altogether stupendous results might we not expect! Yet no theory of gravitation has ever been seriously formulated:

"We cannot think of Le Sage's theory except as a working hypothesis which does not profess to explain the matter, but only to aid our thinking about it. To conceive of gravitation as the push of multitudinous, ubiquitous particles flying in all directions is not physically justifiable; for then two bodies would tend to approach each other with a force which varied, not as their masses, but as the difference of their surfaces, and not in any wise as the inverse square of the distance between them. We must dismiss this theory, then, as being a very inadequate attempt to explain the phenomenon; and having done so we have no other to fall back upon. It would seem as tho physicists were afraid of the subject. Their treatment of it would lead one to think they regarded it with religious awe, as something final, not to be discussed or investigated."

The results of such investigations in the great laboratories as are at hand indicate an analogy between mass, electric charge and magnetic strength, and in these days when mass is looked upon as a mode of electrical manifestation the analogy may become a pole star of discovery. It is not unthinkable that gravitation may be the electrical attraction between electrons, as ordinary electrostatic attraction is the attraction between molar masses; that one may be the attraction of the electricity inside the atom—which *is* the atom—as the other is the attraction of the electricity on the surface of the atom. We think of electrostatic attraction as being due to strain set up in the dielectric, and we can think of gravitation only in terms of strain set up in the ether. The cause and nature of this strain are difficult to comprehend; but considerations of energy are leading physicists to some first notions.

"Since gravitation is a form of energy its production must be due to a transformation of energy in some other form; and the only possible energy which is competent to result in gravitation is the energy of motion of the electron. The cause must lie in matter itself, and must be independent of the nature of matter—solid, liquid or gaseous. The only entity that we know of as remaining unchanged throughout all material metamorphoses is the electron, and so to the motion of this we must ascribe gravitation. We cannot give this place of dignity to the atom; for we must believe that the motions of atoms are different in compounds from what they are in the elemental state; and hence their gravitational effect would be different, which is not so. Thus we can provisionally trace the cause of gravitation to electronic vibration.

"Now light is due to electronic vibration. We might expect, then, that light and gravitation would exhibit some elements in common, and we find they have at least one. They both vary inversely as the square of the distance. This property is the sign-manual of vibrational disturbances, and on it we can justifiably base a belief that gravitation is a phenomenon of ethereal vibrations as much as light is. Thus we are led to the conception that the ether under the influence of gravitation and the dielectric in the neighborhood of a charged conductor are in a state, not of static strain, but of kinetic vibration.

"We cannot see very clearly how these vibrations can produce attraction; but then we are not able to see clearly how attraction can be produced at all, tho we know it is produced. So we must not stop for that.

"A question that arises is: If gravitation is of the same nature as light, can its waves be reflected and refracted and polarized like light-waves? Possibly they can; but the fact has never been demonstrated."

The practical obstacles in the way of such an investigation are enormous and at present they seem insuperable. The instruments to be used are themselves gravitable or rather gravitative, emitting these hypothetical gravitation waves.

RELIGION·AND·SOCIAL·ETHICS

WHAT THE MAN IN THE PEW EXPECTS FROM THE MAN IN THE PULPIT

WE ARE most apt to be influenced by the man who is evidently ready for the next life, but is obviously fit for this one. Suppose that our preacher announces his text in the tone and manner from which in the past we have not infrequently suffered. Instantly everybody is filled with gloom. If a man from the outside crowd happens to have found his way into a pew, he at once concludes that the unhappy preacher is borne down by the weight of a great sorrow. His tone suggests not only that awful things have happened in the immediate past, but also that the worst is yet to come. The man accustomed to his place in the pew knows that this is not the true explanation. The preacher is merely one of those who have fallen into the bad habit of lugubriousness. "Cheer up," I venture to shout. "If you are going to preach the gospel, please do not forget that you are the bearer of tidings of great joy. If you are not going to preach the gospel, we should have had warning, so that we could stay away."

Such is a characteristic bit of advice offered by a layman in the Yale Lectures on Preaching this year. The course was given by George Wharton Pepper, LL.D., a prominent lawyer and churchman of Philadelphia. Mr. Pepper is the trustee of the University of Pennsylvania who, in connection with the dropping of Professor Scott Nearing from the Wharton School of Economics, said "free speech means the right to proclaim views not discordant with the ethical sense of the community, and so proclaimed as to evidence due consideration for the sensibilities of those holding different views." Dr. Pepper's brilliant addresses at Yale are coming out in book form under the title "A Voice from the Crowd" (Yale University Press). It was the first time that a layman had been invited to deliver this series known as the Lyman Beecher lectures, and both the style and content arouse interest far beyond the theological student body.

On the difference between the written and the spoken word in the matter of compelling power Mr. Pepper is emphatic. The written word is the message only. The spoken word is the message plus the man.

"It is impossible to exaggerate the weight which the man in the pew attaches to the integrity of the preacher. Let the hearer even suspect that all is not well with the man who is exhorting him, and the message, however true, will have lost its penetrating power. The man in the crowd not only asks of the preacher's message, 'Does it work in practice?' but he insists upon inquiring whether it works in the case of the preacher himself. The man in the crowd is apt to declare that the preacher himself is Exhibit A to his own message. 'I reject his advice,' he may say to himself, 'if following it will make me like him.' This is brutally frank, but it is the expression of a state of mind that must be reckoned with."

In talk with other men in the pews about the kind of man they need in the pulpit, Mr. Pepper finds that a very large percentage of them want what they describe as a "spiritually-minded" man. They want an intelligent man, of course, and a man with gumption enough to administer congregational affairs. But there is an increasing emphasis upon the spiritual note.

"When men in the crowd cry out for a spiritually-minded man, they are clamoring for one who is not content to be at one time this and at another time that, but for one who is always struggling to be simultaneously a mystic and a man of action. They want a minister who is himself a demonstration that, as God knows more about heaven and earth than anybody else, so His most faithful servant is one fitted to be thoroly at home in both places. They know in their heart of hearts that there is no opposition between the qualities that make for happiness in the two spheres of life, and they long for a man to whom they can point as a living reason for the faith that is in them."

But in the task of interpreting the world to men so as to make them realize that life is full of God, Mr. Pepper pleads for an understanding of men in the pew-crowd as they are. As a matter of fact his observation is that their spiritual equipment is apt to be overestimated by the preacher.

"I think it is safe to say that in nine cases out of ten the man next me in the crowd, whether he is or is not an occasional church-goer, has an idea of God that is too hazy to be communicable. If you essay to draw him out, he betrays signs of nervousness, as if fearful that an attempt at statement will make him lose his hold on the modicum of belief that he has. His God is the God of whom he heard in childhood. Experience has neither matured nor enriched the conception. If he prays, it is apt to be a prayer his mother taught him. If he should attempt to talk with God in prayer, even if no one else were nigh, it is probable that his self-consciousness would almost suffocate him. . . .

"In the great majority of instances thoughts of God play no appreciable part in his daily life. He 'believes' in God. Certainly. He recognizes that his belief is something to be clung to. He suspects that the belief might become a real power in his life and he hopes that some day it will be. In the meanwhile he is like a man holding in his hand an unopened telegram. He knows it is important, but he is half afraid to read it. . . .

"If you are ever with a man from the crowd when serious illness lays its hand on wife or child, your heart will ache when you see his utter hopelessness or note his mute appeal to you for help to express himself in prayer. When he stands beside the new-made grave he is of all men the most miserable."

This is an effect of the habit of Americans to be too busy to stop and think. They have no reservoir of spiritual power upon which to draw in time of need. On reflection, Mr. Pepper suggests that it would be surprising if the situation were different. Why should we expect Americans to be rich in faith?

"An enormous territory, vast resources and great prosperity fill the imagination of the man of privilege and of power; while the sight of these things just beyond his grasp is becoming a madness to the man who lacks capacity or has never had a chance. Surely there is little place for God in the thoughts of either. If ever there was a man choked with the cares and the riches and the pleasures of this life, it is the man in the American crowd. If he is very rich, he is busy nowa-days pleading to indictments and is most of the time in resentful mood. If he is a man of affairs, the telephone rings while he is in his bath. If he is in moderate circumstances he is continually looking for a way in which to become suddenly rich. If he is very poor, the daily struggle absorbs all the energy he has, except that with which he tells you that the poor man nowadays does not get a square deal."

But assuming that the object of preaching is to reveal God to man,

here then is the day of the preacher's opportunity. What is usually meted out to the listening crowd?

"In a very great number of cases it is a sermon replete with references to spiritual experiences which the man in the crowd does not have, and presupposing a greater knowledge of God than the man in the crowd in fact possesses. As far as mere use of terms is concerned, preachers are apt to forget that much of the language which to them has a precise theological meaning is understood dimly or not at all by the man in the pew. . . . The preacher should not forget that in his case it is not merely a question of understanding terms, but a question of having or not having the experiences of which he familiarly speaks. I have in mind such common words as God, prayer, forgiveness, immortality, and not merely terms seldom used except by theologians.

"Let me try to make my meaning more clear by giving some instances of the way in which pastors often make the mistake of feeding meat to babes. You will agree, I think, that if the man in the pew knows little of God it must follow that for him prayer is not much more than a form of words. The decent humility which characterizes him must not be mistaken for a sense of sin. The need of redemption is to him not obvious. The forgiveness of sins is not what he would describe as a live issue. The suggestion of eternity makes him nervous. A life after death seems to him at best but a leap in the dark.

"Try to imagine what kind of an experience to such a man is an exhortation to prayer, a plea for the acceptance of a Redeemer, or a dissertation upon the condition of the blest in Paradise. Allusions to the doctrine of the Trinity, the Atonement, the Incarnation, are as nearly meaningless to most American men as are references to abstruse scientific principles of which they have heard all their lives but have never understood."

Mr. Pepper does not impugn the validity of the teachings referred to nor does he think creeds outworn. He declares whole-hearted belief that the most important aspects of God's revealed truth are within the ken of every man in the crowd, however much his spiritual capacity may differ from his brother's. But he solemnly protests that:

"You must get something like a working conception of God into his mind before you can edify him by the proclamation of Christian doctrine. Once give him even a glimpse of God and you can proceed by precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little, until you have helped him to add many cubits to his spiritual stature.

"We have all noted the mute agony of the father of the family escorted to a symphony concert by a music-loving wife and daughters. He is not tone-deaf by any means, but there is much for him to learn before he can really appreciate Bach or Wagner. The man in the pew must be made aware of the unseen world before he can be interested in its life. God must precede theology. The man must be taught to face the problems of life of which Christian doctrines are intended to be the solution. The trouble with much preaching is that it is directed at the solution of difficulties of the very existence of which the man in the pew is not aware."

Compassion, not condescension: preaching for the sake of the pew-crowd, not for his own satisfaction; and conviction that he has something to offer which, if received, will mean light and leading to his hearers, make up the secret of effective preaching, according to Mr. Pepper. He calls a sham sermon an offense to God.

"The sham may take any one of several forms. A detestable species is that in which the preacher gives glib and conventional answers to questions which have never troubled him, and offers hearsay solutions of problems with which he himself has never wrestled. Perhaps the most common sham is the appeal to experiences to which the preacher is a stranger, or the proclamation of beliefs upon which he has a slender hold. It is extraordinary how quickly the man in the pew can distinguish between that which has its source in the recesses of the preacher's being and that which comes only from the lips. A proposition announced by a man convinced of its truth and power may carry the preacher's conviction to many a heart, when the same words will be utterly ineffectual if spoken by one to whom they mean little or nothing."

It is just because the man counts for so much that his elocution and fluency count for so little, Mr. Pepper goes on to say. And by way of reenforcing this point he adds: "Cato the Censor, so Cicero tells us, used to wonder why one soothsayer did not laugh when he met another. There are cynics in our own day who are ready to impute a like insincerity to the clergy. As a generalization this is utterly unfair and unjustified. But insincere and disingenuous preachers give color to such a charge. Theirs is a weighty responsibility. They counterfeit and debase the currency of the King of kings."

PAN-AMERICANISM AND THE STATE CHURCH IN SOUTH AMERICA

THE original America lies below not above Panama, conserved by the Roman Catholic Church, declares Edward F. Murphy in the church paper *America*. Pan-Americanism, the current slogan, is to this writer a crassly materialistic sign of Northern arrogance mixed with unwarranted prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church. If commerce with European belligerents could be fully renewed tomorrow morning, he wagers that Pan-Americanism would be forgotten tomorrow afternoon. Criticism of the Church is not only bad commercial policy, but hypocritical, we are sharply reminded, because native South Americans have been cultivated by the Church—not killed off as were the natives of North America.

Statements regarding the status of the Church made by Professor E. A. Ross in his work "South of Panama" (see CURRENT OPINION for July) are part of Mr. Murphy's text. He agrees with Professor Ross in some respects, but in resentful disagreement he represents a different point of view to be reckoned with in any consideration of the so-called Pan-American problem.

Pan-American sentiment, cooperation in a common destiny, and like phrases, according to Mr. Murphy, furnish an idealistic tinge to a project of moral hemispheric unity whose real motive is the desire for dollars alone. Profit is our primary consideration, Pan-Americanism the secondary. To admit this would be honest, but also crude. Even while we talk of Pan-Americanism we shortsightedly bungle the business.

"South America waxes so different from North America that the prospect of their ever meeting on a common basis is, at best, dim. Our Southern neighbors have a government, a church-régime, and a social ambition decidedly divergent from ours. Their affinities are with the Latin countries from which they received their first settlers, not with the United States. In a word, they are intrinsically Catholic. Thus their Catholicism, being something of an obstacle to North American scheming, comes in for a full quota of North American strictures.

"But certainly, if we wish to ingratiate our neighbors, we are beginning badly by maligning their 'medieval church.' To censure their creed is to stir up their resentment and distrust: to do this is to frustrate our own hopes and plans. These sons of Rome are not fond of hearing their Mother abused. If we desire their trade, we had better leave an uncomplimentary discussion of their religion out of the matter. We can carry on commerce just as well with Catholic countries as with Protestant or indifferent countries. If indeed we desired to bind them to us with ties stronger than the merely commercial, religious incompatibilities would likely prove a real difficulty. But there are no reasons why we should

want them to be extremely intimate with us, except trade reasons; and we can trade with them, without being one in thought with them.

"Perchance a truly Pan-American spirit would somewhat further and strengthen our business relations with South America; assuredly an anti-Catholic attitude on the part of our country would sever them."

When we say "Pan-Americanism" we mean "like unto the United States." What right have we to look for South Americans to be similar to us in civil and social institutions and aspirations? asks Mr. Murphy.

"South America is a distinct continent, with distinct political and religious ideals. There is no more cogent reason to expect it to be like our country, or to deplore the fact that it is not so, than to desiderate unity with Europe or to deprecate the absence thereof. South America is no more to us than is Africa to England. Hence it is irritating to the thinking mind to reflect on the diatribes which our writers and speakers are passing on the Church to which our Southern brothers pay fealty. In parlance unadorned, we ought to mind our own business. We don't and won't. Consequently, we are rendering ourselves not only odious to South America, but ludicrous to the critical world. For instance, the opinion is prevalent among us that South America, chained to the Rock of Peter, has been unable to progress duly. Yet it has actually progressed so far, that we are striving with all our might and main to secure its wonderful trade. Thus is our action falsifying and ridiculing our belief. Is it not time for us to permit intelligence to supersede prejudice, and concede that the Catholic Church, altho it always essays to stem excess, is not a stayer of material progress?"

If it be true that medieval conditions rather than the forces of industry, democracy and science prevail in these southern countries, Mr. Murphy says South America ought to be congratulated.

"In medieval times, men were certain of their supper. In our own great day and country of vaunted social and civic superiority, half our people are sure to be without it. It might help our economists and perfervid socialists to realize that the pinch of poverty hurts far less below Panama than above. For the Church has always stood for justice; justice has always stood for full stomachs; and South America has always stood for the Church."

The work that a comparative handful of whites, strong in faith, have accomplished in molding uncouth millions into a civilization that is becoming more perfect, is what should be recognized, according to Mr. Murphy. It is a fallacy to attribute evil that yet abounds to the agency which has produced the good. Equatorial climate damages morals of the people, but without the Church there would be no morals, merely license. The Church, he says, is duplicating in this southern continent the sparkling feat which she achieved when, centuries ago, she conquered by mildness the hordes that conquered Europe by might. She proves efficiency by what she has done in South America, not her inefficiency by what is yet to be done. Her critics leave time out of their calculation, yet everybody knows that gradual progress alone is sound.

To clinch his argument Mr. Murphy insists that bitter reviewers in the United States remember that the Roman Catholic Church did not kill, but cultivated the native South Americans.

"We banished the Indian problem by aid of rapine and murder; the Church nobly faced and is solving it with the weapons of Christ. To her is glory; to us, shame. Nevertheless, we give ourselves to glory: we pelt the Church with obloquy. If we can not be fair-minded enough to praise, might we not at least be sensible enough to be silent? If our country is rich in achievement, let us temper our pride with a thought or two for the race we slew. While we have stripped ourselves clean of all hampering duties toward a savage people, the Church of South America has burdened herself with their care. She has tenderly fostered and tutored the barbarian heart and mind to a degree which gives good hope that, in the not too distant future, they will compare with and even surpass our own. Should we, whose hands are reeking with Indian blood and whose national character is obviously decadent, point a finger of scorn? With much more appropriateness might South America speak of Pan-Americanism than we; for there native Americans still flourish, here they have long since vanished."

NEWSPAPER OPPOSITION TO DECLARING A MORATORIUM FOR CHRISTIANITY

SECULAR daily newspapers in this country seriously disapprove of the idea that a moratorium for Christianity ought to be announced until the war is over. The suggestion was made in a letter sent by a German soldier in the trenches to the well-known religious journal, *Christliche Welt*. He wrote:

"War is a phenomenon which the church should not be able to bless. It is opposed to every essential of Christianity and the sooner a moratorium for Christianity is declared the better. There should be no more church nonsense about the ennobling and purifying effects of war.

"In a war of this character where ruthlessness of unparalleled type is displayed, and where the very rudiments of Christianity are ignored, it would be wise, if Christianity is to be maintained, that it should not be preached or taught during the continuance of the war.

"For hundreds of thousands of men at the front, men who once believed in the faith, the moratorium is already in effect. When they return from the blood-soaked battle front their Christianity will be of a different order, and they will insist upon the Church adopting a different Christianity."

A first unthinking impulse, observes the Detroit *Free Press*, is to agree with the German writer, especially as a moratorium would do away with a great deal of cant and hypocrisy and stop a flood of talk and exhortation which sometimes comes very close to sacrilege. But a little consideration will bring one to quite a different conclusion.

"If religion ever is needed, it is needed when the human family breaks away from its ordinary moorings and begins to drift toward the rocks of political and social and moral anarchy. Religion then becomes imperative unless the race is to go to smash and relapse into barbarism. For the present it may seem that Christianity is doing very little toward tempering the horrors of the European war and that the prayers for victory from the opposing sides are blasphemous, but in the ultimate rehabilitation of ideas which must come it will have an opportunity to play an important part, particularly if its ministers meanwhile have done their duty as prophets and priests. It cannot play this part, however, if pending the windup of the war it is laid aside like a garment or shut up in a glass case as something too fragile for exposure to the world."

The truth is, asserts the Chicago *Evening Post*, that what we call Christian civilization is not really Christian. The idealism of Jesus lives in the souls and aspirations of thousands of men where it finds exemplification in the life of one.

"Our civilization is the compromise of a struggle between inherent human savagery and the divine vision. For those things that self-indulgence will not abandon we seek the sanction of religion, warping it to our lower uses.

"The policeman is as much at variance with Christianity as the soldier. If the world were Christian, there would be need for neither. We cannot abandon the employment of policemen, because dishonesty and violence persist in spite of all converting influences. We cannot abandon armies and battleships, because this is as true of nations as of individuals.

"But the frank recognition of these facts does not demand a moratorium on Christianity. It may rightly demand the banishment of hypocritical boasts about a Christian civilization—boasts that are repudiated no more by the trenches of Europe than by the slums of London and the tenements of New York and Chicago. It may rightly demand a sterner, stronger voice from the church that speaks for Christianity.

"The world will be full of Ludlow camp massacres and Louvain holocausts until righteousness is established in the relations of men and nations. Peace can rest upon no other basis. Was it not Jesus who said, 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin'? Through tragedy man is working out his salvation.

"If the church fails, it is in condoning where it should condemn. It sins not so greatly in justifying war as in its silence concerning much of the unrighteousness by which war is bred."

To the German soldier's argument that "men with blood-stained hands should not be asked to approach the tables of the Lord," the Richmond *Virginian* replies: The Church does not need to refuse consolation to individuals because governments are at war. That paper continues:

"The very writer who advocates a suspension of Christianity is a most eloquent pleader not for less faith, but for more faith; not for weaker beliefs, but for stronger beliefs; not for a suspension of Christianity, but for its wider propagation. Without this knowledge of the teachings of Christ he would be unable to argue against the wrong and the horrors of war—the cruelty, hatred, lust, murder, that war begets.

"No, if there was ever a time for faith, strong faith, faith that can move mountains, stop the mouths of lions, work miracles, heal broken hearts—this is the day. The man whose faith does not sustain him now needs to search his character for the weak spot in him. The Divine Healer whose hand must heal the broken bodies and rescue the wavering souls has never been nearer to men—if men will only see Him."

"We'll be jiggered if we can see just how" the German writer is going to bring about the moratorium, says the Newark Evening *News*. He has mixed up his facts as badly as his logic. If he is sure the world is going to have a substitute for Christianity after the war we hardly see the use of trying to maintain it now, and the energy he expends trying to get a "moratorium" proclaimed seems like a very un-German waste of effort. We would not pretend that men cannot refuse to preach and teach a moratorium if they want to, declares the *News*, just as they teach that water runs up hill and preach that lead is lighter than air if they feel so disposed. But we have to plead doubt that by keeping silent about Christianity they can suspend the laws of the Creator or alter His seemingly fixed notions about good and evil and heaven and hell and repentance and unrepentance, and similar matters of considerably more import than the distance a submarine can go without coming up for supplies.

"A moratorium, as the *News* has been led to believe, is a specified period during which the payment of all debts and obligations as required by law is suspended. We presume, therefore, that if a moratorium in Christianity were declared the payment of moral debts would be suspended. For the specified period men would not be obliged to pay the penalties of their sins.

"The world, as we chance to recall history, has entertained similar desires on many former occasions; in fact, individuals seem to be ever with us who would relish such moratoria now and then, often from Sunday to Sunday, or even longer. But we seem to be unable to recall a single case where their wishes were gratified. The sins of the fathers are still visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation and those who touch pitch are defiled.

"But, as we said, the war has made us skeptical of many things, and perhaps it will come about—when Zeppelins fly under the sea and U-boats swim in the air. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. And yet we would advise those men, whom the *Christliche Welt* mentions, who believe the 'moratorium is already in effect,' not to bank on it too far."

THE WORLD WAR AND FULFILLMENT OF BIBLICAL PROPHECY

WHENEVER history is being made on a large scale, especially in the clash of mighty armies, it has been the custom of ardent students of prophecy to see in these events the fulfillment of the prophecies and predictions of the Biblical seers. Scores in former generations declared the two Napoleons, both the first and the third, to be the Antichrist, and how the two recent Balkan wars furnished texts for such fulfillment schemes is a matter of common knowledge. That the present world war would do the same could naturally be expected, and the fact is that a whole literature of this character has already appeared.

Naturally the specialists in this method of Biblical interpretation are the Seventh-Day Adventists. Their organ, *Der Christliche Hausfreund*, recently published an article called "The Drying up of the River Euphrates" (*"Das Vertrocknen des Wasserstroms Euphrat"*), which identifies the Turkish Empire with the statements of Revelations, 16, 12: "And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared." The following is a characteristic example of the method of interpretation pursued:

"Through the downfall of the Turkish Empire, 'the way is prepared for the Kings of the rising of the Sun,' China and Japan, in order to join this great combination of nations, according to Isaiah 8:9-12, under the leadership of God (the Czar of Russia). See Ezekiel 38:1-7. God is here, in verse 2, called and he is ruler of Mesech and Tubal. in the land of Magog. In the original Hebrew he is called the "Prince of Rosh," and he is ruler of Mesech and Tubal. From Rosh is derived the word Russia; Mesech was formerly the present Moscow, which was for centuries the capital of Russia. Tubal was a famous city in Asiatic Russia, namely Tobolsk. The Czar as prince of the Moscowites and the Tobolsksites, *i. e.*, the Russians of Europe and of Asia, according to verse 7, is to be the captain of many nations, in order finally to frighten and to expel the 'King toward Midnight,' *i. e.*, the Sultan of Turkey, and to drive him from 'the Morning and from Midnight,' *i. e.*, east and north of Turkey, according to Daniel 11:44-45."

Objectors to these combinations and interpretations declare that these etymologies are as crude and unscientific as were those that derived Astarte from the Greek Aster (star), or Prometheus from the Hebrew Boro-moth (Creator of Man).

Another writer in this same journal declares that the prophecy concerning Armageddon in Revelations 16:16 is to be literally fulfilled at the close of the present war by a battle in the valley of Jehosaphat near Jerusalem.

The *Advent Review and Sabbath Herald* declares that after this there will be no more battles, "as there will be no more to fight them." And the same journal declares that the statements of Daniel 2:33 are literally fulfilled in the family relationships that exist between the rulers of Europe, and states that the outcome of the war will be "a man-made effort to bring about the united Empire," in which Germany, Russia, England, are to be only provinces.

Naturally the prophecies of Daniel are utilized most by the writers of this school. Thus a woman contributor to a periodical that appears in Seattle,

Washington, who calls herself "Joha, the first angel messenger to the first daughter of Israel," in an article entitled "The Bible and the War," discusses chiefly the seventh chapter of this book, and declares that the lion is England, the bear is Russia, the panther is Servia. The four heads of the leopard are Servia, England, Russia and France, who are trying to destroy the Eagle, who is Germany, but "who learns that God has given the victory to the latter." The three ribs in the mouth of the bear are Germany, Austria and Turkey. The whole vision is a picture of the European war. The wings of the Eagle are the blood relationships between the ruling houses of Germany and England, etc.

In other circles than the Spiritualists and Seventh-Day Adventists such modern applications of Jewish prophetic utterances are constantly found, especially in the periodicals of the United Associations (Gemeinschafters). In the *Presbyterian* Rev. J. M. Foster also comments on the passages in Daniel and Revelations, but refers the drying-up of the River Euphrates to the decay of the power of the Roman Catholic Church. He declares that no government of Europe now steps in as a defender of the claims of the Pope to supremacy: the Euphrates has dried up.

Of the seventh vial the editor of the *Presbyterian* speaks thus:

"The seventh vial is poured out into the air, where the foul spirits have mobilized their forces. Well, wireless telegraphy and air-craft figure in this war."

Ideas of a similar character are announced by the *Reformierte Kirchenzeitung*," which says:

"If we note the signs of the times, even to a limited degree only, as these are to be judged according to the Scriptures, the return of Christ can not be far distant. But before this happens the personal Antichrist must come, who will, however, claim to be the Prince of Peace and pretend to desire to establish peace. All that is necessary is for the right person to put in his appearance, who will be equipped with miraculous powers, and will throw out such catch words as 'Fraternity of Mankind,' 'Prosperity for All,' 'No More War,' and the masses will follow him. Then the present ruling houses will be dethroned, the European world republic will be established, arranged according to nationalities, in which every nation will choose its own president, and this pretended World Savior will rule over all of them. All this will proceed so quietly that even the elect would be deceived if the Lord did not watch over them particularly. For this great world empire will not be a real empire of peace; this can be established only by the Lord Himself."

The *Christliche Apologete* has a different idea of what will follow the war according to prophecy. According to this periodical this war is not itself the Armageddon because Israel has not yet, in their lack of faith, returned to their native land, and has not yet accepted a false Messiah as their king, as predicted by Daniel 11: 36-39. The first resurrection has not yet taken place; the Antichrist has not yet appeared in person; the old Roman empire has not yet been reestablished, and hence its universal heir has not yet come. The last battle is to take place on the plain of Jesreel, at Megiddo, not far from Jerusalem, and then will appear miracles like those performed by the sorcerers of Egypt in the days of Moses. This writer, too, who elaborates his scheme in a whole series of articles, declares that the Rosh of Ezekiel 38: 3 is Russia, that Mesech is Moscow, that Tubal is Tobolsk, and Torgama is Turkomania. In Revelations 10: 24 he finds a reference to the lack of proper care of working men in the United States, where five hundred thousand are yearly injured and three million are suffering from diseases, many of them incurable. Deliverance shall come through the "Son of Man," who, however, is not merely Jesus of Nazareth but "united mankind delivered from Babylon."

EFFECTS OF THE EUROPEAN WAR ON THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT

THAT women will obtain the vote after the war, asserts the *British Weekly*, is as certain as the rising of the sun. But, counsels that journal, let the vote be a grateful and reverent offering, and not the angry concession to a fierce and irresistible demand. Thus speaks the editor, Sir William Robertson Niccoll, whose advocacy of such a change of attitude in a leading article is considered a significant sign of the times in England. The occasion of his prediction and pleading was the demonstration organized by Women's Suffrage Societies when some 30,000 women marched through soggy London streets to demand of Lloyd George the opportunity to serve their country in the manufacture of munitions.

Accounts of this demonstration which were cabled to the United States, pointed out that there was no other society or body of women in England with an organization capable of handling it. Altho the militant leaders had previously organized raids on Lloyd George in the House of Commons, in his official residence and in his suburban country homes, they now organized a great procession to call on him and ask permission to help in his work as Minister of Munitions. Mrs. Pankhurst considered the demonstration "convincing," both of the political truce declared while the war lasts, and of the import to the world of accepting women as workers. Hundreds of thousands of women are working on munitions in France, and Germany is said to have half a million so employed.

While discussion of female suffrage may seem out of place at present, and many of the old arguments on both sides now outworn and lifeless, the *British Weekly* takes the stand that "it is time for men graciously, magnanimously and, shall we say, repentantly?, to recognize what has happened and what is happening." Women should be accorded their true place and power in the state, they should have votes. "Let us tell them frankly that they will not need to resume their struggle. They have proved their case up to the hilt by deeds rather than by words." Not that granting votes can reward them, but "it is time to own the revelation of women's nature and quality which this war has already made to all but the blind."

A more far-reaching consideration is stated by Dr. Niccoll thus:

"There lie ahead of us problems perhaps even more difficult and intricate than those we are passing now. We cannot realize all that is involved in the social reconstruction which must follow this war. The problems that will emerge are of a kind largely independent of present political parties. They will mean the shaking of the whole land. We shall want all the wisdom and all the deep hearts of women if we are to come out of the seething turmoil a united and happy people beginning the world again."

Of the qualities revealed by women in the war, the variety of sacrifices and skill in relief organization stand out, in Dr. Niccoll's summary. In time of stress he thinks the women have submerged old party distinctions, better than men in the House of Commons. The increased demand for women who do brain work is bound to give them ultimately a position which cannot now be precisely defined. But it is the utterances of this influential *Weekly* concerning the relation of women to the new problems of a new age which attract most attention.

"Men have not been tardy to acknowledge women's sweet patience, resignation, deep personal faithfulness and educating zeal. They have not grudged the artistic achievements of women, but have heartily recognized them. But there is no use denying that they once rejoiced when they found that an accomplished woman was untouched by desires which usually followed the higher education of her sex. They took pleasure in the old-fashioned range of social and domestic interests, and were glad wherever they found a complete absence of a certain set of cravings, knowing all the time that few women would lack these in the days to come. The days have come. We shall want all the wisdom, all the sweetness, all the purity, all the religion of womanhood, if we are to meet them and to master them. We repeat that there is no sign of the domestic virtues ever being undervalued. If there was a time when the wife and mother faithful to home was despised that time is past. The hope of the future is in the homes. But many of the noblest women will be called on to work outside. They may fulfil their destination as well in that manner. Hawthorne prophesied, and we believe his prophecy will come true, that at some time, when the world has grown ripe for it, a new truth will be revealed which will establish the whole relation between man and woman on a surer ground of mutual happiness. He believed also that the angel and apostle of the coming revelation must be a woman, lofty, pure, beautiful, wise."

Leading feminists of various countries, however, are by no means agreed that the war will mean progress for women. Lida Heymann and Anita Augspurg, founders of the Bavarian suffrage movement, delegates to the International Woman's Congress at the Hague, declare that the war will mean the very opposite of progress. Interviewed by Mary Chamberlain of *The Survey*, New York, they said:

"It is hard enough at any time to blot out the notion of the good frau who stays always in the kitchen. Now, with the coming of war, women are occupied only with their primitive tasks—preparing food and clothing and nursing the sick. After the war, it will be worse—all that we feminists have gained we shall lose. All the men will be heroes and the women must adore them and serve them."

Paula Pogány, from Hungary, saw some recognition of worth in war legislation requiring women to perform public work, in the breaking down of old restrictions on marriage banns, marriage by proxy, provisions for maintenance of soldiers' families with no differentiation between legitimate and illegitimate children supported by the father, etc. British women expressed opinions which accord with the attitude now assumed by the *British Weekly*. The ballot will scarcely be withheld because women cannot protect their country when it is the women who are tending the wounded, running factories and now "protecting" the family in the home.

But Olive Schreiner, the famous author of "Woman and Labor," sees no freer status of woman to be born out of the travail of war. Miss Chamberlain reports her as saying that the new industrial opportunities only mean harder sweating of female labor, less chance for healthy children when women are drafted into men's places with hours as long and pay far smaller. She points out that where women outnumber the men as in England, men do not relinquish the instrument that makes their minority powerful. And after the war this preponderance of women will be greater than before. The future seems to be bound by a vicious circle of suffering for womankind—war, no hope of franchise, more war and bitterness. According to Olive Schreiner:

"War means militarism, and with militarism, civilization retreats and women are reduced to the low plane of breeders. Men bear arms, but women bear armies, and the ravages of war must be repaired by increased child bearing and rearing. . . .

"So long as war is simply pouring men into trenches, nations can go on indefinitely—an army must terrorize a people to win. War is never successful until it is waged against women and children, until they are ravaged, until their homes are laid waste and their country devastated. . . .

"War will not pass away until women share in the control of government, for they who bear and cherish life naturally put a higher price on it than men."

A ROMAN CATHOLIC VIEW OF RENOVATING EUROPE AFTER THE WAR

EXPECTATION is very general that a different conception of what national life stands for will come about as a result of the present war. What that conception will prove to be is a fascinating subject of speculation. For most thinkers recognize a conflict of ideals in the European struggle and believe that a period of reconstructive thought in political and social life will follow. A Roman Catholic writer in the *Dublin Review* hopes for a spiritual idealism that shall control the conception of the state. He argues that the state must regain moral character, lost, in his opinion, largely through the Renaissance in Italy, the rise of Protestantism in Germany, and the aggressive nationalism of England and France. "War and the conscience of Nations" is the title used by F. Cuthbert of the Order of St. Francis, Capuchin, in presenting his point of view at this juncture.

It is the pernicious tradition of self-assertive egoism as the foundation of the state or political community, developed to the extreme, which is the crux of the present difficulty according to Father Cuthbert. He recalls the spiritual idea of man in the medieval tradition fostered by the Roman Catholic Church, and discovers in the revolt against it throughout Europe, aspects of retrogression. Indeed, he declares that the idol of the Renaissance-spirit was the same super-man whom, under another guise, Nietzsche and the modern German philosophers have exalted.

"The modern German idol might be more especially the embodiment of will-power, whilst the sixteenth-century Italian idol was of a more sensuous character: but the idea was fundamentally the same—the exaltation of the *ego* to a sovereignty uncontrolled by any larger spiritual faith. In each case, too, knowledge is the busy handmaid by which this worship is served.

"Whatever one may say of the intellectual achievement of the Renaissance, there is this damning fact to be put to its account: it let loose the egoism of the natural man, and fostered that unholy self-assertiveness which in practice has tended to set up the strong man over the weaker, the learned man over the ignorant, the wealthy man over the poor, without regard to the human rights of the less fortunate. It gave to might and cleverness an absolute sovereignty of their own. The strong man was right in using his strength for his own personal advantage, heedless of the disadvantage to his neighbor; the clever man, in using his cleverness. . . . Machiavelli did but systematize with brutal frankness the political doctrine of the Renaissance, and obtain for it a more universal sanction."

As in Italy so elsewhere the new Humanism became the ally of the new egoism which for centuries controlled the politics of Europe and placed the destinies of peoples in the hands of unscrupulous princes and adventurers or party caucuses. An immoral opportunism—religion, whether Protestant, Roman Catholic or schismatic, attached to the wheels of state in the interests of prince or party in power—characterized the entire fabric of the state.

"It was thus that the egoist spirit of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries permeated the whole political system of Europe;

and not only the political system, but the entire social system and even the very fiber of men's thought. Socially as well as politically it enthroned the strong and the unscrupulous. It allowed the large landowner to enclose the common lands, and it sanctioned the exploiting of labor for the personal benefit of the employer. As it set nation against nation and based international relations upon a policy of watchful distrust, so within the nation itself it created a division of classes, parties and cliques, each antagonistic to the other, and each primarily concerned to safeguard the individual interests of its members.

"Thus, politically and socially, the ultra-egoism fostered by the Renaissance tended to destroy the spiritual idea of man, democratic liberty and the comity of nations."

Against this spirit Father Cuthbert urges that people must throw themselves in the political and social reconstruction to follow the war. It will be of little use to the peace of the world if Germany is beaten whilst the egoist spirit remains as the animating force in social and political life. Whether that spirit resolves itself into militarism or an aggressive industrialism, whether into government by free thinkers who would override the religious convictions of their fellowmen, or into the rule of a political caucus—so long as it dominates the political system there can be no real freedom nor lasting good-will among the peoples. Father Cuthbert would not revive the medieval system, for it had ceased to respond to ideals which created it. But on two points he thinks the medieval tradition can confidently appeal to the public conscience of the present day. The first point is the necessity for a recognized law and tribunal which shall coordinate the interests of the various States and bear authoritative witness to the principles of justice and good-will, which should govern the relations of the sovereign peoples to each other. The second point is that the ultimate purpose of the State is not the material well-being or advantage of the State at large, so much as the moral and spiritual development of the people who make up the State.

It is Father Cuthbert's advocacy of these not unfamiliar objectives as a Catholic ideal of society which strikes a distinctive note.

International law lacks definite sanctions, he says, because it has represented political systems of inevitably conflicting material interests. It should be founded in a concern for those higher moral and spiritual interests which appeal to the conscience of men and in regard to which the various peoples are at one. It depends in its final appeal upon the conscience of the nations, its authority must be moral, its weapon the aroused moral sense of the people. The sovereign tribunal to voice this conscience, instead of excluding the Papacy for political reasons as was done by the Hague Conference, should recognize its moral authority.

"In the future reconstruction of international law, the Papacy with its unique moral influence must undoubtedly be recognized. It is for the Catholic body to see that this recognition is accorded; and in this matter we may confidently count upon the support of that growing opinion amongst non-Catholics which would welcome the reappearance of the Papacy in the councils of the nations, as a witness to a higher moral ideal of international relationship. There is no question here of reestablishing the temporal power; it is merely a question of giving the Pope, as a spiritual sovereign, a more effective freedom, and position to exercise the moral influence which he alone possesses in the interest of that universal justice and good-will upon which international law must be based."

With regard to the change of ideal for the state itself Father Cuthbert holds that public law must be brought into harmony with that moral law which the conscience of the Christian people recognizes as the individual's supreme rule of life.

"State policy must again acquire a moral character and be the outward expression of the national conscience formed in the frank recognition of the ethical law of Christendom. But such a recognition of the ethical law can come about only as the mass of the people are given back their sovereign right of conscience in political affairs, and trained and educated in the use of that right. Citizenship must again come to mean that every citizen in a free State is in some measure responsible for the right conduct of the State, and that this responsibility cannot be entirely shifted on to the shoulders of those in charge of the machine of State. Nor can this moral responsibility be limited to the proper use of the electoral vote: it remains an integral factor in the formation of that public opinion of which in the free State public policy is the concrete expression."

In short, a spiritual idealism must transfuse the nation, representing something more than the material gain which appeals to the cupidity of the passions. We need, says Father Cuthbert, "a new political and social faith in which all men, the weaker as well as the stronger, shall have an honored place; in which freedom shall be based upon the sense of human kinship, and in which national life shall develop in harmony with the larger life of the world. It is in these directions that the conscience of the peoples, quickened by the dread issue of war, looks for a renovated Europe." And Father Cuthbert tells us again that such an ideal underlay that medieval tradition against which the Renaissance raised the standard of revolt. He adds: "It is in a peculiar sense the Catholic ideal as opposed to that ultra-egoism which hitherto has been championed most consistently in the Protestant states; perhaps it was in this sense that the London *Times* spoke of the war as a conflict between the Catholic ideal and the Protestant."



BACK TO BARBARISM



KEEPING THE LIGHT BURNING

—Two cartoons by Kirby, N. Y. *World*.

LITERATURE · AND · ART

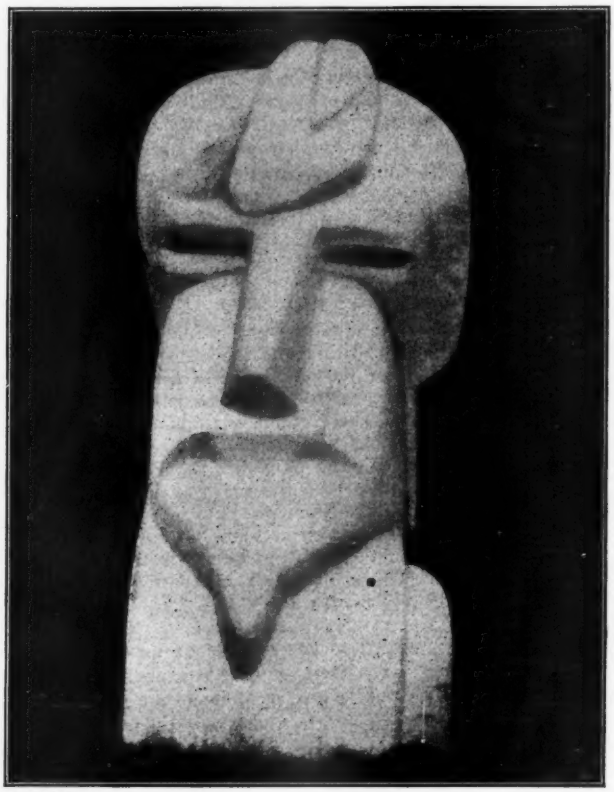
Romanticism and War.

ROMANTICISM in literature and philosophy is in no small degree responsible for the European conflict, according to Dr. Jacques Loeb, our most eminent champion of the mechanistic conception of life. Writing in the *Yale Review,* Dr. Loeb depicts Romanticism as a subtle, evil virus which has inoculated mankind in recent years with unnecessary hatreds and prejudices. Not only the ignorant and stupid classes of Christendom are subject to the disease of Romanticism. "Why is it," the scientist asks, "that many cultivated people are attracted by the writings of the romanticist?" He proceeds to answer this interesting question:

"This is in the opinion of the writer chiefly due to the fact that the colleges and schools in general do not give to the exact physical sciences that dominating position which, as a matter of fact, they occupy, not only in the world of technical invention but also in the world of ideas. . . . The situation which is thus created through the backwardness of the administrative policy of universities and schools is not entirely harmless. The romanticists, who are not confined to the profession of philosophy, in order to gain an audience and a standing in the intellectual world, appeal to the emotions of the masses. It is a fact that the masses are swayed by phrazes. The general hatred of one nation for another, the superciliousness or contempt are based on statements which have rarely or never been submitted to the severe test of truth that mechanistic sciences demand. It would not be difficult to show, for example, that Duhring in his persisent denunciation of the English and the Jews was not following the methods of the 'pedantic' scientist but of the irresponsible romanticist. It is perhaps not a mere accident that the noisy and reactionary element among the younger French 'patriots' find their ideal, not among the French physicists, but among Bergson's disciples. The German nationalists are more familiar with and have been influenced more by Nietzsche than by Helmholtz. The nationalists in England are not guided by their scientists but by men of the type of Kipling, who, tho he may not be a philosopher, is surely a romanticist. *The writer is under the impression that romanticism, if defined as an appeal to the emotions in combination with a neglect for severe standards of truth really is in no small degree responsible for unnecessary hatred and unnecessary opposition to intellectual progress.*"

Gaudier-Brzeska's Death.

ENGLISH vorticists of the *Blast* group, as well as all champions of the ultra-modern in art, are mourning the death in the French trenches of Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, the Franco-Polish sculptor. His death, according to a writer in the *Westminster,* was a loss to English art, for Brzeska's life as an artist was passed wholly in England. Two years before his death, he was still working for a meager wage as a clerk in a shipping office. He arose at five and spent hours at his work sketching before office-time. After office hours he worked late at his modeling. His endurance, says this writer, was marvelous, "for these laborious days was only the comparatively easy culmination of a hard life that began when he ran away as a boy from his peasant home to be an artist at all costs." In a tribute published in the London *Egoist,* John Cournos writes that the sculptor's letters from the front are quite Cellinean in their vigor and wit and frank terseness. "It is hard to tell," remarks Mr. Cournos, "how he came by his primitive impulses. At home in Paris or in London, he could have as easily accommodated himself among the Zulus or the Cossacks of the Ukraine." He was the only Vorticist with a Vortex. "He *was* Vorticism." He was twice promoted in the French army for "gallantry," and was killed on June 5th in a charge at Neuville St. Vaast.



From *Blast*

AN AMERICAN POET

This is Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's bust of Mr. Ezra Pound. It is not a caricature. To those initiated into the secrets of Vorticism, it is said to be a startling revelation of the character and temperament of Mr. Pound, who is so patriotic that he makes his home in London.

The Vortex of the Trenches.

THE war number of *Blast* publishes a "Vortex Gaudier-Brzeska," written from the trenches. It is a vivid if eccentric expression of the sculptor's sensations as a soldier. We quote part of this "vortex," eliminating the headline typography affected by the "daring" editors of *Blast:*

"I have been fighting for two months and I can now gauge the intensity of life.

"Human masses teem and move, are destroyed and crop up again. Horses are worn out in three weeks, die by the roadside. Dogs wander, are destroyed, and others come along.

"With all the destruction that works around us nothing is changed, even superficially. Life is the same strength, the moving agent that permits the small individual to assert himself.

"The bursting shells, the volleys, wire entanglements, projectors, motors, the chaos of battle do not alter in the least the outlines of the hill we are besieging. . . .

"I have made an experiment. Two days ago I pinched from an enemy a Mauser rifle. Its heavy unwieldy shape swamped me with a powerful image of brutality. I was in doubt for a long time whether it pleased or displeased me. I found that I did not like it. I broke the butt off and with my knife I carved in it a design, through which I tried to express a gentler order of feeling, which I preferred. But I will emphasize that my design got its effect (just as the gun had) from a very simple composition of line and planes."

A Flemish Maupassant.

TO Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, whose translation of "The Path of Life" has just been published in London (Allen & Unwin), Stijn Streuvels is not only the leading writer in the West Flemish dialect but also "the greatest living writer of imaginative prose in any land or language." The English critics disagree emphatically. Such a claim seems, to the *Saturday Review*, too suggestive of a prize competition. "The truth of his assertion does not leap to the eyes as we read 'The Path of Life' in English." Streuvels was formerly a baker in West Flanders and rose as a star upon the Belgian literary horizon as early as 1901. The dialect in which he writes is read by about one million people; and much of the strength and charm of his fiction is lost in translation. Mr. De Mattos' is the first to appear in English. According to the London *Athenaeum*, Streuvels has a poet's subtlety and refinement of perception, and "childhood's levity and imaginativeness are well understood by him."

"Streuvels, as seen in this collection of tales, is a fine and powerful artist whose pessimism is food for atheists, tho it is not a vehement pessimism, but a pessimism implied by the moods and circumstances which he chooses for his characters. Many readers may think that *'La Maison Tellier,'* by Guy de Maupassant, is as far as a writer can go in satire against sacraments, yet the irony of the French novelist seems but coarsely effective burlesque compared with the Fleming's masterly story entitled *'Lente,'* put into excellent English by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos. Here we have no jocosely imported incongruity, but an exhibition of the dire contrast between private aspiration towards holiness, or the maintenance of a sort of inner whiteness, and the natural life and danger of a poor farmer's daughter in Flanders. The author draws with exquisite precision the circumstances of a First Communion in the life of a fervidly religious maiden, whose head is full of angels while rabbits are having their throats cut in honor of her great day. We see her pathetic attempt to attain the right spiritual state for the celestial visitation which she seems to be expecting; we see the pitifully short-lived distinction conferred on her by an elaborate toilet and a beautiful frock; and then, after the church service, and her disappointment at the absence of something wonderful, we hear the landlord, of evil reputation, to whom her somewhat brutish father is obliged to be particularly civil, giving her a job for the morrow.

"In 'White Life' (*'Wit Leven'*) the art of Streuvels is more directly brutal, tho not so painful; there is a perverted sense of humor discoverable in this tale of a blameless and ultra-pious maiden lacemaker whose tenderness and sympathy for a smith are abominably repaid. Humor is also evident in the description of the death, amid an orgy of officious ignorance, of an old laborer, which squalidly concludes the book."

A Unique Portrait of Goncourt.

ONE of the striking features of the new and sumptuous *Revue de Hollande*, which is to be devoted to the literary, artistic and documentary interests of the Netherlands, is a hitherto unpublished photograph of Edmond de Goncourt, as well as reminiscences of the great French novelist and critic, presented by the Dutch artist, Ph. Zilcken. Zilcken was one of the first Dutch admirers of the tremendous pioneering artistic efforts of the Goncourt brothers. In 1893, when the *Théâtre Libre* presented *"La Fille Eliza"* in Holland, and one of the Dutch critics wrote to the director Antoine protesting against its "filthiness," Zilcken published a strong defense of the work in reply to the attack. Edmond de Goncourt wrote briefly to thank him: "Thanks for your kind intervention, but really are you not aware that my career has been made only out of the hisses and blows of these folk?" Goncourt so admired Zilcken's dry-point etching of Paul Verlaine that the Dutch artist was invited to Paris to make one of the great novelist. Zilcken was, however, soon called back to the Hague, and Goncourt died suddenly. This photograph is the only impression he retained of "the sculptural character, the puissant grandeur, combined with the most subtile delicacy, of the mask of that exquisite artist."



A NEW PORTRAIT OF EDMOND DE GONCOURT

This heretofore unpublished photograph of the great French realist is published for the first time, many years after his death, in the new *Revue de Hollande*, by the Dutch dry-point artist Mynheer Zilcken.

The Decline and Fall of American Magazines.

STEADILY declining sales among some of the American magazines indicate, for James L. Ford, the veteran critic of the New York *Herald*, that these publications have seen their best days. This is especially true of those periodicals which specialized in those once popular "features," "Christmas in Many Lands," "The Toymakers of Nuremberg," "American Women Who Have Married Titles," or "More Stevenson Relics," which were considered at one time subjects of engrossing or perennial interest. Even now, writes Mr. Ford, magazine readers suffer from "a plague of reminiscences and sordid life stories." The decadence of these magazines, he continues, may be traced in nearly every case to the editorial roots. "Many of them are edited by men who were formerly their circulation managers, promoted to literary authority not because they knew literature but because they had studied public taste through the misleading medium of the news-stand." The magazine business has become a fierce competition for advertizing and circulation, "and literature has been made to suffer between those upper and nether commercial milestones."

"It cannot be denied that this competition has increased the emoluments of the writers to a degree previously unknown in the annals of the trade. It has also stimulated their activity, increased their output—many of them can write with both hands—and enabled them to deliver manuscript from their own automobiles. In brief it has been fun for them, but death to good literature. It pains me to confess it, but my firm belief is that art of all kinds flourishes better in poverty than with both its feet in well-lined moneybags. Time was when artists and writers dwelt and wrote ('lived and wrought' may not be used until they are dead) in gar-



From the *Mercure de France*

PRINCE DE RADOWITZ

The stern simplicity of the German officer and aristocrat is depicted in few lines by the French artist Rouveyre. Radowitz was a prisoner of war at the time.



A GERMAN PRISONER

This prisoner like many of Rouveyre's models, has consented to place his signature on the sketch, suggesting at least an artistic *entente cordiale*.



ANOTHER TYPE

Here is a mild-mannered German who must have struck the French artist as in strange contrast to French ideas of Prussian barbarism.

rets to which they climbed up many flights. When Béranger sang of the *grenier où l'on est bien à vingt ans* he had an eye on the painting and writing done there as well as the enjoyments of youth.

"Now the garret is reached by an elevator and has become a studio, with one of those fine north lights that the stock broker invariably insists upon when he wishes to rent a place suitable for evening parties. Sometimes it is tenanted by a painter who gives charming teas where one meets so many interesting persons—teas at which it is not always easy to avoid the net spread for portrait orders. And not infrequently a magazine writer dwells there and disturbs the other tenants with his incessant pounding out of words on the typewriter. And this machine and the elevator, the costly rugs and the silver tea service are all symbolic of the changes that have taken place since the word, not the idea or the flash of wit became the standard of measurement. The more words to the idea the worse the literature and the greater the recompense to the author."

A Sing Sing La Rochefoucauld.

THAT interesting observer of literature and life, "Lucian," of the Rochester *Post-Express*, has discovered a rival to the brilliant French cynic La Rochefoucauld. This rival is at present sojourning in "that place of seclusion and culture, Sing Sing," and is identified merely by a number—"64,638." His epigrams and aphorisms have been published in the prison paper, *The Star of Hope*, under the title of "Cell-Grown Mushrooms." "Some of the Sing Sing Rochefoucauld's remarks on the world and on human nature," remarks "Lucian," "have originality and others have a pithy force which mitigates their triteness." We quote a few of the prison philosopher's maxims:

"Before entering prison we were judged by what we did, not by what we were. After leaving it, we shall be judged by what we were and not by what we do.

"Repentance born in prison is a spurious child.

"Never be sarcastic! It may be taken for your literal opinion.

"A fellow-prisoner has confided in me that he has invented perpetual motion. It is too bad! What will he do now for the rest of his term?

"It pays to go to prison to get away from some *decent* people.

"The torturing of the body is condemned by the same law that allows and practices torturing of the mind.

"When a dog wags his tail he means the piece of meat not you. When he bites he means you and not the piece of meat.

"The man who does wrong for gain will do right for the same reason.

"Bad qualities are suspected, looked for, and detected. Good qualities are doubted, ignored and overlooked.

"The result flowing from a complete combination of circumstances is accredited to the last factor.

"The man with a life-long training in misery finds that prison-life has its compensations.

"It's a clever prisoner that knows his own crime.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed. Some friends are always in need, indeed!

"Telling a prisoner to cheer up is like inviting a dead man to sing at his own funeral."

Rouveyre's War Sketches.

THE portrait sketches of the German prisoners of war by André Rouveyre, a unique draftsman whose work is usually to be found in the *Mercure de France*, are almost benign in comparison with his misanthropic "caricatures" of French celebrities, which were noticed in these pages some months ago. It may be remembered that Rouveyre's portrait of the well-known Madame Jane Catulle Mendès led to a suit for damages against the artist and was a *cause célèbre* in the French courts for some months. Evidently the pencil sketches in the present series are mere preliminary studies for a composite portrait of the German character, to be constructed with M. Rouveyre's sophisticated crudity and cruel incisiveness. But even these rough studies most of which have been signed by the prisoners themselves strike us as more arresting and authentic documents of the war than many of the more pretentious and ambitious attempts of the academic artists. Before the outbreak of the war, Rouveyre's strange portraits and bitter delineations of womankind attracted wide attention in Europe. Among the notable critics who defended the artist were George Brandes and Remy de Gourmont. The poet Jean Moréas interpreted Rouveyre's work in colorful prose, calling *"La Gynécée"* the *"danse macabre* of love."

ROBERT HERRICK'S INDICTMENT OF AMERICAN WAR CORRESPONDENTS

"WAR literature," cabled to us by "famous war correspondents," is for the most part "faked," in the opinion of Robert Herrick, the American novelist. Writing in the New York *Tribune*, Mr. Herrick expresses the opinion that "no correspondent or civilian writer has witnessed any real battle of this war. . . . They have all 'faked' more or less obviously." Many of the "big" war stories, the novelist ascertained during a recent sojourn in the war zone, have been gathered in barrooms, cafés, railroad stations, "many, many miles from the scenes they were supposed to relate. Gossip dressed up cheaply with conventional inventions," he characterizes this type of narrative. "They may give the American public what it wants to read, but they are poor novelists; they lack invention, and they copy from each other." The only good "war stuff," Mr. Herrick discovered, is the letters from the soldiers, "a great many of which have found their way into print in English and French, many of them indubitably literature in the raw, vital, life-like, poignant, with a marked absence of the trite features of the journalist's story. I have read hundreds of these unpremeditated records in the French newspapers, and I recommend them to any American really desirous of knowing what war is like."

"The French novelist Henri Bordeaux has preserved two sets of these letters in a couple of magazine articles on the nature of French youth as revealed by this war. The letters tell the stories of two young officers, twenty and twenty-two years old, who had their first experience of war last August. From time to time, as they had the chance in their exhausting days, they wrote home what was happening to them on the retreat from Belgium, in the battle of the Marne, and later along the Aisne. They are very simple and honest, these letters to their homes, but they reveal character, and also tell briefly and vividly what was happening to the individual soldier during the terrible first days of the war. One can realize from their hurried words the agonies, the efforts, the fears of that first shock of war.

"This war is great enough to command all the truth that any man has in him, also all his humility, a quality in which the professional war correspondent does not seem strong. Merely seeing things is not enough. Any life must be lived to be understood. Only those who in some active service have taken part in this war drama can ever give an adequate account of it."

The correspondents have not been able to "wriggle through" the first zone of police and *gendarmes*, Robert Herrick explains, "unless escorted by an officer, in which case good care is taken that the civilian shall see no real fighting." It is a secret war. The authorities do not intend to be bothered by the outside public. "And they are right."

"War has outgrown that neutral anomaly, the war correspondent. The front is no place for the reporter. He is in the way. He is a nuisance. 'Even when it is safe enough for you,' a staff officer explained, 'your coming into the trenches even on a calm day like this is likely to attract attention, and the troops get it after you have passed on. It's hardly fair to them?' Certainly not.

"Even if by accident the reporter should find himself present during some action, he would not know enough to know what it means, still less what significance it had in relation with the vast whole. Even the commanding officers at the front are astonishingly ignorant of all that goes on beyond their own little sectors. They form singularly erroneous conclusions, as when I was assured by a colonel that the Germans were running out of ammunition because on his line they had temporarily slackened the bombardment, and again that the German lines were 'thin' because a certain observer had noticed no troop movements in the opposite front. 'They are shelling over in the Argonne. Bois le Prêtre seems to be getting it to-day'—that is about the extent of exact information of the outside which can be obtained at any one point of the vast 'front.'

"It will take years really to know what has been going on this last year in a military way, and then much must be left in obscurity because the whole truth has been divided into so many small portions known to many different men, hard to assemble."

Mr. Herrick gives an amusing and somewhat cynical account of the manner in which the American war correspondents obtain their thrilling stories "from the front." Two prominent American correspondents were in an observation post, when a bullet, one of them told the novelist with pride, had struck between them. "Then I understood. . . ."

"These two accomplished journalists were making up their story, which, in slightly different versions, would in a few days jolt the languid pulses of American readers at their breakfast tables. The next day the solitary bullet had grown to a 'hail of *mitrailleuse*.' No doubt before it got over the cable the myth had grown into a terrible battle, in which we had *'assisted.'* The last afternoon of our stay at the front we had emerged from the tiresome communication trench and were filing singly down a long valley over which German shells were whistling into the wood beyond, as is their wont at this hour of the day, when both sides are stirring to get supplies, and men are coming and going, and the batteries take up the eternal hunt for the positions of the enemy. What with the groups of soldiers gathered about their earth homes for the evening meal, with the mutter of distant thunder and the whine of big shells overhead, the scene was sufficiently large without the garnishment of cheap invention. But my two friends were still at their myth making: 'If that German battery just dropped their range a bit it wouldn't be so comfortable getting back to the cars,' one said. 'It looks as if they might land on the motors,' the other suggested. 'Did you hear that one? It was short—they are getting nearer. Perhaps they've seen something.'"

Robert Herrick's criticism of the American war correspondents has elicited two spirited replies, which are published in the *Tribune*. One is from Walter Hale, and the other from Will Irwin, whose story of the "Battle of Ypres," he declares, was criticized by the novelist as having been obtained, every word of it, in the Savoy bar in London. The best news stories, Mr. Irwin claims, have been written by men "who were not there."

"How was the wreck of the *Titanic* reported? Or the sinking of the *Lusitania?* How did Lindsay Denison get the material for his best 'murder stories'? Or E. C. Hill the material for his classic, 'A Little Child in the Dark'? The reporters who wrote these articles were not, of course, present at the vent, yet they told their stories accurately. They went at the matter by the only means possible in the limited time at their disposal. They interviewed the survivors or eyewitnesses, looked over such inanimate circumstantial evidence as they could find, weighed this evidence with that sixth sense for truth and falsehood which a good reporter develops, and wrote a true and proportionate account. This is exactly the method which historians use, only the reporter has far less time at his disposal than the historian, and is, on the other hand, much nearer the event. Carlyle did not witness the French Revolution, but no one calls him a faker for writing its history."

This is the legitimate and historical method he pursued, Mr. Irwin asserts, in writing his account of Ypres.

"If Mr. Herrick cares to bore himself by reading my story of Ypres he will find that I have nowhere, either by direct statement or hint, conveyed the impression that I saw the battle. I know now, in the light of fuller information, that I made some mistakes. For example, I embodied a misleading reference to the strategy at the battle of the Marne. But even historians, working at great leisure, are constantly being caught in mistakes, and I wrote what I believed at the time.

"If I am proved a faker by this story, so in their infinitely larger way are Gibbon and Tacitus and Taine proved fakers. Gibbon never saw the Roman army in action, and Taine was never received at the court of Louis XV."



GERMAN AMERICAN

THE EVOLUTION OF A MAGAZINE COVER

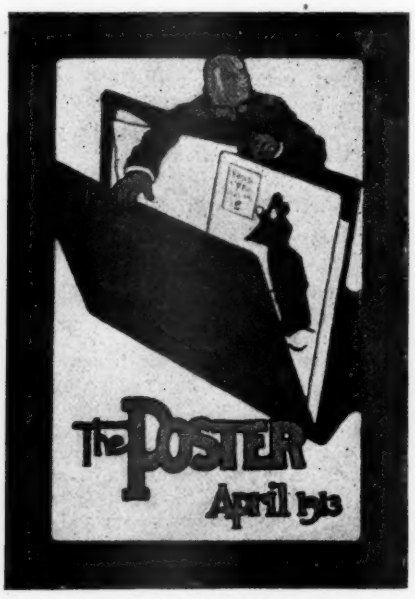
HAS PLAGIARISM BECOME A FIRST AID TO THE ARTIST?

ALTHO it has become a widely prevalent practice among artists, especially among graphic artists, plagiarism is a crime that is far more difficult to detect in art than in literature. Consequently it has not been the subject of such drastic criticism or punishment. The Berlin publication *Das Plakat*, which is devoted to graphic, poster and commercial art in general, recently published a supplement containing sixty-five illustrations of what may be termed "international plagiarism." Yet this graphic *exposé*, accompanied by an illuminating discussion of art plagiarism by Herr von Hans Meyer, explains rather than condemns the practice. Herr Meyer in no sense defends plagiarism in the graphic art, but points out why we cannot indict as a plagiarist the artist who occasionally makes use of the product of another artist's brain. The real plagiarist in the graphic arts, he explains, is the man who is absolutely incapable of producing anything of his own, but makes his living from the ideas of other artists—usually artists of another country whose work is not apt to reach the public to which he himself appeals. Yet ethically, the German authority explains, it is exceedingly difficult to define plagiarism.

"What is plagiarism? Plagiarism is unauthorized imitation. But this definition strikes us as so simple that we really must refuse to accept it. For that is not the absolute truth. A plagiarism may even be interesting. Certainly we cannot look at this matter from the legal standpoint; therefore, whether the imitation is authorized or not authorized should not be considered in the sense of its legality. On the contrary, we sometimes find it necessary not to be of the same opinion as a judge or a court. We ought to look at this matter from the ethical and artistic standpoint. Not all that the law might condemn should we condemn, but only what ethical and artistic honor condemns may



THE ORIGINAL
This cover appeared a few months previous to that design which appears in the next column.



THE IMITATED?
There is a possibility, of course, that the similarity is merely an artistic coincidence.



A "JUGEND" COVER
"Jugend" is a mine for many American artists who are artistically impotent.



THE ORIGINAL
(American)

we justly consider a plagiarism. One case which presents a very good example of the antagonism of the two views is the following: If a client forces the artist—especialy for some business reason—to redraw some old advertizing design of his business. . . . If any artist willingly admits that he has used an original, then his work becomes permissible. If it did not, he never would have admitted the imitation. Such an artist remains for us an honorable artist, not a plagiarist. Hence we may say that plagiarism is always a *hidden* imitation; and in this sense we may form our rules concerning it.

"Now, how does the artist begin to recognize an imitation? The artist cannot acknowledge his indebtedness, except in certain particular cases—if the fact that his creation is a loan is evident in the work itself. But this result is only to be obtained if the work is an imitation of some generally known masterpiece. The imitation of an art original that is not generally known must remain unrecognizable. To make a comparison with literature: If you make use of citations from a literary work that is not known to your audience, you must use quotation marks in so doing. But in speaking, these marks are of course impossible. It is useless and unnecessary to acknowledge the source when every intelligent person is aware of it."

There is such an infinite variety of plagiarism, Herr Meyer goes on to point out, that the critic must exercize the greatest discretion before condemning the unfortunate artist. Perhaps the most flagrant cases are those that are most carefully concealed, that in fact can never be discovered. Literal plagiarism is scarcely worth consideration. But the plagiarism of ideas, of thoughts, of intentions is far more subtler. Self-plagiarism is of course "within the law"; but according to our authority if an artist uses his own ideas for a second and third creation, if finally he arrives at that stage when he is able only to copy incessantly his own successful work, he is quite as much a plagiarist as tho he were stealing the product of another artist's brain. Herr Meyer's conclusion is interesting.

"If the work, the drawing or painting or poster, is a plagiarism, is its creator necessarily a plagiarist? Because we condemn this work, must we condemn its creator as a plagiarist? Decidedly the case is not the same. If a man has been sent to prison for stealing, he is not necessarily to be called a thief. To do so would be an act punishable by law as a slander or libel. One act does not prove that the man who has committed a theft is in the habit of stealing. One act of plagiarism does not prove that an artist is a plagiarist. A plagiarist is an artist who is quite unable to express his own thoughts in his work, and who uses the original work of others to enable him to do his work. Therefore it is impossible for us to call a man a plagiarist who has done this once or twice. Often the exigencies of business have forced him to do so.



THE IMITATION
(German)



"Therefore, critics, do not condemn all artists of plagiarism! But, artists, beware of plagiarism! Ten of your best original productions will be overlooked at the discovery of one act of plagiarism. Ten plagiarisms the reputation that a thousand good works may have built for you—your reputation and that of *our* art. Graphic art in the service of Commerce still remains art, or, at least, it should remain art. Do not believe that it is merely 'commercial' art, it is true art."



SUGGESTED OR ORIGINAL
The cover of a now defunct magazine of "American originality."



A POPULAR DESIGN
Das Plakat presents three examples of this popular dance couple, but we are certain that it will pop up again.

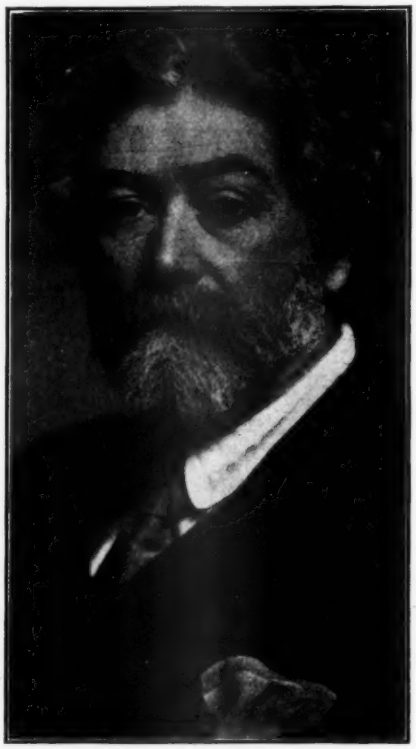
CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD'S POETIC TRIBUTE TO THE WESTERN DESERT

SOME one recently characterized the author of the "Spoon River Anthology" as an aboriginal American poet. Even more "aboriginal" in his inspiration is Charles Erskine Scott Wood, whose striking contribution to American letters, "The Poet in the Desert" (published in Portland, Oregon, by the author), has evoked enthusiastic praise from lovers of the American note in poetry. Like Edgar Lee Masters, Charles Erskine Scott Wood is a lawyer of radical inclinations. He graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1874, engaged in the campaign against the Nez Percé Indians in 1877, and in the Bannock and Piute campaign in 1878. His love of the great Western desert is the result of many years' experience, not the outcome of a tourist's passing observations. One of his first literary efforts was "A Book of Tales, being Myths of the North American Indians" (1901). He has been a leader in the fight for the reclamation of the Eastern and Idaho desert.

"The Poet in the Desert" is described by its author as "revolutionary and pantheistic." It is a book of one hundred and twenty-four pages presenting a dialog between the Poet and the Spirit of Truth, in the Desert. In her critical anthology of contemporary American poetry, published in Reedy's *Mirror*, Zoe Akins describes the book as "the most ringing, singing, plea for Anarchism that has yet been recorded: I know of nothing like it for sheer splendor of speech, sheer beauty of vision; unless one harks back to certain books of the Bible."

"Beside Wood, Edward Carpenter is pale and catalogic. Yet this dialog, written in free verse, has more the quality of great oratory than of great poetry. When one has read it through, after the dazzle of its eloquence has ceased to amaze, one feels more keenly than ever the strength and the merit of pure *form*. Doubtless one can become wearied with verse that is cast in classic mould, but I have never yet perceived a performance that met a high technical standard of poetical expression that did not interest and please. *Design*, alone, possesses charm. As in Mr. Wood's remarkable work the elements of vision, of feeling, of beauty may be poetical factors of a high poetic impulse, and yet may not result in the thing that in its final perfection we call poetry. But there are many passages in his book so instinct with beauty and melody and meaning that they have been approached in the splendor of their effects by few contemporary writers."

The conservative critic of the New York Times *Review of Books* declares Mr. Wood to be "a genuine poet and a bold imaginative thinker." "His style is reminiscent both of Walt Whitman and of the Hebrew prophets, but his ideas are his own." The latter the *Times* critic does not care to commend, for the poet has endeavored "to throw aside the trappings of civilization, to 'get back to nature', to face naked truth, to denounce capitalism, and incidentally to preach various kinds of revolution." But even if "The Poet in the Desert" cannot, in the opinion of this critic, be recommended to conventional folk, and even if some of its ideas "cannot be commended at all, it contains both truth and beauty, and its



THE VOICE OF THE DESERT
Charles Erskine Scott Wood's poetry of desert spaces recalls Whitman and some of the books of the Hebrew scriptures.

daring will give it zest for the intellectually adventurous."

The "pantheism" of the poem is similar to that of Spinoza in its effort to view truth in its eternal aspect—*sub specie aeternitatis*, truth denuded of the petty values of a false civilization. The author's indignation against the evils of modern society is intensified by the thought of the workers who are not able to enjoy the stern wild beauties of the desert and of nature. Much of the finest imagery of the volume, for the critic of the *Times*, is in Mr. Wood's unique description of the desert. And Miss Akins likewise commends the following picture:

"Never have I found a place, or a season, without beauty.
"Neither the sea, where the white stallions champ their bits and rear against their bridles,
"Nor the Desert, bride of the Sun, which sits scornful apart,
"Like an unwooed Princess, careless; indifferent.
"She spreads her garments, wonderful beyond estimation,
"And embroiders continually her mantle.

"She is a queen, seated on a throne of gold
"In the Hall of Silence.
"She insists upon meditation.
"She insists that the soul be free.
"She requires an answer.
"She demands the final reply to thoughts which cannot be answered.
"She lights the Sun for a torch
"And sets up the great cliffs as sentinels;
"The morning and the evening are curtains before her chambers.
"She displays the stars as her coronet.
"She is cruel and invites victims,
"Restlessly moving her wrists and ankles,
"Which are loaded with sapphires.
"Her brown breasts flash with opals.
"She slays those who fear her,
"She runs her hand lovingly over the brow of those who know her,
"Soothing with a voluptuous caress.

"She is a courtesan, wearing jewels,
"Enticing, smiling a bold smile;
"Adjusting her brilliant raiment negligently,
"Lying brooding on her floor which is richly carpeted;
"Her brown thighs bountiful and naked.
"She toys with the dazzlry of her diadems, smiling unscrutably.

"She is a nun withdrawing behind her veil,
"Gray, subdued, silent, mysterious, meditative, unapproachable.
"She is fair as a goddess sitting beneath a flowering peach tree, beside a clear river.
"Her body is tawny with the eagerness of the sun
"And her eyes are like pools which shine in deep canyons.
"She is beautiful as a swart woman, with opals at her throat,
"Rubies on her wrists and topaz about her ankles.
"Her breasts are like the evening and the day stars;
"She sits upon her throne of light, proud, silent, indifferent to her wooers.
"The sun is her servitor, the stars are her attendants, running before her.
"She sings a song unto her own ears, solitary, but it is sufficient.
"It is the song of her being. O, if I may sing the song of my being it will be sufficient.

"She is like a jeweled dancer, dancing upon a pavement of gold;
"Dazzling, so that the eyes must be shaded.
"She wears the stars upon her bosom and braids her hair with the constellations."

VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

POETRY, in the mind of the average man or woman, is usually identified with the expression of beautiful and inspirational generalities. The poets have always revolted against the limitations which have been more or less consciously assigned them. They are not disposed to accept any limitations in subject or in manner of treatment. They insist upon the right to range through the whole realm of organic and inorganic life and to poetize whatever they see or hear or feel. They are right. It is only when they fail to poetize that they are wrong. Walt Whitman was all right in his theory about compassing the whole circle of existence; but he was so intent on asserting his theory that he often forgot to make poetry out of what he found in the circle.

To-day our poets—as well as our preachers—run strongly to sociological subjects. Theoretically they have as much right to such subjects as the sociologist has, but only when they make poetry out of them. To take a sociological subject and make sociology out of it is no part for a poet to play, especially as the sociology is usually in such a case rather puerile.

An instance of successful treatment of such a subject is afforded by Miss Mitchell's poem in *The Century*. It is tremendously forcible, and its force is largely due to its poetic form of presentation. It shows insight into the inter-relations of things and expresses these in a concrete instance that gives the poem vividness and directness. Rose Costara is a living figure and is not unlikely to take her place in permanent literature.

THE NIGHT COURT.

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell.

"CALL Rose Costara!"
Insolent, she comes.
The watchers, practised, keen, turn down their thumbs.
The walk, the talk, the face,—that sea-shell tint,—
It is old stuff; they read her like coarse print.
Here is no hapless innocence waylaid.
This is a stolid worker at her trade.
Listening, she yawns; half smiling, undismayed,
Shrugging a little at the law's delay,
Bored and impatient to be on her way.
It is her eighth conviction. Out beyond the rail
A lady novelist in search of types turns pale.
She meant to write of them just as she found them,
And with no tears or maudlin glamor round them,
In forceful, virile words, harsh, true words, without shame,
Calling an ugly thing, boldly, an ugly name;
Sympathy, velvet glove, on purpose, iron hand.
But *eighth conviction!* All the phrases she had planned
Fail; "sullen," "vengeful," no, she isn't that.
No, the pink face beneath the hectic hat
Gives back her own aghast and sickened stare
With a detached and rather cheerful air,
And then the little novelist sees red.
From her chaste heart all clemency is fled.
"Oh, loathsome! venomous! Off with her head!
Call Rose Costara!" But before you stop,
And shelve your decent rage,
Let's call the cop.

Let's call the plain-clothes cop who brought her in.
The weary-eyed night watchman of the law,
A shuffling person with a hanging jaw,
Loose-lipped and sallow, rather vague of chin,
Comes rubber-heeling at his Honor's rap.
He set and baited and then sprung the trap—
The *trap*—by his unsavory report.
Let's ask him why—but first
Let's call the court.

Not only the grim figure in the chair,
Sphinx-like above the waste and wreckage there,
Skeptical, weary of a retold tale,
But the whole humming hive, the false, the frail,—
An old young woman with a weasel face,
A lying witness waiting in his place,
Two ferret lawyers nosing out a case,
Reporters questioning a Mexican,
Sobbing her silly heart out for her man.
Planning to feature her, "lone, desperate, pretty,"—
Yes, call the court. But wait!
Let's call the city.

Call the community! Call up, call down,
Call all the speeding, mad, unheeding town!
Call rags and tags and then call velvet gown!
Go, summon them from tenements and clubs,
On office floors and over steaming tubs!
Shout to the boxes and behind the scenes,
Then to the push-carts and the limousines!
Arouse the lecture-room, the cabaret!
Confound them with a trumpet-blast and say,
"Are you so dull, so deaf and blind indeed,
That you mistake the harvest for the seed?"
Condemn them for—but stay!
Let's call the code—

That facile thing they've fashioned to their mode:
Smug sophistries that smother and befool,
That numb and stupefy; that clumsy thing
That measures mountains with a three-foot rule,
And plumbs the ocean with a pudding-string—
The little, brittle code. Here is the root,
Far out of sight, and buried safe and deep,
And Rose Costara is the bitter fruit.
On every limb and leaf, death, ruin, creep.

So, lady novelist, go home again.
Rub biting acid on your little pen.
Look back and out and up and in, and then
Write that it is no job for pruning-shears.
Tell them to dig for years and years and years
The twined and twisted roots. Blot out the page;
Invert the blundering order of the age;
Reverse the scheme: the last shall be the first.
Summon the system, starting with the worst—
The lying, dying code! On, down the line,
The city, and the court, the cop. Assign
The guilt, the blame, the shame! Sting, lash, and spur!
Call each and all! Call us! And *then* call her!

Another effective treatment of a sociological subject is found in the *New Republic*. It is free verse and if the "Spoon River Anthology" is poetry, this is poetry. We are not sure about it in either case. In any event it is worth while, whatever label we attach to it. It seems superfluous to remind our readers that Mary Phagan was the name of the little Georgia girl whose recent murder gave rise to the notorious trial and conviction of Leo Frank and his lynching by a company of night-riders.

MARY PHAGAN SPEAKS.

By Mary White Ovington.

YOU care a lot about me, you men of Georgia, now that I am dead.
You have spent thousands of dollars trying to learn who mutilated my body.
You have filled the columns of your newspapers with the story of my wrong.
You have broken into a prison and murdered a man that I might be avenged.
But why did you not care for me when I was alive?
I was a child, but you shut me out of the daylight.
You held me within your four walls watching a machine that crashed through the air,
Endlessly watching a knife as it cut a piece of wood.
Noise fills the place—noise, dust and the smell of oil.
I wish some of the thousands of dollars that you spent on the trial might have kept me in school,
A real school, the kind you build for the rich.
I worked through the hot August days
When you were bossing the girls, or shooting birds,
Or lounging in doorways cursing the nigger;

And you never paid me enough to buy a pretty dress.
You sometimes spoke coarsely to me when I went to and from my work;
Yes, you did, and I had to pretend I liked it.
Why did you despise me living and yet love me so now?
I think I know. It is like what the preacher told me about Christ:
People hated Him when He was alive,
But when He was dead they killed man after man for His sake.

The work of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson has usually consisted of long narratives that do not lend themselves to quotation in a department like this. Lately he has been giving us a series of little war vignettes some of which are unforgettable. We publish below four of these taken from three different periodicals—the London *Nation*, the N. Y. *Independent* and *Poetry*, of Chicago:

IN THE AMBULANCE.

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

TWO rows of cabbages,
Two of curly-greens,
Two rows of early peas,
Two of kidney-beans."

That's what he is muttering,
Making such a song,
Keeping other chaps awake
The whole night long.

Both his legs are shot away,
And his head is light;
So he keeps on muttering
All the blessed night—

"Two rows of cabbages,
Two of curly-greens,
Two rows of early peas,
Two of kidney-beans."

THE HOUSEWIFE.

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

SHE must go back, she said,
Because she'd not had time to make the bed.
We'd hurried her away
So roughly . . . and, for all that we could say,
She broke from us, and passed
Into the night, shells falling thick and fast.

HILL-BORN.

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

I SOMETIMES wonder if it's really true
I ever knew
Another life
Than this unending strife
With unseen enemies in lowland mud;
And wonder if my blood
Thrilled ever to the tune
Of clean winds blowing through an April noon
Mile after sunny mile
On the green ridges of the Windy Gile.

THE FATHER.

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

THAT was his sort.
It didn't matter
What we were at
But he must chatter
Of this and that
His little son
Had said or done;
Till, as he told
The fiftieth time
Without a change
How three-year old
Prattled a rhyme,
They got the range
And cut him short.

Mrs. Wharton seldom publishes any poetry; but all that she publishes is marked with distinction. That is true of this from *The Century*. It is deeply tender and tho a "war-poem" is not partisan.

BATTLE SLEEP.

By Edith Wharton.

SOMEWHERE, O sun, some corner there must be
Thou visitest, where down the strand
Quietly, still, the waves go out to sea
From the green fringes of a pastoral land.

Deep in the orchard-bloom the roof-trees stand,
The brown sheep graze along the bay,
And through the apple-boughs above the sand
The bees' hum sounds no fainter than the spray.

There through uncounted hours declines the day
To the low arch of twilight's close,
And, just as night about the moon grows gray,
One sail leans westward to the fading rose.

Giver of dreams, O thou with scatheless wing
Forever moving through the fiery hail,
To flame-seared lids the cooling vision bring,
And let some soul go seaward with that sail!

The *Smart Set* has a limpid little lyric by a master of his craft:

A LYRIC.

By Bliss Carman.

MY heart is a garden of dreams
Where you walk when day is done,
Fair as the royal flowers,
Calm as the lingering sun.

Never a drouth comes there,
Nor any frost that mars,
Only the wind of love
Under the early stars,—

The living breath that moves
Whispering to and fro,
Like the voice of God in the dusk
Of the Garden long ago.

In a new magazine, *Seven Seas*, we find a song of sentiment that seems to us to be skilfully written. It has been set to music and is sung by the author, who thus presents the unusual combination of singer, composer and lyricist:

JOAN OF ARC, THEY'RE CALLING YOU.

By Frank Abbott Sturgis.

THERE'S a tear in my eye for the soldier,
As he lies among the slain.
There's a throb in my heart for this old world,
That sighs for peace in vain.
There's a hope in my prayer that some one above,
Will gaze down on earth through the blue,
And pitying all our sorrow and woe,
Will tell us what to do.

There's a sigh in the trench for the hedge-rows,
For the tender last embrace;
And the babe held up high to hide from him,
A woman's anguished face.
Oh, it's so hard to breathe when I think of the hearth,
And old folks in silent despair,
While dreaming of him in pale firelight glow,
The boy they cannot spare.

Joan of Arc, they're calling you,
From each trench they're calling you.
Far through the haze comes the sweet Marseillaise,
Can't you hear it calling, too?
They say that from your latest breath,
A dove flew to the skies—
And if that was the Dove of Peace, Joan of Arc,
Send it down and dry a mother's eyes.

The brilliant and provocative editor of *The Masses* has shown himself, in his book on "The Enjoyment of Poetry," to be a keen and constructive critic of poetry. He is also a writer of poetry, and the *New Republic* prints the following striking sonnet by him:

THE NET.

By Max Eastman.

THE net brings up, how long and languidly,
A million vivid quiverings of life,
Keen-finned and gleaming like a steely knife,
All colors—green and silver of the sea,
All forms of skill and eagerness to be;
They die and wither at the very breath
That sounds your pity of their lavish death,
While they are leaping star-like to be free;
They die and wither, but the aged sea,
Insane old salty womb of mystery,
Is pregnant with a million million more,
Whom she will suckle in her oozy floor,
Whom she will vomit on a heedless shore
As we were vomited in days of yore.

From her duties in connection with the Panama Exposition Miss Coolbrith has snatched enough time to give us, in the *Sunset Magazine*, one of her beautifully chiseled poems of a California scene:

FROM RUSSIAN HILL.

By Ina Coolbrith.

NIGHT and the hill to me!
Silence no sound that jars;
Above, of stars a sea;
Below, a sea of stars!

Trancèd in slumber's sway,
The city at its feet.
A tang of salty spray
Blends with the odors sweet

From garden-close and wall,
Where the madroña stood,
And tangled chaparral,
In the old solitude.

Here, from the Long Ago,
Rezánov's sailors sleep;
There the Presidio;
Beyond the plumèd steep;

The waters, mile on mile,
Foam-fringed with feathery white;
The beaconed fortress isle,
And Yerba Buena's light.

O hill of memories!
Thy scroll so closely writ
With song, that bough and breeze
And bird should utter it:

Hill of desire and dream,
Youth's visions manifold,
That still in beauty gleam
From the sweet days of old!

Ring out thy solemn tone,
O far-off Mission bell!
I keep the tryst, alone
With one who loved me well.

A voice I may not hear!
Face that I may not see,
Yet know a Presence near
To watch the hour with me. . . .

How stately and serene
The moon moves up the sky;
How silverly between
The shores her footprints lie!

Peace that no shadow mars!
Night and the hill to me!
Below, a sea of stars!
Above, of stars a sea!

NOAH AND THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT—A STORY 1000 YEARS OLDER THAN THE BIBLE

[Noah, not Adam, ate the forbidden fruit, after surviving the Flood which overwhelmed humanity's Eden, according to the Sumerian tablet found among the ruins of Nippur. This revised version antedates the Hebrew account of created Paradise, the Flood, and the Fall of Man, more than a thousand years. Dr. Stephen Langdon, archaeologist, of Oxford University deciphered it; the pieced-together tablet may be seen in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania. In the Sumerian hieroglyphs Tagtug is identified as Noah. By disobeying the Earth-Goddess (variously styled as Nintud, Ninharsag and Ninkurra) disease came upon mankind to shorten life—but let the story tell itself. Dr. Langdon's literal rendering of the lines of the tablet (numbered in translation) preserves the characteristic Oriental rhythm.*]

OBVERSE I.

1—They that slept, they that slept are ye. 2—[In mountain of] Dilmun which is an holy place, 3—[In the holy place] they that slept are ye. 4— . . . the mountain of Dilmun which is an holy place. 5—The mountain of Dilmun which is an holy place, the mountain of Dilmun is pure. 6—The mountain of Dilmun is pure, the mountain of Dilmun is clean. 7—Alone in Dilmun they lay down; 8—Where Enki with his consort lay, 9—That place is pure, that place is clean. 10—Alone in Dilmun they lay down. 11—Where Enki with the pure divine queen lay down, 12—That place is pure, that place is clean. 13—In Dilmun the raven shrieked not. 14—The *kite* shrieked not, kitelike. 15—The lion slew not. 16—The wolf plundered not the lambs. 17—The dog approached not the kids in repose. 18—*The mother* (*goat*) as it fed on grain he disturbed not. 19—The (ewes) impregnate their *foetus* . . . 20—The birds of heaven their young [*forsook*] not. 21—The doves were not put to flight. 22—"Oh disease of the eyes thou art the 'Sick Eye,'" one said not. 23—"Oh headache thou art the 'Headache,'" one said not. 24—As to the old woman, "thou art an old woman" one said not. 25—As to the old man, "thou art an old man" one said not. 26—A pure place where water was not poured for cleansing in the city one inhabited not. 27—"A man has changed a canal," one said not. 28—A prince his *wisdom withheld* not. 29—"A deceiver deceives" one said not. 30—"The *counselor* of a city . . ." one said not. 31—Ninella to Enki her father spoke. 32—"A city thou hast founded, a city thou hast founded and a fate thou hast given. 33—In Dilmun a city thou hast founded, a city (thou hast founded and a fate thou hast given). 34— . . . thou hast founded a city (thou hast founded and a fate hast given). 35— . . . (*which*) a canal has not. 36—[. . .] thou hast founded, a city (thou hast founded and a fate thou hast given).

OBVERSE II.

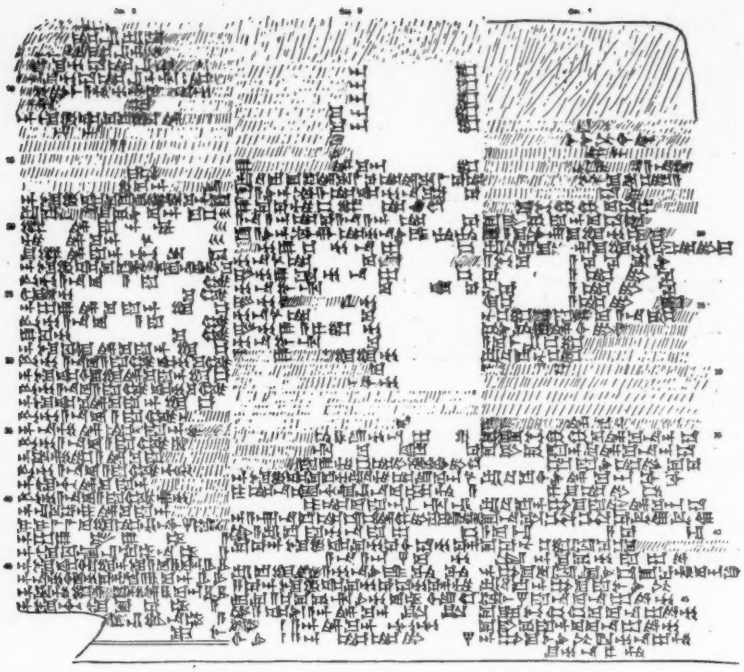
1—In the great . . . may waters *flow*. 2—Thy city may drink water in abundance. 3—Dilmun may drink water in abundance. 4—Thy pools of bitter waters as a pool of sweet waters may flow. 5—Let thy city be the home which assembles the Land of Sumer. 6—Let Dilmun be the home which assembles the Land of Sumer. 7—Now oh Sun-god shine forth. 8—Oh Sun-god in heaven stand. 9—He that marches . . . from his place. 10— . . . the Moon-god . . . 11—From the *mouth* of the earth walking forth, with sweet waters of the earth he comes unto thee." 12—In his great . . . waters went up. 13—His city drank water in abundance. 14—Dilmun drank water in abundance. 15—His pool of bitter waters was (a pool of) sweet water. 16—The lowlands . . . 17—His city was the home which assembles the Land (of Sumer). 18—Dilmun was the home which assembles the Land (of Sumer). 19—Now oh Sun-god shine forth. Verily it was so. 20—He the renderer of decision, the possessor of wisdom, 21—To Nintud the mother of the Land of Sumer, 22—Enki the possessor of wisdom, 23—Even unto Nintud (the mother of the Land of Sumer) 24—His counsel in the temple revealed. 25—His revelation in the *reed-house* as a decision he rendered unto her. 26—His counsel in secret grandly and beneficently to her he affirmed. 27—He spoke. "Unto me man enters not." 28—Enki spoke, 29—By heaven he swore. 30—"Cause him to sleep for me, cause him to sleep for me," was his word. 31—Enki the father of Damgalnunna uttered his word. 32—Ninharsag the fields . . . 33—The fields received the waters of Enki. 34—It was the first day whose month is the first. 35—It was the second day whose month is the second. 36—It was the third day whose month is the third. 37—It was the fourth day whose month is the fourth. 38—It was the fifth day [whose month is the fifth]. 39—It was the sixth day [whose month is the sixth]. 40—It was the seventh day [whose month is the seventh]. 41—It was the eighth day [whose month is the eighth]. 42—It was the ninth day whose month is the ninth; month of the cessation of the waters. 43—Like fat, like fat, like *tallow*. 44—Nintud mother of the Land. 45—[*Even Ninkurra*], 46—had created them.

OBVERSE III.

1—Nintud to the bank of the river *summoned*. 2—"Enki (for me) they are reckoned, yea are reckoned." 3—Her herald the divine anointed ones called. 4—The sons of men who were pious she was not wroth against. 5—Nintud against the pious was not wroth. 6—Her herald the divine anointed ones caused to return. 7—The sons of men who were pious she was not wroth against. 8—Nintud against the pious was not wroth. 9—My king, who was filled with fear, yea was filled with fear, 10—His *foot* alone upon the boat set. 11—Two *"humbles,"* as watchmen he placed on guard. 12—*Doubly he calked the ship; torches he lighted.* 13—Enki devastated the fields. 14—The fields received the waters of Enki. 15—It was the first day, whose month is the first. 16—It was the second day, whose month is the second. 17—It was the ninth day, whose month is the ninth; the month of the cessation of the waters. 18—Like fat, like fat, like *tallow*, 19—Ninkurra (like) fat, 20—Nintud [mother of the Land] had created them. 21—Ninkurra [to the shore of the river had *summoned*]. 22—"Enki, for me they are reckoned, yea they are reckoned."

* Translation of "A Hymn of Praise." From "Sumerian Epic of Paradise, the Flood and the Fall of Man," published by the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.





EPIC OF THE CREATION, FLOOD AND THE FALL OF MAN, IN THE ORIGINAL SUMERIAN

Reverse side of the Babylonian tablet and transcription of its hieroglyphs, translated below on this page. Photographs from the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania.

23—Her herald the divine anointed ones had called. 24—The pious sons of men she was not wroth against. 25—Ninkurra against the pious sons of men was not wroth. 26—Her herald caused the divine anointed ones to turn unto her. 27—The pious sons of men she . . . 28—Ninkurra the pious . . . 29—My king the terror filled, the terror filled, 30—His foot *alone* on the ship had set. 31—Two "*humbles*" as watchmen on guard he had placed. 32—*Doubly he had calked the ship; torches he had lighted.* 33—Enki devastated the fields. 34—The fields received the waters of Enki. 35—It was the first day whose month is the first. 36—It was the ninth day whose month is the ninth; the month of the cessation of the waters. 37—Like fat, like fat, like *tallow,* 38—Ninkurra (like) fat [had created them]. 39—To the divine Tagtug she *revealed secrets* . . . 40—Nintud to the divine Tagtug spoke. 41—"Verily I will purge thee; my purging . . . 42—I will tell thee; my words . . . 43—Oh thou one man, for me [they were reckoned, yea were reckoned]. 44—Enki, for me has reckoned [has reckoned]. 45— . . .

REVERSE I.

(About twelve lines are missing.) 13— . . . *revealed secrets* [*caused*] *to see* . . . 14— . . . 15— . . . 16— . . . in the garden . . . 17— . . . 18—[In E-baraguldu] *stand.* 19—In E-rabgaran *stand.* 20—In the temple may my guide dwell. 21—May Enki my guide dwell. 22—Two "*humbles*" who fill with water, 23—The water course filled with water. 24—The canal they filled with water. 25—The barren land they *irrigated* (?) . . . 26—The gardener . . . 27—A secret . . . 28—Who art thou? the garden . . . 29—Enki to the gardener . . . (Four lines missing.) 34— . . . 35—In E-baraguldu he stood. 36—In E-rabgaran he stood. His seat he took. 37—Enki beheld him. A scepter in his hand he grasped 38—Enki for Tagtug waited. 39—In his temple he cried, "Open the door, open the door. 40—Who is it that thou art?" 41—"I am a gardener *joyful* . . ." 42— . . . I will cause to be given unto thee. 43—The divine Tagtug with glad heart opened the temple's door. 44—Enki unto the divine Tagtug *revealed secrets.* 45—His . . . he gave unto him joyously. 46—In E-baraguldu he gave unto him. 47—In E-rabgaran he gave unto him. 48—The divine Tagtug was confided; the left hand he raised; the (right) hand he composed.

REVERSE II.

(The first six lines are obliterated.) 7— . . . 8—[The plant . . .] grew. 9—[The plant . . .] grew. 10—[The plant . . .] grew. 11—[The plant . . .] grew. 12—[The plant . . .] grew. 13—[The plant . . .] grew. 14—The plant . . . grew. 15—"Enki, for me they are reckoned, they are reckoned." 16—Her herald the divine anointed ones called. 17—As for the plants, their fates I have determined forever. 18—Something it is; something it is. 19—Her herald caused the divine anointed ones to return unto her. 20—My king as to the woody plants she commanded: 21—"He shall cut off; he shall eat." 22—My king as to the fruit bearing plants, she commanded: 23—"He shall pluck; he shall eat." 24—My king as to the . . . plants, she commanded: 25—"He shall cut off; he shall eat." 26—My king as to the prickly plants, she commanded: 27—"He shall pluck; he shall eat." 28—My king as to the plants . . . she commanded: 29—"[He shall cut off;] he shall eat." 30—[My king as to the plants . . .] she commanded: 31—"[He shall pluck; he shall eat]." 32—[My king as to the plants . . . she commanded]: 33—"[He shall cut off; he shall eat.]" 34—[My king] the cassia plant approached. 35—He plucked; he ate. 36— . . . the plant, its fate she had determined; therein she came upon it. 37—Ninharsag in the name of Enki uttered a curse. 38—"The face of life until he dies not shall he see." 39—The Anunnaki in the dust sat down (to weep). 40—Angrily unto Enlil she spoke. 41—"I Ninharsag begat thee children and what is my reward?" 42—Enlil the begetter angrily replied: 43—Thou oh Ninharsag hast begotten children, (therefore) 44—"In my city two creatures I will make for thee," shall thy name be called. 45—The *renowned*—his *head as a prototype* she had moulded. 46—His *foot as a prototype* she had designed. 47—His eyes *as a prototype* she had made luminous.

REVERSE III.

(About five lines are broken away.) 6— . . . the lord Enlil . . . 7— . . . the lord . . . 8—To . . . *they went,* the lord, god . . . 9—To . . . they went, the lord of *the gods* . . . 10— . . . 11— . . . 12—Ninharsag . . . 13— . . . 14 . . . 15— . . . 16— . . . 17— . . . 18—Ninharsag . . . 19—Of Enlil, in his . . . they reposed. 20— . . . 21—Fates they declared. 22—Destiny they fixed. 23—Ninharsag in her . . . reposed. 24—"My brother what of thee is ill?" 25—"My pastures are distressed." 26—"Abu I have created for thee." 27—"My brother what of thee is ill?" 28—"My flocks are distressed." 29—"The queen of the flocks I have created for thee." 30—"My brother what of thee is ill?" "My . . . is ill?" 31—"*Nin-KA-u-tud* I have created for thee." 32—"My brother what of thee is ill?" "My mouth is distressed." 33—"The queen who fills the mouth (with wine) I have created for thee." 34—"My brother what of thee is ill?" "My . . . is ill." 35—"The goddess *Nazi* I have created for thee." 36—"My brother what of thee is ill?" "My . . . is ill." 37—"The goddess Dazima I have created for thee." 38—"My brother what of thee is ill?" "My health is ill." 39—"The queen of life I have created for thee." 40—"My brother what of thee is ill?" "My understanding is distressed." 41—"The Lord who renders the understanding good I have created for thee." 42—Since grandly were they born, (grandly) they do. 43—Abu lord of vegetation let be. 44—Nintulla lord of Magan let be. 45—May Nin-KA-u-tud Ninazu possess. 46—May Ninkasi be she that fills the heart. 47—May Nazi the lord of . . . possess. 48—May Dazima . . . possess. 49—May Nintil be the mistress of the month. 50—May Ensagme be lord of Dilmun. 51—Praise!

THE BUSINESS WORLD

WHEN UNCLE SAM BECOMES THE WORLD'S BANKER

BY AGNES C. LAUT*

A YEAR AGO Uncle Sam hung by a hair on the edge of the worst financial abyss known to the world's history.

He had one of the largest cotton crops on record; and cotton had fallen from 11 and 12 cents a pound to 6 cents in the South—a fall of $30 a bale.

He had a large wheat crop; and War suddenly shut the sea lanes. The day war was declared by England, a leading member of the Chicago Board of Trade told me he expected to see wheat at 60 cents by Christmas.

Only the immediate close of the Stock Exchange and the issue of emergency currency prevented a panic, the slaughter of American securities on a demoralized market, and a run on every bank in the United States.

The sudden collapse of international exchange left dollars at such a discount that American travelers in Europe with drafts on foreign banks were destitute as paupers without a farthing.

German ships interned. British ships were requisitioned to the number of 1,500 by the Admiralty and Uncle Sam with less than a dozen ships of his own engaged in international trade found his harbors jammed and blockaded with exports. Wheat could not go forward. Railways at New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore, elevators at Chicago and Buffalo, wired inland buyers to cease shipments, cancel contracts and cut out all future purchases.

To put it in a line—everything came to a dead stop with a terrific jar.

Shipping stopped. Train crews were laid off. Mills stopped. Longshoremen were laid off. Banks called in loans and refused credits. Wall Street ceased to exist. Unemployment stalked the streets of every city and town in the land. Just a year ago I was in a country lawyer's office. "You are the twenty-second person to come in to-day," he said. "Of the twenty-two, twenty came for loans; and you are one of the other two." The country was as hard hit as the town.

The Hub of World Finance

ALL that was a year ago; and the world has literally turned upside down in that year. Where has the turn-over left Uncle Sam? He didn't plan this upheaval. As a matter of fact, he didn't know anything about it till it struck him; and he yelled "Murder" at the top of his lungs when he was hit.

Where has the upheaval left Uncle Sam?

It has left him the hub of the world's finance.

It has left him the world's banker.

It has turned the pound sterling down and it has turned the dollar gold up.

It has brought the nations of the world to Uncle Sam, for all that the nations of the world buy. Joseph, the least of his brethren, and Little Benjamin, whom you may call Canada if you like, have seen the world come across the Atlantic for food, for forage, for munitions, for submarines, for the very vitals of existence.

Run your eye down these brief facts:

The big cotton crop of 1915 sold within 2 cents of normal. Of the pool of millions formed by the bankers, only $28,000 was borrowed to carry cotton. Cotton carried itself.

Wheat jumped 30 cents in price—a sheer gain of $250,000,000 to the farmer.

The emergency currency has all been retired. The Stock Exchange is open and American securities are above the level before the War. It was thought European investors would pitch American securities to the wind and hasten to realize cash on them. Instead, European investors have held on to American securities as the most stable investment on earth. Please note this fact! C. P. R. stocks have been largely held in Germany. C. P. R. is a British stock. C. P. R. liners have been requisitioned for the Admiralty and are fighting Germany. Yet Germans have sold not a dollar of C. P. R. stock since the outbreak of the war.

The banks of the United States have the largest reserves of gold and surplus funds ever known.

The dollar has taken the place of the pound sterling as the basis of international exchange. Dollars are to-day the most precious currency in the world. Dollars are up. Pounds, francs, and marks are down. International trade wants its barter conducted in terms of dollars, because dollars are the only currency which may not "go broke" if the War continues.

Drowned in Gold

INSTEAD of twelve ships, Uncle Sam now has over 150 in international trade; and his exports to-day exceed those of John Bull, the big exporter of the world. Instead of having to ship gold to settle his accounts abroad, Uncle Sam is now in the position of being "drowned in gold" because he is selling abroad some billion and a half more than he is buying; and he is selling for gold.

The gold funnels of all the world's markets are turned his way.

Instead of the jar of the dead stop of a year ago, is the hum of such a coming boom that finance is almost frightened. The mills have more orders than they can fill. There is a dearth of workmen. Wall Street is literally on a financial spree; and the farmer (barring only milk and fruit) is receiving the highest prices he has known.

In a year when the whole world must be fed, Uncle Sam has the biggest crop in his history. Surely this is the Land of Luck. Or is it that He who feeds the poor receives returns a hundredfold? For however diplomats of Europe may execrate homespun, pru-



THE MISSOURIAN IN THE PANAMA CANAL
Steamships of the American-Hawaiian Line which carries lumber from Seattle up the Hudson to Poughkeepsie.

* Agnes C. Laut writes the group of entire articles for "The Business World" this month.



PREPAREDNESS FOR WORLD-TRADE—THE BUSH TERMINAL

In these terminals are combined the features of ample berths, spacious docks, warehouses, railroad yards, lofts for manufacturers, and a model

nella-gaitered, chin-whiskered Uncle Sam, that same old Sam has fed nine millions of starving Belgians for a year; and the pink-tea, monocled, plush-pantalooned, parabolic-spined diplomats, whose tongues wag "yes" at one end and "no" at the other, thank God for the privilege of stooping to kiss the old Boy's boots.

But however heaven may bless the cheerful giver, heaven works by mathematically exact laws even in finance. How does it happen that this world-convulsion has hoisted Uncle Sam clean to the top? What has happened; and what does it mean? When the war struck Uncle Sam all of a heap, and everybody took up the Lamentations of Jeremiah and went him one worse with weeps and wails, you could count on your two hands the men who saw what it meant, and got the facts out on the chessboard and saw what was coming.

The Land of Luck

FARRELL of the Steel Company said in effect: "Thanks be, at last, the war has awakened the American public to three facts before this nation can be the hub of finance: first, we must have big export trade to bring world gold this way; second, we must have an American merchant marine to carry those exports so we'll not pay out our profits in foreign freight rates; third, our banks must finance foreign trade in credits and acceptances, so that the gold of the middleman's profits —'re-exports' is the formal word—may come this way."

Bush of the big Terminals said: "What will happen is—we shall buy back our American securities from abroad with gold paid to us for things Europe must buy from us." It was Mr. Bush who pushed the campaign that passed the new Federal Reserve Banking Law permitting American banks to discount foreign acceptances and to mobilize ready funds for credit at home and abroad.

Mr. Vanderlip's bank launched a most generous campaign to extend commerce to South America.

The Morgan House went straight to London to handle the great volume of international business bound to come—to handle it only as exchange bankers.

Sir George Paish came across from England to arrange some means for this country to pay its indebtedness to Europe; and even as he came, the tide turned. Sales to Europe paid the indebtedness and left Europe prospectively indebted to this country a billion and a half. "America," he said, "is swimming in gold. The change is miraculous. The whole world of finance is at the United States' feet."

"New York may become the center of world finance," said Thomas Lamont, "and the dollar may become the basis of exchange."

Members of the Federal Reserve spoke guardedly, but if you read their statements from January to April, you will find them all predicting a flood of gold swamping the United States, with an underlying fear of inflation and speculation running riot.

What facts did these men see that enabled them to be such sure prophets?

Sales to Europe

AMERICA had to feed Europe. In one year Uncle Sam has sent $750,000,000 of food products to Europe.

In a few months the war had rendered evident what few of us had sense enough to realize. These men understood the facts. War was no longer a combination of commissariat and courage. It had become a combination of machinery, shells, and money to buy shells; in other words, of submarines, aeroplanes, machine guns of undreamed propulsive power — power to hurl projectiles accurately aimed twelve to twenty miles; of high-power explosives—explosives costing from $18 to $5,000 each; and of a long enough purse to keep on buying these things. What country had greater facilities to supply the machinery, the explosives, the credit and cash? Secret agents of the big powder and machine companies were in Europe soliciting orders by November. By January war orders totaled $200,000,000 in the United States. By the end of June they had amounted to half a billion. To April of 1916 war orders had mounted to a billion and a half.

Loans to Europe

THE next thing apparent was that the countries formerly financed in London, Berlin and Paris must be financed in the United States. The non-combatants were the first to come for loans—Sweden, Switzerland, Argentina. Then came the belligerents—France, Russia, Germany for straight loans; and the question confronting England was how to pay for the huge war orders and food supplies without stripping herself of gold. By July the loans to warring nations had totaled $125,000,000 to the Allies, $10,000,000 to Germany, about $125,000,000 to non-combatants; and since July, France has arranged another credit of $20,000,000 and England has shipped across about $100,000,000 of securities and gold coin to meet her obligations



SYSTEM, SOUTH BROOKLYN, NEW YORK HARBOR
city for workers. The docks employ 2,000 men, the factories and offices 10,000 people, and the terminals support a model city of 50,000.

in the United States, and Canada has borrowed $40,000,000 for public works. But two or three other influences had come in play.

First, the total war bill for a year had reached the colossal figure of 25 billion dollars for all the warring nations — more than all the combined national debts of the warring nations, more than all the combined investment incomes of the warring nations; and the war seemed farther from settlement at the end of a year than at the outbreak. Whether you were pro-Ally or pro-German, you could not look at those totals and not know that if the war continued, half the world would go totally "broke." Which half? That was the rub. However generous Uncle Sam might be as a giver, he was not going in for gold bricks. He was not going in for financing war debts that might be repudiated—that, in fact, *must be repudiated* if the war continued. Read history of former wars; and all former wars were as child's play compared to this one! After the Thirty Years' War some of the nations had to tax their people seven-tenths of their income to pay for the big war bill. If that was so of past picayune wars, what of this world-war costing more in life and cash than all other world wars put together? The investor in foreign paper became chary. Somebody's paper was bound to prove worthless. So when one foreign loan was floated in the United States without the collateral of American stocks and bonds, only three-fifths of that loan sold. When the same country placed a credit here of $20,000,000 secured by American stocks and bonds dollar for dollar — that foreign paper could be sold, discounted, exchanged in the money markets.

Combined then were the factors that the war was bound "to break" financially one-half the world and that American investors would not take foreign paper unless it was secured by (1) immediate shipment of gold (2) or American stocks and bonds.

Dollar Exchange

FOUR results could easily be predicted:

Gold began pouring this way.

Because foreigners must have American stocks and bonds to make good their borrowings, they began buying American stocks and bonds.

Price levels here began to jump.

We were in the current of a boom before we knew which way the tide ran.

Also the dollar went to a premium. It became the most valuable and dependable form of currency in the world.

It is no use saying to what Exchange fell against foreign currency; for it is changing every day, and at time of writing, it is falling every day. That is, an American dollar is now worth $1.05 in London, $1.16 in Paris, $1.18 in Germany, $1.34 in Russia or Austria. When the Englishman buys $1 worth from us, at time of writing he pays $1.05. When Russia buys $1 worth from us, she pays $1.34. So when Canada looked about for a new national loan, instead of going to London as formerly, she came to New York and saved a million in exchange. Also when Italy saw what was happening to Exchange—$1 here was worth about $1.16 in Italy—she cancelled her wheat orders in America, in the hope that the Dardanelles would fall and she could obtain her supply where Exchange was not so heavily against her.

Well, what does this mean to the average man? How is he benefited by Uncle Sam banking for all the earth? It is quite plain how the farmer benefits when horses go up 25% and wheat 30%. It is quite plain how the artisan benefits in war munition orders of a billion and a half; for the hand worker receives two-thirds of returns on factory prices; but where does the man or woman come in who is not a farmer and is not a skilled mechanic?

Dollar Exchange means more than boom with a capital B.

Dollar Exchange means more than the whole country falling on its marrow-bones in worship of Wall Street's golden calf.

Dollar Exchange means more than a rake-off between 1 and 2% to the big bankers.

Dollar Exchange means more than the world coming to America for bread as the world went down into Egypt for corn.

"Well," says the average man, "what am I to do? Gather up a swag of dollars and cart 'em across and sell 'em to Russia for $1.34 of Russian goods?"

You can if you want to. That is exactly why such hosts of commercial salesmen and scouts are spying out chances in Archangel and Vladivostok. That is why a sharp woman-sales-"man" had a young man named Swaboda bagged as a spy. They were both bound to Russia to sell the very same thing—tents and tent kits. He knew the language and she didn't or something; and she howled "spy" and had him bagged in Paris, while she ran on to Russia and made the sale; but you needn't do that to benefit by Dollar Exchange. You will benefit just as well by sitting tight on your job at home. How?

Effect in Grain

WE'LL suppose you are a grain dealer. Who pays the freight? "Simple as A B C" you say, "the buyer pays the freight." Hold on a minute! Does he? Don't judge by present conditions; for as long as the sea lanes are perilous and the Dardanelles bottle up Russian grains conditions are abnormal. Take figures before the war! Why was wheat higher in Liverpool than in New York, in New York than in Chicago, and in Chicago higher than in St. Paul, and in St. Paul higher than in South Dakota or Alberta? "Because," you answer, "the price of wheat is determined by the world supply and demand; and the world markets are Liverpool or London; and the differences in prices are exactly the freights and commissions to those world markets." In a very amateurish way each year I raise a little Alberta wheat in New York State. I have many friends in Alberta and Saskatchewan and Dakota who raise wheat. Tho this wheat is superior to mine owing to the long sunlight of more northern latitudes, I always secure a price higher than theirs by 30 to 40 cents a bushel—the difference in freight in summer, when navigation is open on the lakes, and winter when it is closed. That is, it costs me 5 cents to reach New York market and 3 to 5 cents to reach Liverpool. It costs them 40 to 50 cents to reach Liverpool. When they receive 80 cents a bushel, I receive $1.25; so tho the buyer seems to pay the freight, he doesn't. It is deducted from the seller's returns.

What has Dollar Exchange to do with that?

World Markets

JUST this—when the dollar is the standard of exchange, the Land of the Dollar becomes the world market. Instead of going to Europe to sell our wheat and cotton and furs and copper and beef and machinery, we shall see Europe coming to America to buy our products. That is what is happening now. If the seller is going to sell to a land whose currency is depreciated, he is going to charge sufficient to cover that difference in currency. We'll suppose he sells wheat to Austria where $1 is worth $1.34. Very well, your American seller wants $1.34 for his $1 wheat; so the buyer comes here; and this becomes the world market.

This has already happened in wheat. Formerly Liverpool and London regulations governed wheat. Drafts were on London and Liverpool at 60 and 90 days. Since dollars went up, the grain dealers of Canada and the United States have organized; and their regulations rule the market. Grain is sold here, not in Liverpool; and cash payment is made in New York. World prices are paid here; and the seller is saved the Atlantic freight to world markets. The same of cotton, of fur, of copper, of all world staples, which this country raises.

The Wealth of Re-Exports

BUT Dollar Exchange goes deeper. Did you ever try to think why England is the richest nation on earth? We say because she controls the sea and so draws to herself the world's traffic. That is, her bankers and dealers are the middlemen for the whole earth's traffic. Remember that to the marts of England come the products of all climes. On her exchange they are sold. On her exchange the supplies of the world and demands of the world are posted and the prices arranged as those supplies and demands balance up. This is true of wheat, of cotton, of fur, of tobacco, of zinc, of silver, of lead.

Having bought the world's supply, England then proceeds to resell to the world.

What is raw material, she manufactures and resells. What is food, she resells. And she takes toll of profit both going and coming. This is what is meant by re-exports. This is the toll that makes England rich—the toll on world traffic in daily bartering and profit. England takes the toll because she is a world market.

For instance, the re-exports of London equal the value of all the wheat sent from America in our most prosperous years. London's re-exports give her a harvest greater than 50,000,000 acres of American wheat. The re-exports of Liverpool exceed the value of all the wheat sent from Canada; and the re-exports take place in England because England has been a world market.

When Dollar Exchange brings world markets to Uncle Sam, these profits will come to the United States. That is what it means to the average man when Uncle Sam becomes the world's banker.

AMERICAN SHIPS AND SHIPPING—THE MERCHANT MARINE QUESTION

ONE of the questions asked frequently during the trouble with Germany over the torpedoing of British ships was—why do Americans endanger the peace of this country by traveling on foreign ships? Why don't they travel on American ships and so avoid endangering themselves and their country?

The reason is a very simple one for people who have been advocating an American Merchant Marine for fifty years. It is still simpler for people who have been so indifferent to an American Merchant Marine for fifty years that they simply do not know that the United States has next to no passenger ships.

The answer is—*people do not travel on American ships because there are pretty nearly no American passenger*



HUGE DUTTON YARDS AT POUGHKEEPSIE

The lumber is from Seattle. Ship-carrying from the Pacific coast through Panama and up the rivers of the Atlantic coast to inland cities without breaking bulk, is bound to revolutionize the lumber-trade of the coast.

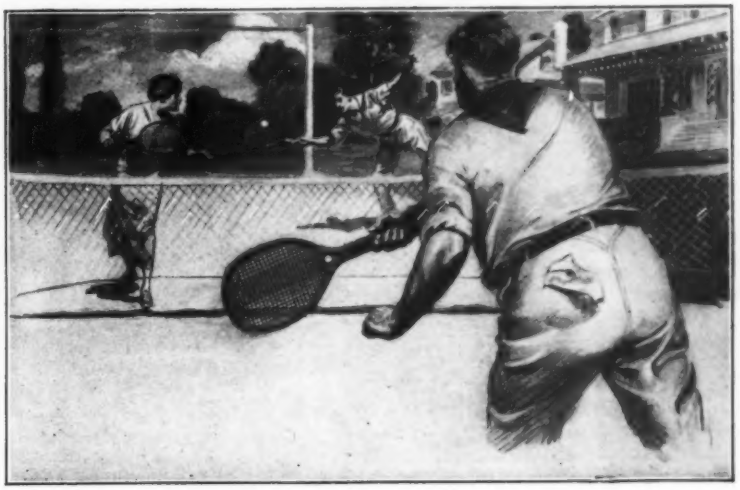
ships crossing the Atlantic. To be explicit, when the war broke out, there was only one all-American passenger line plying the Atlantic. It ordinarily ran one to two ships a week. Another line had a subsidiary company with two ships under the American flag; but they had been diverted to Panama traffic. These liners were old-fashioned, slow-goers. I do not think the largest of them—and I have traveled on two—carries 1,000 people. When you distribute the possible supply of say six or eight such ships among harbors that ordinarily require passenger accommodation for 200,000 people a year—it is quite plain that Uncle Sam had not the ships to take care of even the restricted travel of war times.

When the Ship Registry Bill, rushed through in the first emergency of war, permitted foreign-built ships to come under the American flag, something over 150 ships all told to date came under the Stars and Stripes; but 90% of these are freighters of 5,000 tons and under, of a construction for freight almost impossible to be remodeled for passengers. Besides war has brought such abnormal freights for ocean traffic, that the moderate-sized freighter which can charter out at from $49,000 to $55,000 a month is not going to remodel for a few hundred passengers paying under $100 each for passage.

How the Seaman's Bill Hurt

WHILE the Ship Registry Bill permitted foreign-built ships to come under the American flag, the Seaman's Bill discussed for the last two years and rushed through Congress under great pressure threatens to drive the American flag off the seas just as soon as the abnormal freight rates drop. The Seaman's Bill has increased the cost of operating American vessels 60 per cent. On the Atlantic, where Oriental labor does not enter in competition and freights are far higher, the effect was not so drastic; but on the Pacific, where American vessels run in competition with highly subsidized Japan and Canadian lines, the Seaman's Bill simply drove the great American passenger lines out of existence. When your ship costs 40% more than the Jap's or the Canadian's, and you have to pay $50 a month wages where he pays $10 and $15, and your ship draws no subsidy and your rivals draw subsidies all the way from $100,000 a year to $350,000, it isn't hard to predict what will happen. Mr. Schwerin of the Pacific Mail and Mr. Hill of the Great Northern warned the Congressional Committee exactly what the Act would do. So did Robert Dollar of the great freight line. La Follette answered that such argument was only propaganda

A Youngster at Fifty



A man is as old as he feels—and whether he feels old at fifty or young at sixty depends upon the food he eats, the exercise he takes and the habits that govern his social intercourse and business activity. To keep the body young and active and the mind alert and buoyant, cut out heavy, high proteid foods and eat Shredded Wheat with fruits and vegetables.

Shredded Wheat

contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. It represents the last word in scientific preparation of the whole wheat grain for the human stomach. It contains everything needed for the building of the perfect human body—a food for youngsters and grown-ups.



Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve. Try one or more of the delicious little loaves of baked wheat for breakfast with milk or cream. Serve for lunch or supper with sliced bananas, peaches, berries or other fruits.

The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

EDISON DAY
OCTOBER 21st





In Millions of Homes the Country O'er

—the fullest appreciation of Edison's invention of the incandescent lamp is now based on the bright, white brilliance of its successor of the present day—the EDISON MAZDA LAMP.

Three times as economical to operate as your old-style carbon lamps, your greatest saving comes when you put EDISON MAZDAS in every socket.

Make your home radiant with the three times greater brilliance of EDISON MAZDA. Your lighting company or nearest Edison agent will gladly help you choose sizes best suited to your needs.

EDISON DAY—October 21st—is the 36th anniversary of the invention of the incandescent lamp. Thirty-six years' experience in lamp making is summed up in the EDISON MAZDA LAMP of today.



EDISON LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
General Sales Office, Harrison, N.J. Agencies Everywhere
5676

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CURRENT OPINION, 134 West 29th Street, New York City

against the Seaman's Bill. The steamship men retorted that propaganda or no propaganda, they could no more operate with the loss which this law would cause than a sieve could hold water. The loss would put them out of business. It has. The Pacific Mail has sold its five magnificent passenger vessels to an Atlantic company; and San Francisco loses the $5,000,000 yearly spent there by this line. The Great Northern is withdrawing the *Minnesota* from the Pacific at a loss of half a million a year to Seattle. The British Admiralty has requisitioned the best British and Canadian steamers formerly on the Pacific; so that *the net result to the Pacific of the Seaman's Bill to date is that Japan now controls Pacific traffic;* and Japan is vigorously pushing new steamship lines. So is China. Also Japan is passing steamship regulations calculated to make an American business man sit up. One example! No sooner was the Seaman's Bill ordered to go in force on November of 1915 than Japan put over an innocent little regulation that in future preference should be given in Japanese ships to Japanese cargoes. Now we'll suppose that an American tramp, or charter line, like Norton-Lilly's many ships, goes to Vladivostok with forty or fifty steamer loads of Russian cargo. Ocean traffic only pays when there is a cargo both ways. The steamers load up what they can pick up in Russia and come on down to China and Japan. Surely Japan's regulation will force independent shippers to independent lines! Japan's lines give special preferences to Japanese cargo and products. What other kind of cargo do you suppose exists in Japan? While war freights and war rates last, other lines may intrude on the Pacific with outbound cargo; but it is a pretty even bet that during the war all cargo *from* the Orient will be handled by the Japanese; and of all cargo *to* the Orient, purely war cargoes will be handled by outsiders. After the war, if the Seaman's Bill stands you may write the word Japanese across the whole Pacific Ocean except U. S. Coastal trade from which foreign ships are excluded.

What the Bill Aimed At

NOW it may be frankly acknowledged the backers of the Seaman's Bill did not foreese these results. They thought the Seaman's Bill would force the unionizing of foreign crews. How? Because the Seaman's Bill modified two or three points. Sailors must henceforth be "able seamen" of several years' experience. That made for solidarity of union. "Scabs" could not be taken as pick-ups and substitutes.

Men of three years' experience would be likely to be union men. Next, foreign ships could no longer arrest deserters in U. S. harbors. Foreign ships must pay their men's wages to date in American harbors; and if the men deserted for the higher scale of wages in the United States, they could not be arrested. This is the section that conflicts with so many marine treaties. And the final triumph was to throw out cheap Oriental labor, which practically dominates the Pacific; for 75% of the crew must speak English. It is impossible to pick up cheap coolie labor that speaks English. Therefore, the backers of the Bill argued—the act would unionize labor on the seas of the world; for the ships of all seas do their most profitable traffic with the United States.

The Sale of Pacific Liners

BECAUSE Congress is determined to forward a merchant marine and because there is no man who so richly deserves a square deal as a sailor and who more frequently gets a dirty deal — these arguments prevailed with Congress; and the Seaman's Law was enacted. And the fact is—the thing has not worked out. A cog has slipped somewhere. Times are abnormal. Freights are the highest known to history. Yet one line sacrifices $7,000,000 worth of ships; and another line sacrifices $2,000,000 of property; and both lines need the ships to handle their through freight to the Orient. The sale is practically an abandonment of Asiatic traffic to the Canadian railroads and the Japanese steamers. Mr. La Follette can hardly call this propaganda. Business men don't indulge in propaganda that loses $9,000,000—the cost of ships and terminals—at a slap and wipes out through traffic. To be sure, Panama lines will absorb much through traffic to the Orient at a figure lower than anything possible to the railroads; but Panama traffic has already shown that high-priced freight such as silks, teas, citrous fruits and goods for retail will by preference take to the fast rail against cheaper slower steamers. Bulk freight like flour, wheat, lumber, cement, steel will take to water when it can; and this is the sort of freight the Pacific Mail and Great Northern have passed over to Canadian and Japanese lines, when they sold the connecting link of their steamers.

The Result to Labor

THE bill was passed to help labor, especially on the Pacific. What has been the net result to labor on the Pacific? *The sailor's job has been passed over as a present to the*

The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath

By C. G. Percival, M. D.

DO you know that over three hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons, for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to every one.

In the first place, every physican realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided——

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon——

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector —just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure, as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York *Times:*

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestine has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease.

"Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was jointed to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints, is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is no doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known——

For it is not possible to conceive, until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties. There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L." Cascade, and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it. Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., 134 West 65th Street, New York City, and mention having read this in CURRENT OPINION.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that every one who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

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Jap. Shipping men say the Bill is only another example of legislating the American flag off the seas. What the shipping men want is to be left alone—not coddled and pampered and pap-fed with subsidy and trussed and tied and hampered with regulations. They say they have been regulated to death. What they want is the freedom they had from 1815 to 1850, when American clippers scoured the seas of the world and every first family had a son before the mast learning the job of skipper. To-day, when kid-glove regulations provide as to wages, as to space, as to food, as to hours of labor, to help the sailor, sons of first families no longer serve apprenticeship to the sea. In the days when there were no regulations but to be a man and sail into the teeth of the roaring forties, the way to swiftest rise and greatness was by the sea. What the shippers want is to be left alone; and just when the Ship Registry Law relaxed and let in foreign-built ships, the Seaman's Bill put up a barrier and drove Pacific ships out. Just when shipping for the first time since the Civil War promised big enough profits to attract capital, the Administration again suggests a government line.

No Shortage of Ships for Exports

THE argument for the government line is to provide ships for America's increasing exports. Last session the Ship Purchase Bill was defeated. Yet Uncle Sam succeeded in putting across the biggest volume of exports in his history—$2,768,000,000 for 1915, $600,000,000 more than England; so that lack of a Ship Purchase Bill can hardly be said to be holding back American exports.

Still, the day of American exports has come. As Farrell says exports must have ships; and the American public has awakened to the need of an American Merchant Marine. We no longer say, "Let the other nations do the carrying; what is Europe to us?" We know now it isn't "What is Europe to us?" It's "What are we to Europe?" And that awakened demand of the American public for a merchant fleet is what rouses the Administration to effort. The thing for the American public to see is that well-intentioned effort does not run amuck as it did in the Seaman's Bill. Experience, not theory, is the best guide in such matters.

What do men say who have built up big American lines—cargo lines, of course; for there is only one big passenger line in the United States; and it is a pigmy compared to foreign lines?

American-Hawaiian Success

THE American-Hawaiian is the best example of this in the United States to-day. It has been built up without subsidy or that over-capitalization that wrecked two big marine projects in the last ten years. The Dearborns were in the clipper trade in the fifties. In fact, counting the latest born of this sea-faring line, there are four generations of the Dearborns alive and engaged in shipping to-day. Undoubtedly, the practical experience in the very blood was the prime factor of success. When the Spanish War broke out, it was apparent there would be great cargoes of sugar. Also, when the new railroad went across Tehuantepec, a steamship service would be required east to west. Please note—the one thing the Dearborns were looking out for was cargo both going and coming. Other steamship men at this time were looking for subsidies and new regulations and inflated capital. The American-Hawaiian cautiously issued stock only to half the value of its capital; and its bond issue was so small, that it has since been retired by proceeds from ship earnings. If you have followed marine ventures in the United States, you will know that the two biggest marine collapses in the last ten years resulted from magnificent properties being waterlogged and swamped with bonds. The American-Hawaiian's terminals to-day exceed in cash outlay its capital. Its steamship valuation is five times the value of its capital. By 1900 the American-Hawaiian had four steamers. To-day, it has 28, and pays monthly tolls to Panama of $100,000. All but four of the steamers are oil burners. Three barrels of oil at 75 cents, they estimate equal to one ton of coal at $6, not counting the saving of two-thirds in engine hands.

The American-Hawaiian began with just two advantages, which may be frankly stated. It was launched by experienced men—men experienced in ships, not in high finance and fine-spun theory. Also, they operated under the Coastal Law that excluded foreign ships. To-day, they have 14 ships in coastal traffic, 9 under charter for transatlantic trade and 5 plying to South America. That is, under Coastal traffic they built up strength to compete with the shipping of the world.

I asked President George Dearborn what he thought of the status of marine affairs to-day.

President Dearborn's Views

ABNORMAL, absolutely abnormal to-day," he answered. "The war has opened a great opportunity in Atlantic and South American trade; but Panama and Pacific traffic is in a state of transition, of which no one can guess the end. Our rates on the Atlantic are abnormally high; but so are the risks. From South America, we are carrying nitrates. As to Panama, the railroads are applying for permission to reduce their rates and have a free hand to meet water competition, the very thing the Panama Act was designed to prevent. We are fighting their application, of course! Lumber promises one of the biggest revolutions in Coast to Coast traffic. We are carrying 5 million feet of lumber a load, or 7,500 tons, or 250 car-loads right from the Northwest Pacific Coast without breaking bulk up the Hudson to the great Dutton Yards in Poughkeepsie. Formerly, on rough lumber, the rail rate was prohibitory. Robert Dollar's line has a contract to carry Pacific Coast lumber from British Columbia through Panama right inland to Toronto at $9 a thousand. Nitrates, we can carry from South America to Hampton Roads in 14 days for $12 a ton. Ships to-day give a rate of $21 a ton on wheat from Portland to Europe. While we receive some freight from the Middlewest for the Pacific by Atlantic ports, the bulk of package freight inland is from east of Chicago."

"What was the aim of the Seaman's Law?"

"To put the operations of foreign ships on an equality with us as to labor. To unionize the crews of the world.

(*Continued on page 283.*)



NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

make an irresistible appeal to the palate. These bewitching dessert confections are made for the joyful occasion, the social gathering, the feast.

ANOLA—Delicious wafers of chocolate-flavored goodness; crisp baking outside, smooth cream filling inside, chocolate-flavored throughout. The taste is unique, the form is inviting, and the occasions upon which they can be appropriately served are without number.

ADORA—Another dessert confection invariably popular with the hostess. These little wafers are pleasing to look upon, entrancing to the taste, whether served with dessert or eaten as a confection.

FESTINO—Their resemblance to an actual almond is most attractive. FESTINO conceals beneath the delicate shells an enticing sweetened, almond-flavored filling.

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You must surely realize, now, that the Cadillac dominates the quality class "by right of conquest."

Time was when it was surrounded by clamorous contenders for a share of Cadillac success.

Of all these ambitious aspirants, not one remains—they have all descended into a lower price-class.

The Cadillac has maintained its price and at the same time has held the loyalty and allegiance of an intelligent following which has steadily grown larger as the years advanced.

It has maintained its own class, and drawn from all classes—attracting by its inimitable performance those who have paid much more than the Cadillac price, and those who have paid less.

The time is at hand for the complete fulfillment of the ideal upon which this business was built.

That ideal was the production of a car of the highest quality, at a price more moderate than any then known.

We said, then, that we would demonstrate that it was not necessary to pay more for such a car than the Cadillac would ask.

Ask yourself if the Cadillac "Eight" has not brought about the consummation of that ideal?

How many cars remain which you would willingly and instinctively consider worthy of comparison with the new Cadillac Eight?

It is firmly established in the esteem of the nation as the highest known type of quality.

In the number of parts and operations refined to an accuracy of one-thousandth and the half of one-thousandth of an inch, it is accepted as the world's standard.

Its engineering pre-eminence is universally conceded.

It is the one car in the world which has *demonstrated* the efficiency and stability of its V-type engine to the satisfaction of more than 15,000 users.

In the opinion of tens of thousands of discriminating motorists, it represents the very uttermost in steadiness, in smoothness and quietness — the very uttermost in efficiency at high speed or low speed — the very uttermost in everything that constitutes luxurious motoring.

In announcing its purpose years ago, this Company said that the Cadillac would create a new standard of automobile values.

The very phrase itself has passed into automobile English and become a part of the language of the industry.

But the Cadillac has translated the phrase into practice and made it come true in the most literal sense of the word.

The Cadillac is in very fact the standard of the world.

Styles and Prices

Standard Seven passenger car, Five passenger Salon and Roadster, $2080. Three passenger Victoria, $2400. Five passenger Brougham, $2950. Seven passenger Limousine, $3450. Berlin, $3600. Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

The results have not been to accomplish that—but to put white crews off the Pacific."

"Why, with the high profits in shipping at the present time, is capital timid about marine ventures?"

"Because it compares the operating expenses here and abroad. Our operating expenses are 40 to 60% higher, and our earnings are the same as for the foreigner. The sea is the world's highway. You can't regulate the sea. We don't want the standard of living for our sailors lowered; and the only remedy is what the New York Board of Trade recommended last winter—for some federal board—similar to the Federal Reserve—to equalize cost by granting financial facilities for capital. This is not a grab bag. This is not a subsidy. It is a government guarantee behind marine securities."

"How about the provision in the Seaman's Law for able seamen—for a man to have served a long apprenticeship before he receives his card as able seaman?"

"It is unnecessary under the present operation of ships. On the old clipper, every man who could reef a sail had in a measure to be able to handle a ship. To-day, with oil engines, the sailors' duties are practically the same as a hotel boy's, or to keep the vessel ship shape; to clean decks; to help handle freight. Machinery has passed his old duties over to skilled hands. A boy to-day can learn his sea duties in three weeks, where it formerly took him three years to learn to handle a sailing vessel. The ships cannot stand the expense in competition with Oriental labor; and the men will not put in the time."

When I asked Mr. Dearborn what he thought of the Law, he hadn't any opinion. He simply pointed to the facts, that the big Pacific lines could not operate under it: one had sold five ships to the Atlantic lines and one ship to a Japanese line; and the other line was going out of commission. Why talk about what you or I think with facts before our eyes?



"Just see how the moths have ruined this coat. I thought I cleaned it thoroughly before putting it away."



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Prevents moth ravages!

ARCO WAND Cleaner will suction away all insect eggs, larvae and moth breeders from furs and winter clothing. This is the best preventative against damage and should be done just before storing away. The ARCO WAND is a thousand times more efficient and easy than the tiring old-time beating and brushing, and is done like play.

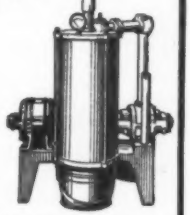
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The ARCO WAND is unexcelled for all housework—the most delicate woman can handle and direct the magical cleaning wand without fatigue. A few gentle strokes instantly clean carpets, rugs, draperies, portieres, mattresses, pillows, clothing, furs, upholstery, furniture, crevices, corners, mouldings, drawers, ceilings, walls, etc. No lifting, no pushing, no hard physical labor as in old fashioned methods of cleaning.

This permanent, unfailing Cleaner at $150

Noiseless—nothing to get out of order; extremely simple. Costs less than a penny a day to run it. *Old* or new buildings outfitted in a jiffy. ARCO WANDS are proving great successes in homes, apartments, churches, schools, stores, hotels, hospitals, restaurants, libraries, clubs, theaters, barns, garages, etc., for the past four years under most severe tests. Every machine is backed by our reputation and *full guarantee*. Write for free catalog. Public showrooms in all large cities.



Machine is set in basement or side-room. A suction pipe runs to each floor. ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaners, hose and tools, are sold by all Heating and Plumbing Trade, in sizes at $150 up. Price does not include labor, connections and freight.

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WHAT TERMINALS MEAN IN THE NEW ERA

SO far it looks as if all Uncle Sam would have to do is knit his hands across a lapful of money bags and smile broadly over his Land of Luck. But if you look a bit deeper you will find that Liverpool and London didn't do any self-gratulating till they had perfected harbors. Exports are going out; and gold is pouring in; and Dollar Exchange is here; and Uncle Sam is girding himself to beg, borrow or steal, or better still, build up a merchant marine. But Dollar Exchange won't last if all the advantages in a premium on dollars are offset by the excessive and useless charges of bad terminals. A merchant marine without ample terminals is like a telephone wire without a receiver. All the ships of the Seven Seas are useless to a nation if cheap water rates are lost in bad and expensive harbors.

Re-Exports and Terminals

LONDON has an enormous re-export trade because she has terminals to take care of the traffic of the world coming to her. Liverpool makes more on re-exports than Canada makes on her annual wheat crop, because Liverpool has a harbor to take care of all the commerce coming to her.

Yet the average American is bored stiff if you say the word "terminals" to him. What do they matter anyway? That is, the Eastern American is bored. Not so the Southerner, or the Westerner! The Southerner realizes if he can provide better terminals than the Atlantic Seaboard, Middle-West freight will move to Europe by Gulf instead of Atlantic ports. Consequently, every Southern port from Pensacola and Mobile to New Orleans and Galveston, is laying plans for as perfect terminals as can be built. New Orleans and Galveston can already boast of magnificent docks and wharfs. Likewise the Pacific Coast. Now that Panama is open, why send Pacific products abroad by way of Atlantic ports? So every



Don't be a slave to your stenographer!

Those last ten letters you want to dictate — but your stenographer is going home.

Well, it serves you right. You wouldn't be racing against the clock if you didn't pin your faith on shorthand. Chances are you and your stenographer both would get through the day's mail hours earlier if you weren't dubbing along, writing every letter twice—once in shorthand and once on the typewriter.

You are to blame for the system that makes your stenographer waste hours every day taking dictation and waiting to take it—hours that cost you money—when you could make them earn money by letting your stenographer spend every minute producing finished typewriting.

Common sense! Well, wherever other progressive business men get around to considering this letter-writing question they discard the time-wasting, inefficient shorthand system. They dictate to the Dictaphone.

Reach for your telephone and call up the Dictaphone. Arrange for a demonstration in your own office on your own work. If you don't find that name in the book write to

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FREE

Western harbor from Los Angeles to Seattle is building and perfecting fine harbor systems.

In the East, harbors like Topsy have unfortunately "just growed." No one could foresee that the harbors of the Atlantic would be called on to handle greater traffic than London or Hamburg. The dead hand of private holdings crowded to the very water-front. The railroads to reach seaboard bought a patch here, a patch there. Atlantic ports are to-day a deplorable patchwork. Raw freight from the West comes in on the West Side to be carted to a factory on the East Side, whence it is often carted back to the West Side to be re-shipped in manufactured form inland. Tho New York has nearly 600 miles of deep-sea waterfront, the city owns only a little over 100 miles; and other Atlantic ports own a still smaller proportion of their water-front.

Port Commission

IT is perhaps a sign of hope that the New York Board of Estimates has named a Port Commission to study out how to equip New York for the great part she must play in foreign commerce, and if the average man wants to know what interest he has in terminals, let him brood on these facts:

Living is higher in New York than elsewhere solely because congestion has reached the point where it hoists rents, food, fuel, cost of clothing, everything a family eats, wears, uses.

It costs more to bring a barrel of flour from the train to your house in New York than to ship it from the West to New York.

It costs more to haul a load of lumber from ship-side in New York to your house, which is building, than to pay the freight on that lumber from Seattle through Panama.

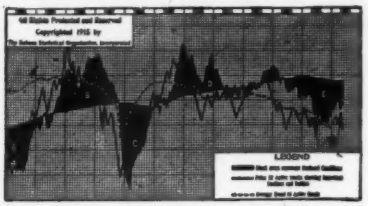
It costs more to "board" a ship at her berth in New York than to operate her across the Atlantic.

Congestion in New York costs the loss of one life a day year in and year out.

When you figure all this up in dollars and cents, I believe the scientific way to express it is—handling-expenses at terminals equal railway charges for 250 miles.

What Perfect Terminals Are

THERE is only one way to keep port charges low—terminals must keep rail and ship side by side, so that there is no superfluous handling. Warehouses must align rail and dock, so that trucks will not have to haul freight for miles through crowded city streets. Factories must adjoin warehouses, so that the railroad delivering the raw material shall carry the finished product out. Offices for the sale of the product must adjoin the factories and last—living quarters—an



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ideal city must provide homes for the armies of workers on the terminals.

The requirements of a world port—such a port as will keep Dollar Exchange in America—really entail the planning of a model city. London and Liverpool have accomplished this only as to docks and warehouses. Hamburg has gone a step farther and provides a model city for the workers and for emigrants in transit. Oddly enough, in America, the land of neglected ports, is the best example of model terminals in the world. They occupy what was a sand lot for dumped tomato cans a few years ago; but a young man with a vision inherited the sand lots. He was Irving T. Bush of South Brooklyn. When only a clerk in Standard Oil offices, he saw or thought he saw coming to the United States what has materialized to-day—such colossal world commerce as utterly to swamp port facilities of the United States.

Bush Terminals

WHEN he confided his thoughts to business men they smiled, for Bush was very young, under twenty-five. His vision was nothing more or less than an absolutely model city of absolutely perfect terminals, built on those sand lots, where an old farm shed sloped under a blasted tree down to the tomato cans. At one sweep Bush saw growing up on those sand lots spacious docks, cement and concrete warehouses, fire-proof all-windowed factories and offices, and a net-work of railroads connecting ship-side with factory. Behind "the plant" was to be a model city of dwellings. At one sweep Bush brushed away the evils of trucking, dangerous streets, delay, sweat-shops, bad housing, high handling-charges. He saw silent electric hoists swinging cargoes out of the holds of ships from every sea in the world. He saw silent electric locomotives shooting the cargo from ship-side to factory. He saw elevators taking car-loads to top lofts in a handful. He saw the railroads of the continent shunting away with car-loads of freight, shuttles that weave the warp and woof of commerce in a harbor.

Realizing a Vision

AND what Bush owned were dirty sand lots with a farm shack sloping to a dump hole full of back-water stench. Do you wonder business men told him to run and play and act the general fool that a rich young man is supposed to be? Bush dredged, and he paid only half as much as the city paid for its dredging. He built his slips, his piers, his docks, his warehouses—15 acres in area some of the docks are: but the business was to induce railroads and



The Man in the Multitude

That the human voice may be transmitted across our continent by telephone is the marvel of this age of wonders. Yet the full significance of the achievement is not realized if it is considered strictly as a coast-to-coast connection.

The Transcontinental Line not only bridges the country from east to west, but, by having finally overcome the great barrier of distance, it has removed the last limitation of telephone communication between all the people of the nation.

This means that the voice can be sent not only from New York to San Francisco, but from *anywhere* to *anywhere*—even from *any one* to *any one*—in the United States.

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To bring this about, the Bell System has spent years and millions, extending its lines everywhere, anticipating the ultimate triumph. It has had the foresight and the courage to unite this great country, community by community, into one telephone neighborhood.

With success achieved by the Transcontinental Line, the established Bell highways make you, wherever you are, the near neighbor of your farthest-away fellow citizen.

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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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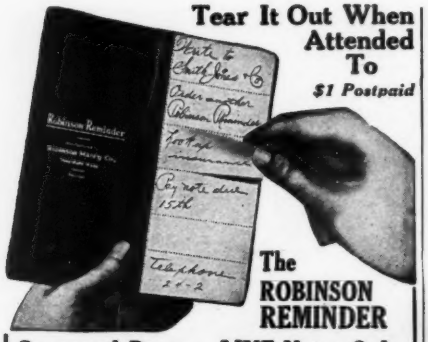
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FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** to cream on toast, **CRABMEAT** for Newburg or deviled, **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

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ships to use his piers. "Bush Terminals? Who ever heard of them? Oh, yes, that was where a young visionary with the plunks to gratify a whim had built piers and other tommy-rot! Well, let them rot! Did he think the big railroads and ships would change routes? Lots of moss growing on docks in America for lack of use! Bah!" and the agents of the big companies hung up their telephones or told



IRVING BUSH

The designer and creator of the most perfect terminals in the world.

the office boy to say they were too busy to see any one.

So was Bush. He was what you might call very busy thinking; but he wasn't thinking of being stumped. He sent a young man, whom he paid $15 a week, West to buy hay—hay here, there, everywhere, in big lots and little lots. Hay was dear East and cheap West. He stood to make money in hay if not in terminals. Then those Eastern railroads began receiving offers of big shipments of hay routed "Bush Terminals." They began to hear of "Bush Terminals" all right. The wires kept them awake at night. If there were so many demands to route Bush Terminals, there must be such a fool place somewhere on the map. One railroad wired back: "Accept shipment! Go ahead." To-day fifty railroads route to Bush Terminals, not because Bush bluffed them into it, but because the handling of freight there is the cheapest, quickest and easiest in the world.

Mr. Bush had a similar fight to start ships coming his way. This time he bought bananas; for you know bananas have to be rushed. To-day you can see thirty different shipping lines berthed at the Bush slips. Warehouses, offices and factory followed. The docks employ 2,000 men, the factories and offices 10,000 people. The terminals support

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—if you only knew *how* **well! I build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; teach you how to breathe, to stand, walk and relieve such ailments as**

Nervousness, Torpid Liver, Constipation, Indigestion, Etc.

One pupil writes: "I weigh 83 pounds less, and I have gained wonderfully in strength."

Another says: "Last May I weighed 100 pounds, this May I weigh 125 and oh! I feel SO WELL."

Won't you sit down and write now for my interesting booklet? You are welcome to it. It is FREE. Don't wait, you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft

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a model city of 50,000, with its own nurses, its own library, its own restaurant, its own doctors, its own houses. At the Terminals you may see cotton manufactured into mattresses, wood pulp into paper and boxes, raw cocoa nut into shredded boxfuls ready for cooking.

It is the Bush system which the Port Commission must endeavor to follow in remodeling New York water-front for the great volume of commerce coming in the wake of Dollar Exchange. The Bush system is the type that all the Atlantic ports must aim to follow in order to reap benefit from the great volume of new foreign trade.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY OF GOING DOWN WITH THE *ARABIC*

[From Captain William Finch, hero of the White Star liner *Arabic*, Hayden Talbot of the International News Service secured a plain story, all the more effective for its emphasis upon the heroism of others and its lack of literary frills.]

THE *Arabic* went down in less time than any craft that has been torpedoed since the war began.

"Reports have varied from eleven to fifteen minutes, but the truth is that the ship disappeared in just six minutes after she was struck.

"Of course, the fact that we lost only thirty-nine out of the four hundred and twenty-nine on board was largely due to the preparations we had made against just what happened.

"But, in my opinion, had similarly favorable conditions surrounded the torpedoing of one of the big liners the loss of life would have been much greater, for the simple reason that the great distance from the boat deck to the water makes successful launching of heavy boats filled to capacity almost impossible.

"Ever since the war began, on every voyage in and out of Liverpool I have practised the same caution as soon as we entered what we supposed is the danger zone. As a matter of fact, I, for one, do not dare to try to put a limit on this danger zone. It would not surprise me in the least to hear of ships being sunk a hundred miles or more to the west of the spot where they caught us.

"In fact, we were beginning to believe that we had passed the extreme limit of the submarine zone a full half hour before we sighted the *Dunsley*.

"Probably no ship has been better prepared to meet or avoid a submarine since the war began. In our engine room, where, instead of the usual three shifts, we were working only two through the danger zone, the stokers and oilers redoubled their exertions after I had telephoned a warning.

"In the stern there were two lookouts, in the crow's nest two, and in the bow two, besides three of us on the bridge. Every one of us was scanning every inch of sea within reach of our glasses, but there was never a sign of a submarine.

Start *Now!* Play Billiards!

Indoor Days Have Come Again

Balls racked, cues chalked, bright eyes and eager hands ready—the whole gay family gathered round the billiard table. "Start them off, mother, but please leave a few for the rest of us to shoot at."

So it begins again in the homes of thousands who now have Brunswick Carom and Pocket Billiard Tables. Every day brightened with mirth and manly sport that stirs the blood and *keeps old age at a distance!*

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Will Make a Stove of your round wick lamp, gas-jet or mantle burner. Requires no more gas or oil than for light; does not lessen the volume of light; utilizes the waste heat. Heat and light at one cost.

Will Heat Ordinary Room Comfortably in Zero Weather

A river will run mills by concentrating its power—your lamp or gas-jet will heat a room by concentrating, intensifying and radiating the waste heat with a **GIANT HEATER.** This heater causes a circulation of the air, giving a uniform heat. No odor, dust, ashes or trouble. You can heat any room, office or den; warm baby's food or your shaving water; make tea or coffee, and you can do these things **quickly,** for the heat is intense.

Mr. Homer Smith, Wyoming, Del., writes: "We have used your Giant Heater in our home five years and are certain it saves us a ton of coal a year besides its convenience."



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Your Washing Done for 2c. a Week

Electric or Water Power Will Do the Work

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This new "1900" washing machine can be connected with any electric socket instantly and is started and stopped by a "little twist of the wrist" and it will do your washing for 2 cents a week.

I also make a lighter power machine which can be run by water or electric power. On all of these machines the motor will run the wringer too. Just feed in the clothes and this power wringer will squeeze the water out so quickly and easily you will be astonished. It will save 50% time, money and labor every week. The outfit consists of washer and wringer and either electric or water motor, as you prefer, and I guarantee the perfect working of each.

I will send my machine on 30 days' free trial. You do not need to pay a penny until you are satisfied this washer will do what I say it will. Write today for illustrated catalog. Address: H. L. Barker, 6196 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y., or, If you live in Canada, write to the Canadian "1900" Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

How that German managed to spot us without showing her periscope amazes me, but she did and did it, too, when within less than 300 feet from us.

I WAS looking at the very spot where he must have been laying under the surface, for I saw the greenish white wake of the torpedo instantly it shot out its tube.

"I yelled to the man at the wheel to port the helm in a forlorn hope the old *Arabic* might answer quickly enough to dodge, but it was absolutely impossible. That torpedo was coming fifty miles an hour and had only 300 feet to travel.

"In the few seconds that elapsed a great many things happened. Almost all the passengers were on deck—another stroke of luck—looking at the *Dunsley*. Almost all of them saw the torpedo and their shouts told the operator in the Marconi house what had happened.

"The operator actually got off two 'S. O. S.' messages in that one second. When the torpedo hit us a glancing blow, about ninety feet from the stern, directly under the Marconi house, the operator was hurled out of his seat and his instrument was smashed.

"From the bridge I watched each boat fill up, in the meantime shouting to the engine room to go full speed astern. That engine-room force was wonderful. The third engineer, who took the orders, responded with never a quiver in his voice. Not one man left his post, and, mind you, they all knew what sticking at their posts meant, for when the torpedo hit us the poor old *Arabic* staggered like a drunken man. The great mass of almost 16,000 tons was actually slewed around by the force of the impact.

"As soon as way was off the ship I ordered the engines stopped and again my order was repeated in absolutely level tones. At the same moment I shouted to the men at the falls in the boats to lower away. Every boat landed in the water on a level keel, perfectly.

"It looked like a case of 'Good-by, William,' because in the last five seconds the old *Arabic* slid downwards. She dropped like a shot. Down I went, down, down, down. I never expected to come up alive, but the next thing I knew my head came up against the bottom of a raft with awful force. The shock served to cheer me enough to make my way from beneath it.

"That raft saved my life, for all the strength I had was just enough to hang to it. Soon afterward a life-boat came along and took us aboard."

The Hardest Part of the Week's Work Now Done by Electricity

Electricity is being put to work in the home to reduce labor, increase efficiency and shorten hours of work, just as it has done in business and in manufacturing. Women have for some time been familiar with the electric iron, but perhaps have not realized the idea of the electric laundry. Washing—the biggest bugaboo of housework—becomes a simple, easy task with a

Western Electric

Washer and Wringer

Whether the work is done by the housewife, by the maid, or by a laundress employed by the day—the saving is remarkable in labor, in time and money. The washing is done in half the time, permitting, in most cases, the completion of the ironing the same day. The clothes are saved wear and tear and are as well laundered as by the most careful hand rubbing. The most delicate fabrics are uninjured.

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This machine is perfection in construction and simplicity. We can not tell you all about it in this advertisement, but we will send illustrated literature on request, and you can arrange to have a washer sent to your home for two weeks' trial. Take advantage of this opportunity to test this wonderful machine. Write our nearest house for booklet No. 89-AB.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

463 West Street
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Houses in All Principal Cities of the U. S. and Canada.

Send 10c in stamps for new card Game "Going to Market."



"ARCHIBALD" POTS AEROPLANES SKY-HIGH

[Frederick Palmer sends from France to the New York *Sun* this sporting story of a British anti-aircraft gun dubbed "Archibald," attempting to bring down a German scout Taube six or seven thousand feet above the British trenches.]

OTHER features of life at the front may grow commonplace, but never the work of the planes, these wings of the army's intelligence. In the hide and seek digging and dodging and countering of siege warfare the sight of a plane under shell fire never loses its thrill.

If the planes might fly as low as they pleased they might know all that was going on over the lines. They must keep up so high that through the aviator's glasses a man on the road is the size of a pin head. To descend low is as certain death as to put your head over a parapet of a trench when the enemy's trench is only a hundred yards away. There are dead lines in the air no less than on the earth.

"Archibald," the anti-aircraft gun, sets the dead line. He watches over it as a cat watches a mouse. The trick of sneaking up under the cover of a noonday cloud and all the other man-bird tricks he knows.

A couple of seconds after that crack a tiny puff of smoke breaks about a hundred yards behind the Taube. A soft thistle blow against the blue it seems at that altitude, but it wouldn't if it were about your ears. Then it would sound like a bit of dynamite on an anvil struck by a hammer and you would hear the whizz of scores of bullets and fragments.

The smoking brass shell case is out of "Archibald's" steel throat and another shell case with its charge slipped in its place and started on its way before the first puff breaks. The aviator knows what is coming. He knows that one means many once he is in range.

ARCHIBALD" rushes the fighting; it is the business of the Taube to sidestep. The aviator cannot hit back except through its allies, the German batteries on the earth. They would take care of "Archibald" if they knew where

he was. But all that the aviator can see is mottled landscape. From his side "Archibald" flies no goal flag. He is one of ten thousand tiny objects under the aviator's eye.

"Archibald's" propensities are entirely peripatetic. He is the vagabond of the army lines. Locate him, and he is gone. His home is where night finds him and the day's duties take him. He is the only gun which keeps regular hours like a Christian gentleman. All the others, great and small, raucous voiced and shrill voiced, fire at any hour night or day. Aeroplanes do not go up at night, and when no aeroplanes are up "Archibald" has no interest in the war. But he is on the alert at the first flush of dawn, on the lookout for game with the avidity of a pointer dog; for the aviators are also up early.

Why he was named "Archibald" nobody knows. As his full name is "Archibald the Archer," possibly it comes from some association with the idea of archery. If there were ten thousand anti-aircraft guns in the British army every one would be known as "Archibald." When the British expeditionary force went to France it had none. All the British could do was to bang away at Taubes with thousands of rounds of rifle bullets which might fall in their own lines and with the field guns.

It was pie in those days for the Taubes. It was easy to keep out of the range of both rifles and guns and observe well. If the Germans did not know the progress of the British retreat from on high it was their own fault. Now the business of firing at Taubes is left entirely to "Archibald." When you see how hard it is for "Archibald" after all his practice to get a Taube you understand how foolish it was for the field guns to try to get one.

"Archibald," who is quite the swellest thing in the army, has his own private car built especially for him. While the cavalry horses back of the lines grow sleek from inaction the aeroplanes have taken their place.

ALL the romance and risk of scouting are theirs. They get most of the fun there is in this kind of warfare. If a British aviator gets a day's leave he does not take a train and steamer. He rises from the aviation grounds about half-past 4 and is at home in England for dinner and returns after lunch the next day.

All the action the cavalry see is when they go into the trenches as infantry. Such of the cavalry's former part as the 'planes do not play "Archibald" plays. He keeps off the enemy's scouts. Do you seek teamwork, spirit of corps and smartness in this threat of France, where all the old glamour of war is lacking? You will find it in the attendants of "Archi-

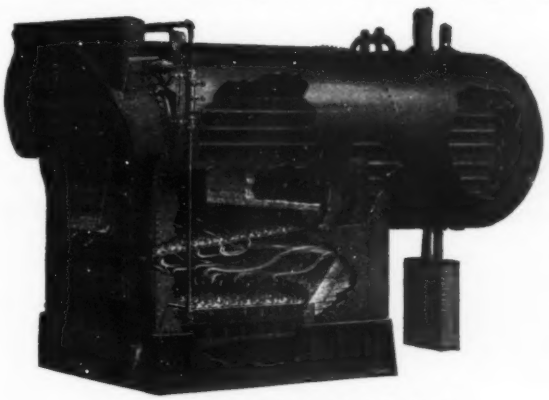
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That means a KEWANEE Smokeless Boiler gets from the same amount of coal, 21 to 35% *more heat* than ordinary boilers. And savings of fully that much are being made by them in buildings all over the country.

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Kewanee Smokeless Boiler (Portable type)
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bald." They have pride, elan, alertness, pepper and all the other appetizers and condiments. They are as neat as a private yacht's crew and as lively as an infield of a major league team. The Archibaldians are naturally bound to think rather well of themselves.

Watch them there, every man knowing his part, as they send their shells after the Taube. There isn't enough waste motion among the lot to tip over the range finder or the telescope or the scoreboard or any of the other paraphernalia assisting the man who is looking through the sight in knowing where to aim next as a screw answers softly to his touch.

Is the sport of war dead? Not for "Archibald." Here you see your target, which is so rare these days when British infantrymen have stormed and taken trenches without ever seeing a German, and the target is a bird, a man bird. Puffs of smoke with bursting hearts of death are clustered around the Taube. They hang where they broke in the still air. One follows another in quick succession, for more than one "Archibald" is firing, before your entranced eye.

You are staring like the crowd of a county fair at a parachute act, for the next puff may get him. Who knows this better than the aviator? He is likely an old hand at the game, or if he isn't he has all the experience of other veterans to go by. His sense is the same as that of the escaped prisoner who runs from the fire of a guard in a zigzag course, and more than that. If a puff comes near to the right he turns to the left; if one comes near on the left he turns to the right; if one comes under he rises; over, he dips, that the next shell fired at the same point will be wide of the target.

LOOKING through the sight it seems easy to hit a plane. But here's the difficulty. It takes two seconds, say, for the shell to travel to the range of the plane. The gunner must wait for its burst before he can spot his shot. Ninety miles an hour is a mile and a half a minute. Divide that by thirty and you have about a hundred yards the plane has traveled from the time the shell left the gun muzzle till it burst. It becomes a matter of discounting the aviator's speed and guessing from experience which way he will turn next.

That ought to have got him, the burst was right under him. No! He rises. Surely that one got him, anyway. The puff is right in front of the Taube, partly hiding it from view. You see the plane tremble as if struck by a violent gust of wind.

"Close!" Within thirty or forty yards the telescope says. But at that range the naked eye is easily deceived about distances. Probably some of the bullets have cut his plane. But you must hit the man or the machine in a vital spot in order to bring down your bird.

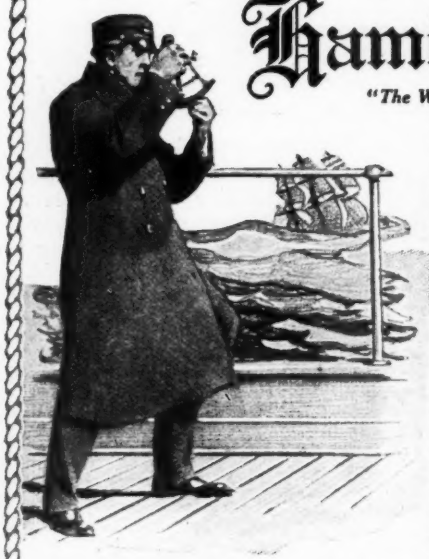
A British aviator the other day had a piece of shrapnel jacket hit his coat, its force spent, and roll into his lap. The explosions must be very close to count. It is amazing how much shell fire an aeroplane can stand. Aviators are accustomed to the whizz of shell fragments and bullets and to have their planes punctured and ripped. Tho their engines are put out of commission and tho frequently wounded, they are able to volplane back to the cover of their own lines.

To make a proper story we ought to have brought down this particular bird. But it had the luck which most planes, British or German, have in escaping anti-aircraft gun fire. It had begun edging away after the first shot and soon was out of range.

"Archibald" had served the purpose of his existence. He had sent the prying aerial eye home.

Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"



Used for Navigation—"Far more accurate than the average chronometer," says Captain in U. S. N.

The following letter, recently received from an officer of the Navy, speaks for itself. The signer's name is omitted for reasons of Naval etiquette.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, Lancaster, Pa.

Gentlemen:—The watch purchased from you in December, 1913, is a marvel of accuracy. On January 1, 1914, it was set 22 seconds fast, on standard mean time, and throughout the year frequent comparisons were made which showed a steady and regular gain. On January 1, 1915, it was again compared and was found to be 1 minute 35 seconds fast, or a gain of 1 minute 13 seconds in 365 days, which is equivalent to a gaining rate of 0.2 seconds a day, or 6 seconds a month.

Had the rate of gain been variable, it would have been very different, but running as steadily and uniformly as it did, I would have no hesitancy whatever in using it for navigational purposes, as it is far more accurate than the average chronometer used for this purpose, and much more convenient. (Signed)

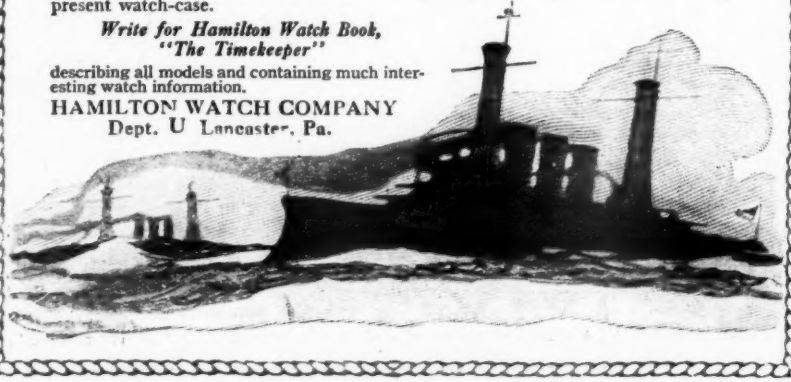
IMAGINE yourself carrying this very watch—it was not an expensive watch. Wouldn't you derive an immense satisfaction from the comfort, convenience and companionship of so accurate a watch? Every Hamilton Watch sold has Hamilton Accuracy and Hamilton Durability.

Prices of Hamiltons: The lowest-priced Hamilton is a movement alone for $12.25 ($13.00 in Canada). The highest-priced Hamilton is our Masterpiece at $150.00 in 18k heavy gold case. Other Hamiltons at $15.00, $25.00, $28.00, $40.00, $55.00, $80.00, $110.00, etc. Hamiltons are made in many models—in cased watches; also in movements alone which your jeweler can fit to your present watch-case.

Write for Hamilton Watch Book, "The Timekeeper"

describing all models and containing much interesting watch information.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY
Dept. U Lancaster, Pa.



IMPORTANT!

When notifying ***Current Opinion*** of a change in address, subscribers should give both the old and the new address. This notice should reach us about two weeks before the change is to take effect.

SHEAR NONSENSE

Fishing in the Park.

A fish story, told at a banquet in Milwaukee by Representative Bartholdt of Missouri, has been started on a successful tour of the east by the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. It goes further here:

"Those people," said Bartholdt, "remind me of the old man. Yes, they remind me very much of the old man.

"He had a soft, daft look, the old man I'm speaking of, and he sat on a park bench in the sun, with rod and line, as if he were fishing; but the line, with a worm on the hook, dangled over a bed of bright primroses.

"'Daft!' said a passer-by to himself. 'Daft! Bughouse! Nice-looking old fellow, too. It's a pity.'

"Then, with a gentle smile, the passer-by approached the old man and said:

"'What are you doing, uncle?'

"'Fishing, sir,' answered the old man, solemnly.

"'Fishing, eh? Well, uncle, come and have a drink.'

"The old man shouldered his rod and followed the kindly stranger to the corner saloon. There he regaled himself with a large glass of dark beer and a good five-cent cigar. His host, contemplating him in a friendly, protecting way, as he sipped and smoked, said:

"'So you were fishing, uncle? And how many have you caught this morning?'

"The old man blew a smoke cloud toward the ceiling. Then, after a pause, he said:

"'You are the seventh, sir.'"

The Helpless Ultimate Consumer.

The idea that everybody is virtually defenceless against the gas company and the ice man appears to be taken as a universal joke. It crops out in unexpected places.

In a Western town, according to the N. Y. *Times*, the attorney for the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done!" he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say, in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade!'"

Whereupon a shrill voice came from the rear: "Oh, what a charge they made!"

"When water becomes ice," asked the (*Ladies' Home Journal*) teacher, "what is the great change that takes place?"

"The greatest change, ma'am," said the little boy, "is the change in price."

Limited Knowledge in the Klondike.

The late Congressman W. W. Wedemeyer used to tell a story of rain in the Klondike, says the Denver *Post*. He was going up the Yukon on a Government junket, and the sky drizzled all the way. At one landing a dejected-looking "sourdough" stood on the wharf awaiting the boat.

"I say, partner," asked Wedemeyer, "how long has it been raining?"

"Dunno," was the reply, "I've only been here seventeen years."

Little Brother.

"Sis won't be able to see you to-night, Mr. Jones," said her little brother. "She's had a tur'ble accident" (*Lippincott's* details the conversation).

"Is that so? What happened?"

"All her hair got burned up."

"Good heavens! Was she burned?"

"Naw; she wasn't there. She don't know about it yet."

"Made in U. S. A."

An American and a Scotsman, according to the Bristol *Times*, were walking in the highlands and the Scot produced a famous echo. When the echo returned clearly after nearly four minutes, the proud native, turning to the Yankee, exclaimed: "There, mon, ye canna show anything like that in your country."

"Oh, I don't know," said the American. "I guess we can better that. Why, in my camp in the Rockies, when I go to bed, I just lean out of my window and call out, 'Time to get up! Wake up!' and eight hours afterward the echo comes back and wakes me."

Worth Trying.

In San Francisco, the N. Y. *Times* says, they tell of a resourceful clergyman never at a loss for a retort.

He was once called to the bedside of a very wealthy but stingy man, who thought at the time he was dying.

"If," he gasped to the clergyman, "if I leave several thousand to the church, will my salvation be assured?"

Whereupon the divine responded:

"I wouldn't like to be too positive, but it's well worth trying."

Woman's Dress and Address.

What the Louisville *Courier-Journal* styles "the main matter," in this era of women's clubs, is phrased as follows:

"Your wife seems busy these days."

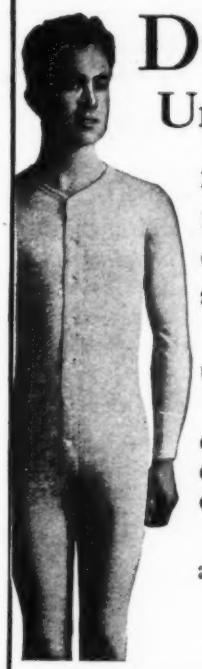
"Yes; she is to address a woman's club."

"Ah, working on her address?"

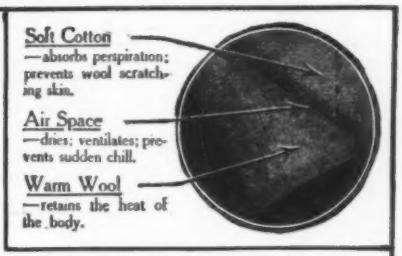
"No; on her dress."

The Same Old Story.

They were all sitting around, telling funny anecdotes, says the San Francisco *Argonaut*. And they were all good friends but two—the cleverest girl in the crowd and the runner-up for those honors. Those two hated each other naturally. The cleverest girl told a humorous story, and it was received with great applause. When the laughter had ceased the deadly rival said: "My goodness! That story is at least forty years old!" The other one didn't blink.



Duofold Underwear



maintains the natural heat of the body, giving perfect ventilation and comfort under all conditions.

Most colds come from getting overheated, underwear damp; then getting a chill.

The way to avoid such colds is to get underwear that doesn't overheat, doesn't get damp, but cools off and dries as fast as excessive heat and moisture are created.

Dr. Alfred Walton, the eminent physician and surgeon, says:

"The ideal garment would be a thin absorbent fabric next to the skin, then a layer of air, and then a woolen fabric to turn the cold—a thin fabric drying quickly, with the heat of the body, driving the moisture into the wool."

That underwear is Duofold—a garment of two separate fabrics knitted together with air-space between. The inside fabric (soft light-weight knitted cotton) is comfortable to the skin and absorbs the moisture. The heat of the body drives this moisture through the air-space, partially drying it at the same time, into the wool, from which it gradually evaporates. The light-weight knitted wool keeps out the cold and keeps in the natural heat of the body. Both layers together—wool and cotton—are about half the weight of ordinary underwear.

All-cotton garments don't keep you warm, cool off too quickly, and produce sudden chills. All-wool garments irritate the skin, don't let the perspiration evaporate, are close and unwholesome.

Duofold gives you all the advantages of both cotton and wool, puts each where it belongs and does the most good.

No matter how sudden the change in temperature, Duofold keeps the skin dry and the body at its healthy, natural heat—comfortable and safe. There is no other underwear like Duofold.

Duofold is made in union and two-piece suits, in several weights for men, women and children.

Duofold does not shrink.

Get Duofold for the whole family. Write us for Free Sample of Duofold fabric, Book on Comfort and Health in Underwear, and the name of a Duofold dealer.

Duofold Health Underwear Company 57 Elizabeth Street Mohawk, N. Y.

She smiled sweetly and answered: "What a memory you have, dear! Fancy remembering that little story ever since you heard it the first time!"

The Artist and the Rustic.

The artist, says *Tidbits*, was painting—sunset, red, with blue streaks and green dots.

The old rustic, at a respectful distance, was watching.

"Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, Nature has opened her sky-pictures page by page? Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the livid east; the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," replied the rustic, shortly; "not since I signed the pledge."

A Passionate Tale.

Her face was flushed. (The N. Y. *American* discovers a story in it.) The breath came from between her moist, parted lips in short, tremulous gasps. Her lips and slightly distended nostrils quivered passionately. Her whole body trembled with emotion. Slowly, caressing, tenderly yielding, she surrendered herself to the strong outstretched arms. How strong and protecting the broad back! How sturdy the legs which supported it! Breathing softly, she closed her eyelids, her mind soaring into the great realm of the sublime. How restful was this seat after a long, hard run for her eight-fifteen!

Fitly Celebrated.

The other day a clerk in a Jewish mercantile house, according to *Tidbits*, celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary of his first day's connection with the firm. Schmidt, the senior partner, handed him in the morning a sealed envelope inscribed, "In memory of this eventful day."

The clerk gratefully received the envelope without opening it, but on a gracious hint from his chief he broke the seal, and found —the photograph of his employer.

"Well, what do you think of it?" inquired Schmidt, with a grin.

"It's just like you," was the reply.

Real Cow's Milk.

Wayne MacVeagh, the lawyer and diplomat, has on the outskirts of Philadelphia an admirable stock farm. The Baltimore *Sun* reports that one day last summer some poor children were permitted to go over his farm, and when their inspection was done, to each of them was given a glass of milk.

The milk was excellent. It came, in fact, from a $2000 cow.

"Well, boys, how do you like it?" the farmer said, when they had drained their glasses.

"Gee! Fine!" said one little fellow. Then, after a pause, he added: 'I wisht our milkman kep' a cow."

Safe Fortune Telling.

One of the attractions of the church fête, reports the Knoxville *Sentinel*, was a fortune teller's tent.

A lady took her 10-year-old, red-haired, freckled son inside. The woman of wisdom bent over the crystal ball.

"Your son will be a very distinguished man if he lives long enough!" she murmured in deep, mysterious tones.

"Oh, how nice," gushed the proud mother. "And what will he be distinguished for?"

"For old age if he lives long enough," replied the fortune teller slowly.

Funeral Reactions.

"Hum, ho!" sighed the New Hampshire farmer, discovered by the *Western Christian Advocate*, as he came in from downtown. "Deacon Jones wants me to be pallbearer again to his wife's funeral."

"Wal, you're goin' to be, ain't ye?" asked the farmer's better half.

"I dunno. Y' know, when Deacon Jones's fust wife died, he asked me to be a pallbearer, an' I did; and then his second wife died, an' I was the same again. An' then he married thet Perkins gal, and she died, and I was pallbearer to that funeral. An' now—wal, I don't like to be all the time acceptin' favors without bein' able to return 'em."

The San Francisco *Argonaut* reports that during the last G. A. R. encampment there was one woman amid the crowd of spectators on the day of the parade who made herself conspicuous by her noisy hurrahs and excited waving of a flag as the old veterans marched past. One of the bystanders told her sharply to shut up. "Shut up yourself!" she retorted. "If you had buried two husbands who had served in the war, you would be hurrahing too."

That Incurable Chicken Stealing Tendency.

The inherent right to steal chickens is hard to deny the negro even in the courts of justice. The colored man's defense on most occasions is a never failing source of material for the joke-smiths. Here are two cases, the first from the *Ladies' Home Journal*:

An old negro was charged with chicken stealing, and the judge said:

"Where's your lawyer, uncle?"

"Ain't got none, Jedge."

"But you ought to have one," returned the court. "I'll assign one to defend you."

"No, sah, no sah, please don't do dat," begged the defendant.

"Why not?" persisted the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, Ah'll tell yo', Jedge," said the old man confidentially. "Ah wants ter enj'y dem chickens mahself."

Harper's Weekly tells of a certain negro lad who had been brought into an Alabama police court for the fifth time, charged with stealing chickens.

The magistrate determined to appeal to the boy's father.

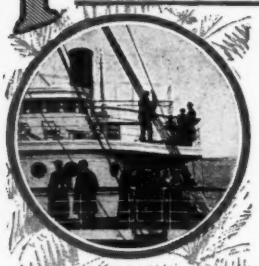
"See here," said his honor, "this boy of yours has been in this court so many times charged with chicken-stealing that I'm tired of seeing him here."

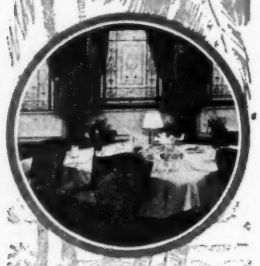
"I doesn't blame you, Jedge," said the parent, "an' I's tired of seein' him here as you is."

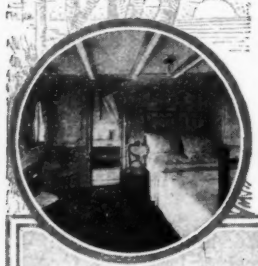
"Then why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way and he won't be coming here."

"I has showed him the right way," said the father, "but he jest don't seem to have no talent for learning how, Jedge, he always gets caught."

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